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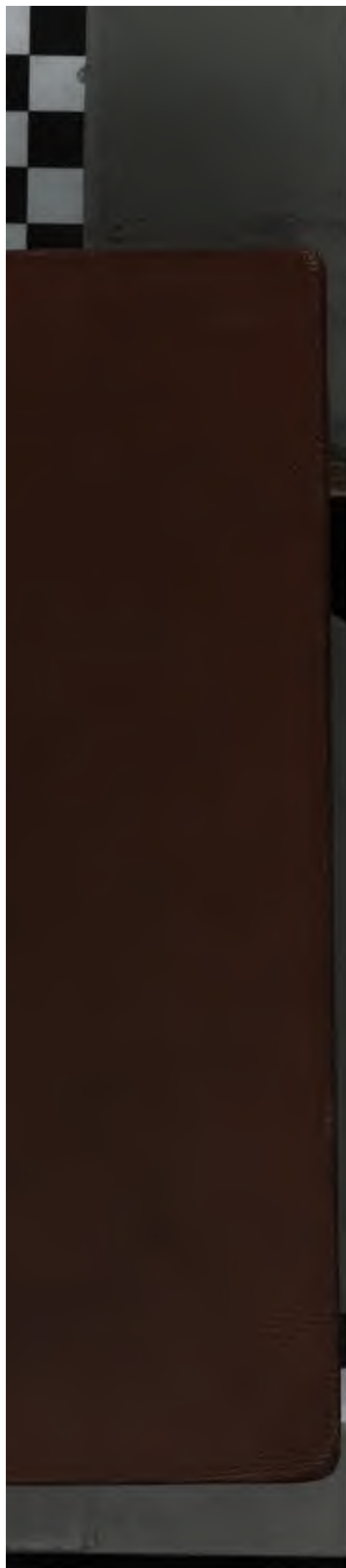
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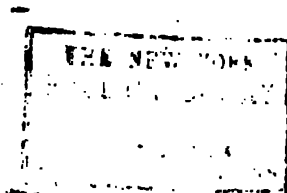
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ROY VAN
JUN
1981

(3)



THE
TOWN-FOP;
OR,
Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

PROLOGUE.



*S Country Squire, who yet had never known
The long-expected Joy of being in Town;
Whose careful Parents scarce permitted Heir
To ride from home, unless to neighbouring Fair;
At last by happy Chance it hither led,
To purchase Clap with loss of Maidenhead;
Turns wondrous gay, bedizen'd to Excess;
Till he is all Burlesque in Mode and Dress:
Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows wily too,
That is to say, makes mighty Noise and Show.*

A 2

So

*So a young Poet, who had never been
 Dabbling beyond the Height of Ballading;
 Who, in his brisk Essays, durst ne'er excel
 The lucky Flight of rhyming Doggerel,
 Sets up with this sufficient Stock on Stage,
 And has, perchance, the luck to please the Age.
 He draws you in, like cozening Citizen;
 Cares not how bad the Ware, if Shop be fine.
 As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
 (Tho on a dull diseas'd ill-favour'd Whore)
 Than prettier Frugal, tho on Holiday,
 When every City-Spark has leave to play,
 —Damn her, she must be found, she is so gay;
 So let the Scenes be fine, you'll ne'er enquire
 For Sense, but lofty Flights in nimble Wire.
 —What we present to Day is none of these,
 But we cou'd wish it were, for we wou'd please,
 And that you'll swear we hardly meant to do:
 Yet here's no Sense, Pax oil, but here's no Show;
 But a plain Story, that will give a Taste
 Of what your Grandfires lov'd i'th' Age that's past.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Plotwell.

Bellmour, Nephew to the *Lord Plotwell*, contracted to *Celinda*.

Charles, Brother to *Bellmour*.

Friendlove, Brother to *Celinda*, in love with *Diana*.

Sir Timothy Tawdrey, a Fop-Knight, design'd to marry *Celinda*.

Sham, } Hangers on to *Sir Timothy*.

Sharp, }
Trusty, An old Steward to *Bellmour's* Family.

Page, Dancers, and Servants.

W O M E N.

The Lady *Diana*, Niece to the *Lord Plotwell*.

Celinda, Sister to *Friendlove*, contracted to *Bellmour*.

Phillis, Sister to *Bellmour*.

Betty Flauntit, kept by *Sir Timothy*.

Driver, A Baud.

Fenny, } Two Whores.

Doll, }

Nurse.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.

A 3

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham, and Sharp.*Sir *Tim.*

HEREABOUTS is the House wherein dwells the Mistress of my Heart; for she has Money, Boys, mind me, Money in abundance, or she were not for me——The Wench her self is good-natur'd, and inclin'd to be civil: but a Pox on't——she has a Brother, a conceited Fellow, whom the World mistakes for a fine Gentleman; for he has travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *bonne mine*, and the rest; but by Fortune, he shall entertain you with nothing but Words——

Sham. Nothing else!——

Sir *Tim.* No——He's no Country-Squire, Gentlemen, will not game, whore; nay, in my Conscience, you will hardly get your selves drunk in his Company——He treats alamode, half Wine, half Water, and the rest——But to the Business, this Fellow loves his Sister dearly, and will not trust her in this leud Town, as he calls it, without him; and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his Pains——

Sir *Tim.* So say I——But my Comfort is, I shall be as weary of her, as the best Husband of 'em all. But there's Conveniency in it; besides, the Match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Country, I must submit——The Wench I never saw yet, but they say she's hand-

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 7

handfom—But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boys.

Sharp. Well Sir, we will follow you—but as dotefully as People do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at least not the same Substance; the thin airy Vision of a brave good Fellow, we may see thee hereafter, but that's the most.

Sir Tim. Your Pardon, sweet *Sharp*, my whole Design in it is to be Master of my self, and with part of her Portion to set up my Miss, *Betty Flauntit*; which, by the way, is the main end of my marrying; the rest you'll have your shares of—Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at treble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cause the Reckoning is to be book'd: But ready Money, ye Rogues! What Charms it has! makes the Waiters fly Boys, and the Master with Cap in Hand—excuse what's amiss, Gentlemen—Your Worship shall command the best—and the rest—How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money submits to the lucky Gamester, and the gay Wench consults with every Beauty to make her self agreeable to the Man with ready Money! In fine, dear Rogues, all things are sacrific'd to its Power; and no Mortal conceives the Joy of Argent Content. 'Tis this powerful God that makes me submit to the Devil, Matrimony; and then thou art assur'd of me, my stout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it possible you can be ty'd up to a Wife! Whilst here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Pasture.

Sir Tim. Why dost think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Enclosure? No, I had rather feed coarsely upon the boundless Common; perhaps two or three days I may be in love, and remain constant, but that's the most.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, should you wed a *Cynthia*, you'd be a Monster.

Sir Tim. What, thou meanest a Cuckold, I warrant. God help thee! But a Monster is only so from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no such strange thing in our age.

8 *The TOWN-FOP; or,*

Enter Bellmore and Friendlove.

But who comes here?

Bellmore! Ah my little dear Rogue! how dost thou?

Ned Friendlove too! Dear Lad, how dost thou too?

Why welcome to Town I'faith, and I'm glad to see you both.

Friend. Sir Timothy Tawdrey!——

Sir Tim. The same, by Fortune, dear *Ned*: And how, and how Man, how go Matters?

Friend. Between who, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why any Body, Man; but by Fortune, I'm overjoy'd to meet thee: But where dost think I was going?

Friend. Is't possible one thou'd divine?

Sir Tim. I st possible you thou'd not, and meet me so near your Sister's Lodgings? Faith I was coming to pay my Respects and Services, and the rest——Thou know'st my meaning——The old Buſineſs of the Silver-World, *Ned*; by Fortune it's a mad Age we live in, *Ned*; and here be ſo many——wicked Rogues, about this damn'd leud Town, that I am ſain to ſpeak in the vulgar modiſh Style, in my own Defence, and railly Matrimony and the reſt.

Friend. Matrimony!——I hope you are ſo exactly reſin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of ſo dull a thing: let that alone for ſuch cold Complexions as *Bellmour* here, and I, that have not attain'd to that moſt excellent faculty of Keeping yet, as you, *Sir Timothy*, have done much to your Glory, I aſſure you.

Sir Tim. Who I, Sir? You do me much Honour: I muſt confeſs I do not find the ſofter Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Mony you mean, Sir.

Sir Tim. Why I'faith *Ned*, thou art i'th' right; I love to buy my Pleaſure: for, by Fortune, there's as much pleaſure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'ſt thou *Ned*?

Friend. I am not of your Mind, I love to love upon the ſquare; and that I may be ſure not to be cheated with falſe Ware, I preſent 'em nothing but my Heart.

Sir Tim.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 9

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the Consolation of seeing your frugal hufwifery Mifs in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If she be clean, and pretty, and drest in Love, I can excuse the rest, and so will she.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune, *Ned*, thou must come to London, and be a little manag'd: 'slike Man, shouldst thou talk so aloud in good Company, thou wouldst be counted a strange Fellow. Pretty—and drest with Love—a fine Figure, by Fortune: No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot gives a Lustre to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman look like Quality; Ay, so like, by Fortune, that you shall not know one from 'tother, till some scandalous, out-of-favour'd laid-aside Fellow of the Town, cry—Damn her for a Bitch—how scornfully the Whore regards me—She has forgot since *Jack* such a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks well manag'd would not amount to above seven Shillings six Pence a week; besides now and then a Treat of a Breast of Mutton from the next Cook's. Then the other laughs, and crys—Ay, rot her—and tells his Story too, and concludes with, Who manages the Jilt now? Why faith some dismal Coxcomb or other, you may be sure, replies the first. But *Ned*, these are Rogues, and Rascals, that value no Man's Reputation, because they despise their own. But faith, I have laid aside all these Vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I desire my Reformation may be a Secret, because, as you know, for a Man of my Address, and the rest—'tis not altogether so Jantec.

Friend. Sir, I assure you, it shall be so great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's chosen for this great Work of your Conversion.

Sir Tim. Ask me—No, you need not, because you know already.

Friend. Who I? I protest, Sir Timothy—

Sir Tim. No, Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis such a Secret, but I will trust my Intimates: these are my Friends, *Ned*; pray know them—This Mr. *Sham*, and this—
by Fortune, a very honest Fellow (*Bows to 'em*) Mr.

Sharp, and may be trusted with a Business that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me! What do you mean, *Sir Timothy*?

Sir Tim. Why Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I, Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Sister *Celinda*!

Friend. Not at all.

Bel. Oh this insufferable Sot!

[*Aside*.

Friend. My Sister, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjusted the matter, and they are the most proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which saves us the trouble of a tedious Courtship.

Friend. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why Lord Sir, will you persuade me to that? Don't you know that your Father (according to the Method in such Cases, being certain of my Estate) came to me thus—*Sir Timothy Tawdrey*—you are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worshipful Neighbour, our Estates lie together; therefore, Sir, I have a desire to have a near Relation with you—At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd—Oh Lord Sir, I vow to Fortune, you do me the greatest Honour, Sir, and the rest—

Bel. I can endure no more; he marry fair *Celinda*!

Friend. Pristhee let him alone.

[*Aside*.

Sir Tim. To which he answered—I have a good Fortune—have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom I will make a Fortune, suitable to yours; your honourable Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the Match already. To which I (who, tho I say it, am well enough bred for a Knight) answered her the Civility thus—I vow to Fortune, Sir—I did not swear, but cry'd—I protest, Sir, *Celinda*, deserves—no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits—Ay, *Celinda*—merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You speak more Truth than you are aware of.

[*Aside*.

Well,

Sir TIMOTHY LAWDREY. II

Well, Sir, I'll bring you to my Sister; and if she likes you, as well as my Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much Tendernefs for her, as to leave her Choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh Sir, you compliment. *Alons, Entrons.*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Chamber.

Enter Celinda, and Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stays so long; sure Mr. *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us word he would be here to day. Lord, how impatient I grow!

Nur. Ay, so methinks; if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman as Mr. *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too—but I am past it—Well, I have had my Pantings, and Heavings, my Impatience, and Qualms, my Heats, and my Colds, and my I know not what—but I thank my Stars, I have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries!—

Is there any thing in this Life but Love?
Would'st thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For I confels I love.

Nur. You need not, your Sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) Disorders, plainly enough betray the Truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin:

But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked.
For e'er I saw Mr. *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him,
As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to love;
And e'er I saw him, I was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God Forbid; what for loving?

You said but now there was no Life without it.

Cel. But since my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our House,
How very little thou hadst said of him!
How much above thy Praise, I found the Youth

Nur.

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love—And you are resolv'd (if he please) to marry him?

Cel. Or I must die.

Nur. Ay, but you know the Lord *Plotwell* has the Possession of all his Estate, and if he marry without his liking, has Power to take away all his Fortune, and then I think it were not so good marrying him.

Cel. Not marrying him! Oh, canst thou think so poorly of me?

Yes, I would marry him, tho our scanty Fortune
Cou'd only purchase us

A lonely Cottage, in some silent Place,
All cover'd o'er with Thatch,
Defended from the Outrages of Storms
By leafless Trees, in Winter; and from Heat,
With Shades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew;
Under whose Covert we'd feed our gentle Flock,
That shou'd in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Clothing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practise such degrees of Love,
Such lasting, innocent, unheard of Joys,
As all the busy World should wonder at,
And, amidst all their Glories, find none such.

Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle.—But hear ye, fair Mrs. *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpose you came to Town; not to marry Mr. *Bellmour*, as I take it—but Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, that Spark of Men.

Cel. Oh name him not—Let me not in one Moment Descend from Heaven to Hell—

How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith, Mistress, I took pity of thee, I saw you so elevated with Thoughts of Mr. *Bellmour*, I found it necessary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like to *Bellmour*?

So strangely sweet and charming!

Nur. Marry come up, you speak for your self;

Oh

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 13

Oh intolerable loving Creature !
But here becomes the utmost of your Wishes.

Cel. My Brother, and *Bellmour* ! with strange Men !

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp.

Friend. Sister, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy Person you have heard of, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*.

Sir Tim. Yes, faith, Madam, I am *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, at your Service — Pray are not you *Mrs. Celinda Dresswell* ?

Cel. The same, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment ! Faith, *Ned*, thy Sister's quite spoil'd, for want of Town Education ; 'tis pity, for she's devilish pretty.

Friend. She's modest, Sir, before Company ; therefore these Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.
Cel. Inhuman Brother ! Will you leave me alone with this Sot ?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty ; two things he hates.

Bel. S'death ! Must she be blown upon by that Fool ?

Friend. Patience, dear *Frank*, a little while.

[Exit, Friend, Bell, Sham, and Sharp.]

Sir Timothy walks about the Room, expelling when Celinda should speak.

Cel. Oh dear Nurse, what shall I do ?

Nur. I that ever help'd you at a dead List, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox, not a Word ?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin.

Sir Tim. Not yet — sure she has spoke her last —

Nur. The Gentleman's good-natur'd, and has took pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim. — Hey day, here's Wooing indeed — Will she never begin trow ? — This some would call an excellent Quality in her Sex — But a pox on't, I do not like it — Well, I see must break Silence at last — Madam — not answer me — 'shaw, this is mere ill breeding — by Fortune — it can be nothing else — O' my Conscience, if I should kiss her, she would bid me stand off — I'll try —

Nur.

Nur. Hold, Sir, you mistake your Mark

Sir Tim. So I should, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps, good Matron—Can your Lady speak?

Nur. Try, Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why speak to her first.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue for that; but all that I have met with were still before-hand with me in tittle tattle.

Nur. Likely those you have met with may, but this is no such Creature, Sir.

Sir Tim. I must confess, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue; and I am an Ass, if I know what to say to such a Creature.

—But come, will you answer me one Question?

Cel. If I can, Sir.

Sir Tim. But first I should ask you if you can speak?

For that's a Question too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be answer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith, that's right; why then you must do't by signs.

Cel. But grant I can speak, what is't you'll ask me?

Sir Tim. Can you love?

Cel. Oh yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Clothes, new Plays; and, like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred Person, by Fortune: I see there's hopes of thee, *Celinda*; thou wilt in time learn to make a very fashionable Wife, having so much Beauty too. I see Attracts, Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languishing turn of the Head, and all that invites to Temptation.

Cel. Would that please you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Please me! Why, Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sot?—a Fool?—or a dull *Italian* of the Humour of your Brother!—No, no, I can assure you, she that marries me, shall have Franchise—But my pretty Miss, you must learn to talk a little more—

Cel. I have not Wit, and Sense enough, for that.

Sir Tim.

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 15

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when she talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Sense: talk but loud, and a great deal to shew your white Teeth, and smile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough—Lord, what a Sight 'tis to see a pretty Woman stand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for want of something to keep her in Countenance. No, she that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate.

Nur. How, Sir? Why, what do you take my young Mistress to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman—and a fine one, and so fine as she ought to permit her self to be seen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expose your Wife? by my troth, and I were she, I know what I wou'd do—

Sir Tim. Thou do—what thou wou'dst have done sixty Years ago, thou meanest.

Nur. Marry come up, for a sinking Knight; worse than I have gone down with you, e'er now—Sixty Years ago, quoth ye—As old as I am—I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiss his Wife, to persuade her Husband to be merciful to thee—who wakes thee every Morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber-door.

Sir Tim. Prithee good Matron, Peace; I'll compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, despair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow'st them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture—for all, in fine, that makes thee a complete Fop.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would trust thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borrowest, and swear thy self at Age; and lastly—to patch up your broken Fortune, you wou'd fain marry my sweet Mistress Calinda here—But, Faith, Sir, you're mistaken, her Fortune shall not go to the Maintenance of your Misses: which being once sure of, she, poor Soul, is sent down to the Country-house, to learn Housewifery, and live without

without Mankind, unless she can serve her self with the handsome Steward, or so——whilst you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every Day seen in the Glass Coach, whilst your own natural Lady is hardly worth the Hire of a Hack.

Sir Tim. Why thou damnable confounded Torment, wilt thou never cease?

Nur. No, not till you raise your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and Debauch——go——You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurse, have Mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more, Mistress, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had so abandon'd you, to put you into his Power——Mercy——quoth ye——no——; no more than his Mistress will have, when all his Money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will she never end?

Cel. Prithce forbear.

Nur. No more than the Usurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd the best part of his Estate, would forbear a Day after the promis'd Payment of the Money. Forbear!

Sir Tim. Not yet end! Can I, Madam, give you a greater Proof of my Passion for you, than to endure this for your sake?

Nur. This——thou art so sorry a Creature, thou wilt endure any thing for the lucre of her Fortune; 'tis that thou hast a Passion for: not that thou carest for Money, but to sacrifice to thy Leudness, to purchase a Mistress, to purchase the Reputation of as errant a Fool as ever arriv'd at the Honour of keeping; to purchase a little Grandeur, as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and consider what a Fool thou art, who else might pass unregarded amongst the common Croud.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her Tongue, and so 'tis in most Womens of her Age; for when it has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur.

SIR TIMOTHY WOODLEY. 17

Nur. Do not persuade me, Madam, I am resolv'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So God be prais'd the Storm is laid—And now Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this Affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality——

Sir Tim. Yes; I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?

Sir Tim. You are beholden to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis so many Ages since thou couldst see to read, I wonder thou hast not forgot all that ever belongs to Books.

Nur. My Eye-sight is good enough to see thee in all thy Colours, thou Knight of the burning Pestle thou.

Sir Tim. Agen, that was out of a Play—Hark ye, Witch of *Endor*, hold your prating Tongue, or I shall most well-favour'dly cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hostess has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laught at even by the Player-Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done? By Fortune, I'll endure no more——

Nur. Murder, Murder!

Cel. Hold, hold.

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham, and Sharp.

Friend. Read here the worst of News that can arrive.

[*Gives Bellm. a Letter.*]

——What's the matter here? Why how now,

Sir Timothy, what, up in Arms with the Women?

Sir Tim. Oh *Ned*, I'm glad thou'rt come—never was *Tom Dove* baited as I have been.

Friend. By whom? my Sister?

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Mastiff there—the young Whelp came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bel. How, her Father here to-morrow, and here he says, that shall be the last Moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda* to this Sot——Oh God, I shall grow mad, and so undo 'em all—I'll kill the Villain at

the Actor—By my lost Nopes I will—And yet there is some left—Could I but—speak to Her—I must rely on *Dresswell's* Friendship—Oh God, to-morrow—Can I endure that thought?—Can I endure to see the Traytor there, who must to-morrow rob me of my Heaven?—I'll own my Flame—and boldly tell this Fop, she must be mine—

Friend. I assure you, Sir *Timothy*, I am sorry, and will chastise her.

Sir *Tim*. Ay, Sir, I that am a Knight—a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and design'd to be the Glory of marrying *Celinda*.

Bel. I can endure no more—How Sir—You marry fair *Celinda*?

Sir *Tim*. Ay, *Frank*, ay—is she not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah?

Bel. Yes.

Sir *Tim*. Oh, I had forgot thou art a modest Rogue, and to thy eternal Shame, hadst never the Reputation of a Mistress—Lord, Lord, that I could see thee address thyself to a Lady—I fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure in that Posture, by Fortune.

Bel. Why, Sir, I can court a Lady—

Sir *Tim*. No, no, thou'rt modest; that is to say, a Country Gentleman; that is to say, ill-bred; that is to say, a Fool, by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bel. Neither, Sir—I can love—and tell it too—and that you may believe me—look on this Lady, Sir.

Sir *Tim*. Look on this Lady, Sir—Ha, ha, ha,—Well, Sir,—Well, Sir—And what then?

Bel. Nay, view her well, Sir—

Sir *Tim*. Pleasant this—Well *Frank*, I do—And what then?

Bel. Is she not charming fair—fair to a wonder!

Sir *Tim*. Well Sir, 'tis granted—

Bel. And canst thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee, dull common Man?

Sir *Tim*. Very well, what will he say next?

Bel. I say, let me no more see thee approach this Lady.

Sir *Tim*. How Sir, how?

Bel.

SIR TIMOTHY TANGLEY. 29

Bel. Not speak to her, not look on her—by Heaven—nor think of her.

Sir Tim. How *Frank*, art in earnest?

Bel. Try, if thou dar'st.

Sir Tim. Not think of her!

Bel. No, not so much as in a Dream, could I divine it.

Sir Tim. Is he in earnest, *Mr. Friendless*?

Friend. I doubt so, *Sir Timothy*.

Sir Tim. What, does he then pretend to your Sister?

Bel. Yes, and no, Man else shall dare do so.

Sir Tim. Take notice I am affronted in your Lodgings—

for you *Bellmour*—You take me for an *Alf*—

therefore meet me to morrow Morning about five, with

your Sword in your Hand, behind *Southampton House*.

Bel. 'Tis well—there we will dispute our Title to

Celinda.

Dull Animal! The Gods cou'd ne'er decree

So bright a Maid shou'd be possess'd by thee. [Exit]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Palace.

Enter Nurse with a Light.

Nur. **W**ELL, 'tis an endless trouble to have the Tuition of a Maid in love, here is such Wishing and Longing.—And yet one must force them to what they most desire, before they will admit of it.—Here am I sent out a Scout of the Forlorn Hope, to discover the Approach of the Enemy.—Well—*Mr. Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the Consent of *Celinda*, that you come—I must bear all the blame; What Mischief soever comes of these Night-Works.

Enter

Enter Bellmour.
Oh are you come—Your Hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almost Two.

Bell. I could not get from *Friendlove*—Thou hast not told *Celinda* of my coming?

Nur. No, no, e'en make Peace for me, and your self too.

Bell. I warrant thee Nurse—Oh how I hope and fear this Night's Success! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, A Chamber.

*Celinda in her Night-Attire, leaning on a Table,
Enter to her Bellmour and Nurse.*

Cel. Oh Heavens! Mr. *Bellmour* at this late Hour in my Chamber!

Bell. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me;

And sure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do Sir, and you may approach yet nearer, And let me know your Business.

Bell. Love is my business, that of all the World; Only my Flame as much surmounts the rest, As is the Object of Beauty I adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love, To-morrow might have done as well.

Bell. Oh no, to-morrow would have been too late, Too late to make returns to all my Pain.

—What disagreeing thing offends your Eyes?

I've no Deformity about my Person;

I'm young, and have a Fortune great as any

That do pretend to serve you;

And yet I find my Interest in your Heart,

Below those happy ones that are my Rivals.

Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,

And the poor Interest that a Parent gives him,

Can merit more than I.

—What else, my lovely Maid, can give a freedom

To that same talking, idle, knighted Fop?

Cel.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 91

Cel. Oh, I am so wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live;

For, Sir, I must confess I cannot love him.

Bell. But thou may'st do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a Sin I cannot over-live;

~~No, hear my Vows~~

Cel. But are you, Sir, in earnest?

Bell. In earnest? Yes, by all that's good I am;
I love you more than I do Life, or Heaven!

Cel. Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hear him say so! [*Aside.*
—But pray, how long Sir, have you lov'd me?

Bell. From the first moment that I saw your Eyes,
Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore 'em;
And ever since have languish'd Day and Night.

Nur. Come, come, ne'er stand asking of Questions,
But follow your Inclinations, and take him at his Word.

Bek. Celinda, take her Counsel,
Perhaps this is the last opportunity;
Nay, and by Heaven the last of all my Life,
If you refuse me now——

Say, will you never marry Man but me?

Cel. Pray give me till to-morrow, Sir, to answer you;
For I have yet some Fears about my Soul,
That take away my Rest.

Bell. To-morrow! You must then marry——Oh fatal
Word! Another! a Beast, a Fool, that knows not how
to value you.

Cel. Is't possible my Fate shou'd be so near?

Nur. Nay then dispose of your self, I say, and leave
dissembling; 'tis high time.

Bell. This Night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to-morrow too.
Oh answer me, or I shall die with Fear.

Cel. I must confess it, Sir, without a blush,
(For 'tis no Sin to love) that I cou'd wish——
Heaven and my Father were inclin'd my way:
But I am all Obedience to their Wills.

Bell. That Sigh was kind,
But e'er to-morrow this time,

You'll

22 *The Town-For; or,*

You'll want this pitying Sense, and feel no Pantings,
But those which Joys and Pleasures do create.

Cel. Alas Sir! what is't you'd have me to do?

Bell. Why— I would have you love, and after that
You need not be instructed what to do,
Give me your Faith, give me your solemn Vow
To be my Wife, and I shall be at Peace.

Cel. Have you consider'd, Sir, your own Condition?
'Tis in your Uncle's Power to take your Fortune,
If in your Choice you disobey his Will.

—And Sir, you know that mine is much below you.

Bell. Oh, I shall calm his Rage,
By urging so much Reason as thy Beauty,
And my own Flame, on which my Life depends.

—He now has kindly sent for me to London,
I fear his Business—

Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it secret, till our kinder Stars
Have made provision for the blest Discovery.
Come, give me your Vows, or we must part for ever.

Cel. Part! Oh 'tis a fatal Word!
I will do any thing to save that Life,
To which my own so nearly is ally'd.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So forward Sister!

Bell. Ha, *Friendlove*!

Friend. Was it so kindly done, to gain my Sister
Without my knowledge.

Bell. Ah *Friend*! 'Twas from her self alone
That I would take the Blessing which I ask.

Friend. And I'll assist her, Sir, to give it you.
Here, take him as an Honour, and be thankful.

Bell. I as a Blessing sent from Heaven receive her,
And e'er I sleep will justify my Claim,
And make her mine.

Friend. Be not so hasty, *Friend*.
Endeavour first to reconcile your Uncle to't.

Bell. By such Delays we're lost: Hast thou forgot?
To morrow she's design'd another's Bride!

Friend. For that let me alone to evade.

Bell.

Sir, TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 23

Bell. If you must yet delay me,
Give me leave not to interest such Wealth without Security.
And I, *Celinda*, will instruct you how to satisfy my Fears.

[*Kneels, and takes her by the Hand.*]

Bear witness to my Vows—

May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,
Fall down in Thunder on my Head,
If e'er I marry any but *Celinda*,
Or if I do not marry thee, fair Maid.

Nur. Heartily sworn, as I vow.

Cel. And here I wish as solemnly the same :

—May all arrive to me,

If e'er I marry any Man but *Bellmour* !

Nur. We are Witnesses, as good as a thousand.

Friend. But now, my Friend, I'd have you take your
leave ; the day comes on apace, and you've not seen your
Uncle since your Arrival.

Bell. 'Tis Death to part with thee, my fair *Celinda* ;
But our hard Fates impose this Separation :

—Farewel—Remember thou'rt all mine.

Cel. What have I else of Joy to think upon ?

—Go—go—depart.

Bell. I will—but 'tis a Misers part with Gold,
Or People full of Health depart from Life.

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him.

[*Ex. Cel. and Nurse.*]

Bell. Whilst I prepare to meet this Pop to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne'er meet thee ; to beat a
Watch, or kick a Drawer, or batter Windows, is the
highest pitch of Valour he e'er arriv'd to.

Bell. However I'll expect him, lest he be fool-hardy
enough to keep his Word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee ?

Bell. No, no, there's no need of that—Good mor-
row, my best Friend.

Friend. But e'er you go, my dearest Friend and Brother,
Now you are sure of all the Joys you wish
From Heaven, do not forgetful grow of that great Trust
I gave you of all mine ; but, like a Friend,
Assist me in my great Concern of Love

With

With fair *Diana*, your lovely Cousin.
 You know how long I have ador'd that Maid;
 But still her haughty Pride repell'd my Flame,
 And all its fierce Efforts.

Bell. She has a Spirit equal to her Beauty,
 As mighty and tyrannick; yet she has Goodness,
 And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,
 When once her Pride's o'ercome. I have the Honour
 To be the Confident of all her Thoughts:
 And to augment thy Hopes, 'tis not long since
 She did with Sighs confess to me, she lov'd
 A Man, she said, scarce equal to her Fortune:
 But all my Interest could not learn the Object;
 But it must needs be you, by what she said.
 This I'll improve, and so to your Advantage—

Friend. I nither doubt thy Industry, nor Love;
 Go, and be careful of my Interest there,
 Whilst I preserve thine as intirely here. [*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp.

Sharp. Good morrow, Sir *Timothy*; what not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at Five? the time's past.

Sir Tim.—Ay Pox on't—I han't slept to Night for thinking on't.

Sham. Well, Sir *Timothy*, I have most excellent News for you, that will do as well: I have found out—

Sir Tim. A new Wench, I'll warrant— But prithee, *Sham*, I have other matters in hand; 'Sheart, I am so mortify'd with the same thought of Fighting, that I shall hardly think of Womankind again.

Sharp. And you were so forward, Sir *Timothy*—

Sir Tim. Ay *Sharp*, I am always so when I am angry; had I been but a little more provok'd then, that we might have gone to't when the heat was brisk, I had done well—but a Pox on't, this fighting in cool Blood I hate.

Sham. 'Shaw, Sir, 'tis nothing, a Man wou'd do't for Exercise in a Morning.

Sir Tim.

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Sir Tim. Ay, if there were no more in't, than Exercise, if a Man could take a Breathing without breathing a Vein—but *Sham*, this Wounds, and Blood, sounds terribly in my Ears; but since thou say'st 'tis nothing, prithee do thou meet *Bellmour* in my stead: thou art a poor Dog, and 'tis no matter if the World were well rid of thee.

Sham. I would do't with all my Soul—but your Honour, Sir—

Sir Tim.—My Honour! 'tis but Custom that makes it honourable to fight Duels—I warrant you the wise *Italian* thinks himself a Man of Honour; and yet when did you hear of an *Italian*, that ever fought a Duel? Is't not enough, that I am affronted, have my Mistress taken away before my Face, hear my self call'd, dull, common Man, dull Animal, and the rest?—But I must after all give him leave to kill me too, if he can—And this is your damn'd Honourable English way of shewing a Man's Courage.

Sham. I must confess I am of your Mind, and therefore have been studying a Revenge, suitable to the Affront; and if I can judge any thing, I have hit it.

Sir Tim. Hast thou? dear *Sham*, out with it.

Sham. Why Sir—what think you of debauching his Sister?

Sir Tim. Why, is there such a thing in Nature?

Sham. You know he has a Sister, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes, rich, and fair.

Sham. Both, or she were not worthy of your Revenge.

Sir Tim. Oh, how I love Revenge, that has a double Pleasure in it—and where—is this fine piece of Temptation?

Sham. In being, Sir—but *Sharp* here, and I, have been at some cost in finding her out.

Sir Tim. Ye shall be overpaid—there's Gold, my little *Maquere*—but she's very handfome?

Sharp. As a Goddess, Sir.

Sir Tim. And art thou sure she will be leud?

Sharp. Are we sure she's a Woman, Sir?—Sure she's in her Teens, has Pride and Vanity—and two or three Sins more that I cou'd name, all which never

fail to assist a Woman in Debauchery—But Sir, there are certain People that belong to her, that must be consider'd too.

Sir Tim. Stay Sir, e'er I part with more Money, I'll be certain what returns 'twill make me—that is, I'll see the Wench, not to inform my self, how well I like her, for that I shall do, because she is new, and *Bellmour's* Sister—but to find what possibility there is in gaining her.—I am us'd to these things, and can guess from a Look, or a Kiss, or a Touch of the Hand—but then I warrant, 'twill come to the knowledge of *Betty Flauntit*.

Sham. What, Sir, then it seems you doubt us?

Sir Tim. How do you mean, your Honesty or Judgment? I can assure you, I doubt both.

Sharp. How Sir, doubt our Honesty!

Sir Tim. Yes——why I hope neither of you pretend to either, do you?

Sham. Why, Sir, what do you take us for Cheats?

Sir Tim. As errant, as any's in Christendom.

Sharp. How, Sir?

Sir Tim. Why how now——what fly in my Face? Are your Stomachs so queasy, that Cheat won't down with you?

Sham. Why Sir——we are Gentlemen; and tho' our ill Fortune have thrown us on your Bounty, we are not to be term'd——

Sir Tim. Why, you pair of Hectors——whence this Impudence?——Do ye know me, ye Raggamuffins?

Sham. Yes, but we knew not that you were a Coward before. You talkt big, and huff, where-e'er you came, like an errant Bully; and so long we reverenc'd you—but now we find, you have need of our Courage, we'll stand on our Reputations.

Sir Tim. Courage and Reputation!——ha, ha, ha——why, ye lousy Tatterdemallions——dare ye talk of Courage and Reputation?

Sharp. Why, Sir, who dares question either?

Sir Tim. He that dares try it. [Kicks 'em.

Sharp. Hold, Sir, hold.

Sham. Enough, enough, we are satisfy'd. *Sir Tim.*

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Sir Tim. So am not I, ye mangy Mungrels, till I have kickt Courage and Reputation out of ye.

Sham. Hold there Sir, 'tis enough, we are satisfy'd, that you have Courage.

Sir Tim. Oh, are you so? then it seems I was not to be believ'd—I told you I had Courage when I was angry.

Sham. Ay Sir, we have prov'd it, and will now swear it. —But we had an Inclination to try, Sir.

Sir Tim. And all you did, was but to try my Courage, hah!

Sharp. On our Honours, nothing else, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. Tho I know ye to be curst cowardly lying Rogues, yet because I have use of ye, I must forgive ye. —Here, kiss my Hand, and be forgiven.

Sham. 'Tis an Honour we are proud of, Sir.

Sir Tim. Oh is it so, Rascallians? then I hope I am to see the Lady without Indentures.

Sharp. Oh, Lord, Sir, any thing we can serve you in.

Sham. And I have brib'd her Maid to bring her this Morning into the Mall.

Sir Tim. Well, let's about it then; for I am for no fighting to day—D'ye hear Boy—Let the Coach be ready whilst I get my self drest.

Boy. The Coach, Sir! Why you know Mr. *Shatter* has pawn'd the Horses.

Sir Tim. I had forgot it—A pox on't, this 'tis to have a Partner in a Coach; by Fortune, I must marry and set up a whole one. {*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charles Bellmour, and Trusty.

Trusty. Mr. *Charles*, your Brother, my young Master *Bellmour*, is come.

Char. I'm glad on't; my Uncle began to be impatient that he came not, you saying you left him but a day's Journey behind you yesterday. My Uncle has something of importance to say to him, I fancy it may be about a Marriage between him and my Lady *Diana*—such a Whisper I heard—

Trusty. Ay marry Sir, that were a Match indeed, the being your Uncle's only Heir.

Char. Ay, but they are Sisters Children, and too near a-kin to be happy.

Trusty. 'Twere pity my young Master shou'd be unhappy in a Wife; for he is the sweetest-natur'd Gentleman—But one Comfort is, Mr. *Charles*, you, and your Sister Mrs. *Phillis*, will have your Portions assign'd you if he marry.

Char. Yes, that he can't deny us the very Day after his Marriage.

Trusty. I shall be glad to see you all dispos'd of well; but I was half afraid, your Brother would have married Mrs. *Celinda Friendlove*, to whom he made notable Love in *Yorkshire* I thought; not but she's a fine Lady; but her Fortune is below that of my young Master's, as much as my Lady *Diana's* is above his—But see they come, let us retire, to give 'em leave to talk alone. [Exit.]

Enter Lord Plotwell, and Bellmour.

Lord. And well *Frank*, how dost thou find thyself inclin'd? thou shoud'st begin to think of something more than Books. Do'st thou not wish to know the Joys that are to be found in a Woman, *Frank*? I well remember at thy Age I fancy'd a thousand fine things of that kind.

Bell. Ay, my Lord, a thousand more perhaps than are to be found.

Lord. Not so; but I confes, *Frank*, unless the Lady be fair, and there be some Love too, 'tis not altogether so well; therefore I, who am still busy for thy good, have fix'd upon a Lady——

Bell. Ha!——

Lord. What dost start? Nay, I'll warrant thee she'll please; A Lady rich, and fair, and nobly born, and thou shalt marry her, *Frank*.

Bell. Marry her, my Lord——

Lord. Why yes, marry her—I hope you are none of the fashionable Fops, that are always in Mutiny against Marriage, who never think themselves very witty, but when they rail against Heaven and a Wife—But *Frank*,

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 29

I have found better Principles in thee, and thou hast the Reputation of a sober young Gentleman; thou art, besides, a Man of great Fortune, *Frank*.

Bell. And therefore, Sir, ought the less to be a Slave.

Lord. But, *Frank*, we are made for one another; and ought, by the Laws of God, to communicate our Blessings.

Bell. Sir, there are Men enough, fitter much than I, to obey those Laws; nor do I think them made for every one.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you do not know what a Wife I have provided for you.

Bell. 'Tis enough to know she's a Woman, Sir.

Lord. A Woman! why, what shou'd she be else?

Bell. An Angel, Sir, e'er she can be my Wife.

Lord. In good time: but this is a Mortal, Sir—and must serve your turn—but, *Frank*, she is the finest Mortal——

Bell. I humbly beg your Pardon, if I tell you, That had she Beauty such as Heav'n ne'er made, Nor meant again t'enrich a Woman with, It cou'd not take my Heart.

Lord. But, Sir, perhaps you do not guess the Lady.

Bell. Or cou'd I, Sir, it cou'd not change my Nature.

Lord. But, Sir, suppose it be my Niece *Diana*.

Bell. How, Sir! the fair *Diana*!

Lord. I thought thou'dst come about again; What think you now of Woman-kind, and Wedlock?

Bell. As I did before, my Lord.

Lord. What, thou canst not think I am in earnest; I confess, *Frank*, she is above thee in point of Fortune, she being my only Heir—but suppose 'tis she.

Bell. Oh I'm undone!—Sir, I dare not suppose so greatly in favour of my self.

Lord. But, *Frank*, you must needs suppose——

Bell. Oh, I am ruin'd, lost, for ever lost.

Lord. What do you mean, Sir?

Bell. I mean, I cannot marry fair *Diana*.

Lord. Death! how's this?

Bell. She is a thing above my humble wishes——

Lord. Is that all? Take you no care for that; for she loves you already, and I have resolv'd it, which is better yet.

Bell. Love me, Sir! I know she cannot, And Heaven forbid that I should injure her.

Lord. Sir, this is a Put-off: resolve quickly, or I'll compel you.

Bell. You wou'd not use Extremity; What is the Forfeit of my Disobedience?

Lord. The loss of all your Fortune, If you refuse the Wife I have provided— Especially a handfom Lady, as she is, *Frank*,

Bell. Oh me, unhappy! What cur'd Laws provided this Severity?

Lord. Even those of your Father's Disposal, who seeing so many Examples in this leud Age, of the ruin of whole Families by imprudent Marriages, provided otherwise for you.

Bell. But Sir, admit *Diana* be inclin'd, And I (by my unhappy Stars so curs'd) Should be unable to accept the Honour.

Lord. How, Sir! admit!—I can no more admit, Than you can suppose—therefore give me your final Answer.

Bell. Sir, can you think a Blessing e'er can fall Upon that Pair, whom Interest joins, not Love?

Lord. Why, what's in *Diana*, that you shou'd not love her?

Bell. I must confess she has a thousand Virtues, The least of which wou'd bless another Man; But, Sir, I hope, if I am so unhappy As not to love that Lady, you will pardon me.

Lord. Indeed, Sir, but I will not; love me this Lady, and marry me this Lady, or I will teach you what it is to refuse such a Lady.

Bell. Sir, 'tis not in my power to obey you.

Lord. How! not in your pow'r?

Bell. No, Sir, I see my fatal Ruin in your Eyes, And know too well your Force, and my own Misery. —But Sir—when I shall tell you who I've married—

Lord.

Sir TIMOTHY T/AOWDREY. 3F

Lord. Who you've married ;—By all that's sacred, if that be true, thou art undone for ever.

Bell. O hear me, Sir !
I came with Hopes to have found you merciful.

Lord. Expect none from me ; no, thou shalt not have so much of thy Estate, as will afford thee Bread :
By Heav'n, thou shalt not.

Bell. Oh pity me, my Lord, pity my Youth ;
It is no Beggar, not one basely born,
That I have given my Heart to, but a Maid,
Whose Birth, whose Beauty, and whose Education
Merits the best of Men.

Lord. Very fine ! where is the Priest that durst dispose of you without my Order ? Sirrah, you are my Slave—
at least your whole Estate is at my mercy—and besides, I'll charge you with an Action of 5000*l.* for your ten Years Maintenance : Do you know that this is in my power too ?

Bell. Yes, Sir, and dread your Anger worse than Death.

Lord. Oh Villain ! thus to dash my Expectation !

Bell. Sir, on my bended Knees, thus low I fall
To beg your mercy.

Lord. Yes, Sir, I will have mercy ;
I'll give you Lodging—but in a Dungeon, Sir,
Where you shall ask your Food of Passers by.

Bell. All this, I know, you have the Pow'r to do ;
But, Sir, were I thus cruel, this hard Usage
Would give me Cause to execute it ;
I wear a Sword, and I dare right my self ;
And Heaven wou'd pardon it, if I should kill you :
But Heav'n forbid I shou'd correct that Law,
Which gives you Power, and Orders me Obedience.

Lord. Very well Sir, I shall tame that Courage, and punish that Harlot, whose she be, that has seduc'd ye.

Bell. How, Harlot, Sir !—Death, such another Word,

And thro' all Laws and Reason I will rush,
And reach thy Soul, if mortal like thy Body.

—No Sir, she's chaste, as are the new-made Vows

I breath'd upon her Lips, when last we parted.

Lord. Who waits there?

Enter Trusty and Servants.

—Shall I be murder'd in my own House?

'Tis time you were remov'd——

Go get an Action of 5000*l.* enter'd against him,

With Officers to arrest him.

Trusty. My Lord, 'tis my young Master *Bellmour*.

Lord. Ye all doat upon him, but he's not the Man you take him for.

Trusty. How, my Lord! not this Mr. *Bellmour*!

Lord. Dogs, obey me.

[*Offers to go.*]

Bell. Stay, Sir——oh, stay——what will become of me?

'Twere better that my Life were lost, than Fortune——

For that being gone, *Celinda* must not love me.

——But to die wretchedly——

Poorly in Prison——whilst I can manage this——

Is below him, that does adore *Celinda*.

[*Draws.*]

I'll kill my self—but then—I kill *Celinda*.

Shou'd I obey this Tyrant—then too she dies.

Yes Sir—You may be cruel—take the Law,

And kill me quickly, 'twill become your Justice.

[*Weeps.*]

Lord. Was I call'd back for this? Yes, I shall take it, Sir; do not fear.

[*Offers to go.*]

Bell. Yet, stay Sir—Have you lost all Humanity?

Have you no Sense of Honour, nor of Horrors?

Lord. Away with him—go, be gone.

Bell. Stay, Sir. Oh God! what is't you'd have me do?

—Here—I resign myself unto your Will——

But Oh *Celinda*! what will become of thee?

[*Weeps.*]

——Yes, I will marry—and *Diana* too.

Lord. 'Tis well you will; had I not been good-natur'd now,

You had been undone, and mis'd *Diana* too.

Bell. But must I marry——needs marry, Sir?

Or lose my Fortune, and my Liberty,

Whilst all my Vows are given to another?

Lord.

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Lord. By all means, Sir——

Bell. If I must marry any but *Celinda*,
I shall not, Sir, enjoy one moment's Bliss :
I shall be quite unman'd, cruel and brutal ;
A Beast, unsafe for Woman to converse with.
Besides, Sir, I have given my Heart and Faith,
And my second Marriage is Adultery.

Lord. Heart and Faith, I am glad 'tis no worse ; if the
Ceremony of the Church has not pass'd, 'tis well enough.

Bell. All Sir, that Heaven and Love requires, is pass'd.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, *Frank*, come——dry thy
Eyes,

And receive *Diana*——*Trusty*, call in my Niece.

Bell. Yet, Sir, relent, be kind, and save my Soul.

[*Ex. Trusty.*]

Lord. No more——by Heaven, if thou resist my Will,
I'll make a strange Example of thee, and of that Woman,
whoe'er she be, that drew thee to this Folly. Faith and
Vows, quoth ye !

Bell. Then I obey.

Enter Trusty and Diana.

Lord. Look ye here, *Frank* ; is this a Lady to be
dislik'd ?

Come hither, *Frank*——*Trusty*, haste for Dr. *Tickletext*,
my Chaplain's not in Town ; I'll have them instantly
married——Come hither, *Diana*——will you marry
your Cousin *Frank Bellmour* ?

Dia. Yes, if it be your pleasure ; Heaven cou'd not
let fall a greater Blessing.

[*Aside.*]

Lord. And you, *Frank*, will you marry my Niece
Diana ?

Bell. Since you will have it so.

Lord. Come follow me then, and you shall be both
pleas'd.

Bell. Oh my *Celinda* !——

To preserve thee, what is't I wou'd not do ?

Forfeit my Heaven, nay more, I forfeit you. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham, and Sharp.

Sir Tim. Now *Sham*, art not thou a damn'd lying Rogue, to make me saunter up and down the *Mall* all this Morning, after a Woman that thou know'st in thy Conscience was not likely to be there?

Sham. Why, Sir—if her Maid will be a jilting Whore, how can I help it?—*Sharp*, thou know'st we presented her handfomly, and she protested she'd do't.

Sharp. Ay, ay, Sir: But the Devil a Maid we saw. *[Aside.]*

Sham. Sir, it may be Things have so fallen out, that she could not possibly come.

Sir Tim. Things! a Pox of your Tricks—Well, I see there's no trusting a poor Devil—Well, what Device will your Rogueship find out to cheat me next?

Sham. Prithee help me out at a dead lift, *Sharp*. *[Aside.]*

Sharp. Cheat you Sir!—if I ben't reveng'd on this She-Counsellor of the Patching and Painting, this Letter-in of Midnight Lovers, this Receiver of Bribes for stol'n Pleasures; may I be condemn'd never to make Love to any thing of higher Quality.

Sir Tim. Nay, nay, no threatening, *Sharp*; it may be she's innocent yet—Give her t'other Bribe, and try what that will do. *[Gives him Money.]*

Sham. No, Sir, I'll have no more to do with frail Woman, in this Case; I have a surer way to do your Business.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Sir Tim. Is not that *Bellmour's* Page?

Sharp. It is, Sir.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, the Rogue's looking for me; he has a Challenge in his hand too.

Sham. No matter, Sir, huff it out.

Sir Tim. Prithee do thee huff him, thou know'st the way on't.

Sham.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 35

Sham. What's your Bus'ness with Sir *Timothy*, Sir?

Page. Mine, Sir, I don't know the Gentleman; pray which is he?

Sir Tim. I, I, 'tis so——Pox on him.

Sharp. Well, Boy, I am he—What—Your Master.

Page. My Master, Sir——

Sharp. Are not you *Bellmour's* Page?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. Well, your News.

Page. News Sir? I know of none, but of my Master's being this Morning——

Sir Tim. Ay, there it is—behind *Southampton* House.

Page. Married this Morning.

Sir Tim. How! Married! 'Slife, has he serv'd me so.

Sham. The Boy is drunk—*Bellmour* married!

Page. Yes indeed, to the Lady *Diana*.

Sir Tim. *Diana*! Mad by Fortune; what *Diana*?

Page. Niece to the Lord *Plotwell*.

Sir Tim. Come hither Boy—Art thou sure of this?

Page. Sir, I am sure of it; and I going to bespeak Musick for the Ball anon.

Sir Tim. What hast thou there—a Letter to the Divine *Celinda*?

A dainty Boy—there's Money for thee to buy Nickers.

Page. I humbly thank you.

[*Exit.*

Sharp. Well, Sir, if this be true, *Celinda* will be glad of you again.

Sir Tim. Ay, but I will have none of her—For, look you *Sham*, there is but two sorts of Love in this World—Now I am sure the Rogue did love her; and since it was not to marry her, it was for the thing you wot on, as appears by his writing to her now—But yet, I will not believe what this Boy said, till I see it.

Sham. Faith Sir, I have thought of a thing, that may both clear your doubt, and give us a little Mirth.

Sir Tim. I conceive thee.

Sham. I know y'are quick of Apprehension, Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. O your Servant, dear *Sham*——But to let thee see, I am none of the dullest, we are to jig it in Masquerade this Evening, hah.

Sham.

36 *The TOWN-FOP; or,*

Sham. Faith Sir, you have it, and there you may have an Opportunity to court *Bellmour's* Sister.

Sir Tim. 'Tis a good Motion, and we will follow it; fend to the Duke's House, and borrow some Habits presently.

Sham. I'll about it, Sir.

Sir Tim. Make haste to my Lodging—But hark ye—not a word of this to *Betty Flauntit*, she'll be up in Arms these two Days, if she go not with us; and tho I think the fond Devil is true to me, yet it were worse than Wedlock, if I should be fo to her too.

*Tho Whores in all things else the Mastery get,
In this alone, like Wives, they must submit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Lord Plotwell, Bellmour leading in Diana, follow'd by Charles Bellmour, Phillis, and other Ladies and Gentlemen. [Musick plays, till they are all seated.]

Lord. **H**ERE Nephew, I resign that Trust, which was repos'd in me by your dead Father; which was, that on your Wedding-Day I should thus—make you Master of your whole Fortune, you being married to my liking—And now *Charles*, and you my Niece *Phillis*, you may demand your Portions to morrow, if you please; for he is oblig'd to pay you the Day after that of his Marriage.

Phil. There's time enough, my Lord.

Lord. Come, come Ladies, in troth you must take but little Rest to Night, in complaisance to the Bride and Bridegroom, who, I believe, will take but little—*Frank*—why *Frank*—what, hast thou chang'd thy Humour with thy Condition? Thou wert not wont to hear the Musick play in vain. *Bell.*

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 37

Bell. My Lord, I cannot dance.

Dia. Indeed, you're wondrous sad,
And I, methinks, do bear thee Company,
I know not why; and yet excess of Joy
Have had the same Effects with equal Grief.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I have now felt the Extremes of both.

Lord. Why Nephew *Charles*—has your Breeding at the Academy instructed your Heels in no Motion?

Char. My Lord, I'll make one.

Phil. And I another, for Joy that my Brother's made happy in so fair a Bride.

Bell. Hell take your Ignorance, for thinking I am happy,

—Wou'd Heaven wou'd strike me dead,
That by the loss of a poor wretched Life
I might preserve my Soul—But Oh my Error!
That has already damn'd it self, when it consented
To break a sacred Vow, and marry here.

Lord. Come, come, begin, begin, Musick to your Office. *[Soft Musick.]*

Bell. Why does not this hard Heart, this stubborn Fugitive,
Break with this Load of Grief? but like ill Spirits
It promis'd fair, till it had drawn me in,
And then betray'd me to Damnation.

Dian. There's something of disorder in his Soul,
Which I'm on fire to know the meaning of.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp, in Masquerade.

Sir Tim. The Rogue is married, and I am so pleas'd, I can forgive him our last Night's Quarrel. Prithee *Sharp*, if thou canst learn that young Thing's Name, 'tis a pretty airy Rogue, whilst I go talk to her.

Sharp. I will, Sir, I will.

[One goes to take out a Lady.]

Char. Nay, Madam, you must dance.

[Dance.]

Bell. I hope you will not call it Rudeness, Madam, if I refuse you here.

[The Lady that danc'd goes to take out the Bridegroom. After the Dance she takes out Sir Timothy, they walk to a Courant.] And

Am I still tame and patient with my Ills?
 Gods! what is Man, that he can live and bear,
 Yet know his Power to rid himself of Grief?
 I will not live; or if my Destiny
 Compel me to't, it shall be worse than dying.

Enter Page with a Table-Book.

Bell. What's this?

Page. The Answer of a Letter, Sir, you sent the divine *Celinda*; for so it was directed.

Bell.—Hah—*Celinda*—in my Croud of Thoughts
 I had forgot I sent—come nearer Boy——

—What did she say to thee?—Did she not smile?
 And use thee with Contempt and Scorn?—tell me.

Page. How scorn, Sir!

Bell. Or she was angry—call'd me perjurd Villain,
 False, and forsworn——nay, tell me truth.

Page. How, Sir?

Bell. Thou dost delay me——say she did, and please me.

Page. Sir!

Bell. Again—tell me, what answer, Rascal, did she send me?

Page. You have it, Sir, there in the Table-Book.

Bell. Oh I am mad, and know not what I do.

—Prithee forgive me, Boy—take breath my Soul,
 Before thou do'st begin; for this——perhaps, may be
 So cruel kind,
 To leave thee none when thou hast ended it.

[Opens it, and reads.]

LETTER.

I HAVE took in the Poison which you sent, in those few fatal Words, "Forgive me, my *Celinda*, I am married"—'Twas thus you said—And I have only Life to return, "Forgive me my sweet *Bellmour*, I am dead."

CELINDA

Can

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 39

Can I hear this, and live?—I am a Villain !
In my Creation destin'd for all Mischief,
—To commit Rapes, and Murders, to break Vows,
As fast as Fools do Jefts.

Come hither, Boy——
And said the Lady nothing to thee ?

Page. Yes, e'er she read the Letter, ask'd your Health,
And Joy dispers'd it self in Blushes thro her Cheeks.

Bell. Her Beauty makes the very Boy adore it.

Page. And having read it,
She drew her Tablets from her Pocket,
And trembling, writ what I have brought you, Sir.

Bell. Tho I before had loaded up my Soul
With Sins, that wou'd have weigh'd down any other,
Yet this one more it beats, the Sin of Murder ;
And holds out still——What have I more to do,
But being plung'd in Blood, to wade it thro ?

Enter Friendlove in Masquerade.

Friend. There stands the Traitor, with a guilty Look,
That Traitor, who the easier to deceive me,
Betray'd my Sister ; yet till I came and saw
The Perjury, I could not give a Faith to't.
By Heaven, *Diana* loves him, nay doats on him,
I find it in her Eyes ; all languishing,
They feed the Fire in his : arm'd with a double Rage,
I know I shall go thro with my Revenge.

Sir Tim. Fair Maid——

Phil. How do you know that, Sir ?

Sir Tim. I see y'are fair, and I guess you're a Maid.

Phil. Your Guess is better than your Eye-sight, Sir.

Sir Tim. Whate'er you are, by Fortune, I wish you
would permit me to love you with all your Faults.

Phil. You ? Pray who are you ?

Sir Tim. A Man, a Gentleman—and more, a Knight
too by Fortune.

Phil. Then 'twas not by Merit, Sir——But how shall
I know you are either of these !

Sir Tim. That I'm a Man, the Effects of my vigorous
Flame shall prove——a Gentleman, my Coat of Arms
shall testify ; and I have the King's Patent for my Title.

Phil.

Phil. For the first you may thank your Youth, for the next your Father, and the last your Money.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I love thee for thy Pertness.

Phil. Is it possible you can love at all?

Sir Tim. As much as I dare.

Phil. How do you mean?

Sir Tim. Not to be laught at; 'tis not the Mode to love much: A Platonick Fop I have heard of, but this is an Age of sheer Enjoyment, and little Love goes to that; we have found it incommode, and loss of time, to make long Addresses.

Enter Celinda like a Boy.

Phil. I find, Sir, you and I shall never agree upon this matter;

But see, here's more Company.

Cel. Oh Heaven! 'tis true, these Eyes confirm my Fate.

Yonder he is—and that fair splendid Thing,

That gazes on him with such kind Desire,

Is my blest Rival—Oh he is married!

—Gods! And yet you let him live;

Live too with all his Charms, as fine and gay,

As if you meant he shou'd undo all easy Maids,

And kill 'em for their Sin of loving him.

Wretched *Celinda*!

But I must turn my Eyes from looking on

The fatal Triumphs of my Death—Which of all these

Is my Brother? Oh that is he; I know him

By the Habit he sent for to the Play-House.

And hither he's come in Masquerade,

I know with some Design against my *Bellmour*,

Whom tho he kill me, I must still preserve:

Whilst I, lost in despair, thus as a Boy

Will seek a Death from any welcome Hand,

Since I want Courage to perform the Sacrifice.

Enter one and dances an Entry, and a Jig at the end on't.

Lord. Enough, enough at this time, let's see the Bride to bed, the Bridegroom thinks it long.

Friend. Hell! Can I endure to hear all this with Patience?

Shall

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 41

Shall he depart with Life to enjoy my Right,
And to deprive my Sister of her due?

—Stay, stay, and resign
That Virgin.

Bell. Who art thou that dar'st lay a Claim to ought
that's here?

Friend. This Sword shall answer ye. [Draws.]

Bell. Tho I could spare my Life, I'll not be robb'd of
it. [Draws.]

Dian. Oh my dear *Bellmour*!

[All draw on *Bellmour's* side—*Diana* holds *Bellmour*,
Celinda runs between their Swords, and defends
Bellmour; *Sir Tim.* *Sham.* and *Sharp* draw, and
run into several Corners, with signs of Fear.]

Friend. Who art thou, that thus fondly guard'st his
Heart? [To *Celinda*.]

—Be gone, and let me meet it.

Cel. That thou may'st do thro mine, but no way else.

Friend. Here are too many to encounter, and I'll de-
fer my Vengeance.

Char. Stay, Sir, we must not part so.

[Ex. Drawing at the same Door, that *Sir Tim.* is
sneaking out at.]

Come back I say. [Pulls in *Sir Tim.*

Slave! Dost thou tremble?—

Sir Tim. Sir, I'm not the Man you look for—

By Fortune, *Sham*, we're all undone:

He has mistook me for the fighting Fellow.

Char. Villain, defend thy Life.

Sir Tim. Who, I, Sir? I have no quarrel to you, nor
no Man breathing, not I, by Fortune.

Cel. This Coward cannot be my Brother? [Aside.]

Char. What made thee draw upon my Brother?

Sir Tim. Who, I, Sir? by Fortune I love him—I draw
upon him!

Char. I do not wonder thou canst lye, for thou'rt a
Coward! Didst not thou draw upon him? Is not thy
Sword yet out?

Did I not see thee fierce, and active too, as if thou hadst
dar'd?

Sir Tim.

Sir *Tim.* Why he's gone, Sir; a Pox of all Mistakes and Masqueradings I say——this was your Plot, *Sham.*

Char. Shew then thy Face.

Sir *Tim.* I'll be hang'd first, by Fortune; for then 'twill be plain 'twas I, because I challeng'd *Belmour* last Night, and broke my Assignment this Morning. [*Aside.*

Char. Shew thy Face without delay, or——

Sir *Tim.* My Face, Sir? I protest, by Fortune, 'tis not worth seeing.

Char. Then Sirrah, you are worth a kicking——take that——and that—— [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Tim.* How Sir? how?

Char. So Sir, so.

[*Kicks him again.*

Sir *Tim.* Have a care, Sir——by Fortune, I shall fight with a little more.——

Char. Take that to raise you.

[*Strikes him.*

Sir *Tim.* Nay then I am angry, and I dare fight.

[*They fight out.*

Lord. Go, Ladies, see the Bride to her Chamber.

[*Ex. Women.*

Bell. The Knight, Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*;

——The Rascal mist me at the appointed place,

And comes to attack me here——

[*Turns to Ccl.*

——Brave Youth, I know not how

I came to merit this Relief from thee:

Sure thou art a Stranger to me, thou'rt so kind.

Ccl. Sir, I believe those happy ones that know you

Had been far kinder, but I'm indeed a Stranger.

Bell. Mayst thou ever be so to one so wretched;

I will not ask thy Name, lest knowing it,

(I'm such a Monster) I should ruin thee.

Ccl. Oh how he melts my Soul! I cannot stay,

Lest Grief, my Sex, my Bus'ness shou'd betray. [*Aside.*

——Farewel Sir——

——May you be happy in the Maid you love.

[*Exit. Ccl.*

Bell. O dost thou mock my Grievs? by Heaven he did.

——Stay, Sir, he's gone.

Enter

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Enter Charles Bellmour.

Char. The Rogue took Courage, when he saw there was no Remedy ; but there's no hurt done on either side.

Lord. 'Tis fit such as he shou'd be chastis'd, that do abuse Hospitality. Come, come, to Bed ; the Lady, Sir, expects you.

Bell. Gentlemen, good Night. [Exit.

Enter Diana. Scene a Bed-chamber.

Dia. I long to know the Cause of *Bellmour's* Disorder to Night, and here he comes.

Enter Bellmour, Lord, Charles, and the rest.

Char. Shan't we see you laid, Brother ?

Bell. Yes, in my Grave, dear *Charles* ;
But I'll excuse that Ceremony here.

Char. Good Night, and no Rest to you, Brother.

[Ex. all but Bellmour and Diana.

Dia. Till now, my *Bellmour*, I wanted Opportunity
To ask the Cause, why on a joyful Day,
When Heav'n has join'd us by a sacred Tie,
Thou droop'st like early Flowers with Winter-storms.

Bell. Thou art that Winter-storm that nips my Bud ;
All my young springing Hopes, my gay Desires,
The prospect of approaching Joys of Love,
Thou in a hapless Minute hast took from me,
And in its room,
Hast given me an eternal Desperation.

Dia. Have ye then given me Vows ye can repent of ?

Bell. I given ye Vows ! be witness, ye just Pow'rs,
How far I was from giving any Vows :
No, no, *Diana*, I had none to give.

Dia. No Vows to give !

What were they which unto the Holy Man
Thou didst repeat, when I was made all thine ?

Bell. The Effects of low Submission, such as Slaves
Condemn'd to die, yield to the angry Judge.

Dia. Dost thou not love me then ?

Bell. Love thee ! No, by Heaven : yet wish I were
so happy,
For thou art wondrous fair and wondrous good.

Dia.

Dia. Oh what a Defeat is here !
 The only Man, who from all Nature's store
 I found most charming, fit for my Desires ;
 And now after a thousand Expectations,
 Such as all Maids that love like me do hope,
 Just ready for the highest Joys of Love !
 Then to be met thus cold——nay worse, with scorn.

——Why since you could not love me, did you marry me ? *[Aside.]*

Bell. Because I was Beast, a very Villain !
 That stak'd a wretched Fortune to all my Joys of Life,
 And like a prodigal Gamester lost that all.

Dia. How durst you, Sir, knowing my Quality,
 Return me this false Pay, for Love so true ?
 Was this a Beauty, Sir, to be neglected ?

Bell. Fair angry Maid, frown on, frown till you kill,
 And I shall dying bless those Eyes that did so.
 For shou'd I live, I shou'd deprive the happier World
 Of Treasures, I'm too wretched to possess.
 And were't not pity that vast store of Beauty
 Shou'd, like rich Fruit, die on the yielding Boughs ?

Dia. And are you then resolved to be a Stranger to me ?

Bell. For ever ! for a long Eternity !

Dia. O thou'st undone me then ; hast thou found out
 A Maid more fair, more worthy of thy Love ?
 Look on me well.

Bell. I have consider'd thee,
 And find no Blemish in thy Soul, or Form ;
 Thou art all o'er Divine, yet I must hate thee,
 Since thou hast drawn me to a mortal Sin,
 That cannot be forgiven by Men, or Heaven.
 —Oh thou hast made me break a Vow, *Diana*,
 A sacred solemn Vow ;
 And made me wrong the sweetest Innocence,
 That ever blest the Earth.

Dia. Instead of cooling this augments my Fire ;
 No Pain is like defeated ~~no~~ Desire. *[Aside.]*
 'Tis false, or but to try my Constancy.
 Your Mistress is not so divine as I ;
 And shou'd I, 'gainst himself, believe the Man

Who

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 49

Who first inspir'd my Heart with Love's soft Flame ?

Bell. What Bliss on me insensibly you throw !
I'd rather hear thee swear, thou art my Foe,
And like some noble and romantick Maid
With Poniards wou'd my stubborn Heart invade ;
And whilst thou dost the faithful Relique tear,
In every Vein thou'd'st find *Celinda* there.

Dia. Come, Sir, you must forget *Celinda's* Charms,
And reap Delights within my circling Arms,
Delights that may your Errors undeceive,
When you find Joys as great as she can give.

Bell. What do I hear !——is this the kind Relief
Thou dost allow to my Despair and Grief ?
Is this the Comfort that thou dost impart
To my all-wounded, bleeding, dying Heart ?
Were I so brutal, cou'd thy Life comply
To serve it self with base Adultery ?

For cou'd I love thee, cou'd I love again,
Our Lives wou'd be but one continu'd Sin :
A Sin of that black dye, a Sin so foul,
'Tvou'd leave no Hopes of Heav'n for either's Soul.

Dia. Dull Man ! Dost think a feeble vain Excuse
Shall satisfy me for this Night's abuse ?
No, since my Passion thou'st defeated thus,
And robb'd me of my long wish'd Happiness,
I'll make thee know what a wrong'd Maid can do,
Divided 'twixt her Love and Injuries too.

Bell. I dare thy worst ;
Shou'd Hell assist thy Aims, thou cou'dst not find
New Plagues, unless thou shou'dst continue kind.
Hard Fate, *Diana*, when thy Love must be
The greatest Curse that can arrive to me.

—That Friendship which our Infant Years begun,
And till this Day has still continued on,
I will preserve ; and my Respects shall be
Profound, as what was ever paid by me :

But for my Love, 'tis to *Celinda* due,
And I can pay you none that's just and true,

Dia. The rest I'd have thee know I do despise,
I better understand my conquering Eyes ;

Those

Those Eyes that shall revenge my Love and Shame,
I'll kill thy Reputation and thy Name. [Exit.]

Bell. My Honour! and my Reputation, now!
They both were forfeit, when I broke my Vow,
Nor cou'd my Honour with thy Fame decline;
Whoe'er profanes thee, injures nought of mine.
This Night upon the Couch my self I'll lay,
And like *Franciscans*, let th' ensuing Day
Take care for all the Toils it brings with it;
Whatever Fate arrives, I can submit.

SCENE, A Street.

Enter Celinda, dress'd as before.

Cel. Not one kind Wound to send me to my Grave,
And yet between their angry Swords I ran,
Expecting it from *Bellmour*, or my Brother's:
Oh my hard Fate! that gave me so much Misery,
And dealt no Courage to prevent the shock.
—Why came I off alive, that fatal Place
Where I beheld my *Bellmour*, in th' embrace
Of my extremely fair, and lovely Rival?
—With what kind Care she did prevent my Arm,
Which (greedy of the last sad-parting twine)
I wou'd have thrown about him, as if she knew
To what intent I made the passionate Offer?
—What have I next to do, but seek a Death
Wherever I can meet it—Who comes here?

[Goes aside.]

*Enter Sir Timothy, Sham and Sharp, with Fiddlers
and Boy.*

Sir Tim. I believe this is the Bed-chamber Window
where the Bride and Bridegroom lies.

Sham. Well, and what do you intend to do, if it
be Sir?

Sir Tim. Why first sing a Baudy Song, and then break
the Windows, in revenge for the Affront was put upon
me to night.

Sharp. Faith, Sir, that's but a poor Revenge; and
which every Footman may take of his Lady, who has
turn'd

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 47

turn'd him away for filching—You know, Sir, Windows are frail, and will yield to the lusty Brickbats; 'tis an Act below a Gentleman.

Sir *Tim.* That's all one, 'tis my Recreation; I serv'd a Woman so the other night, to whom my Mistress had a Pique.

Sham. Ay, Sir, 'tis a Revenge fit only for a Whore to take—And the Affront you receiv'd to Night, was by mistake.

Sir *Tim.* Mistake! how can that be?

Sham. Why, Sir, did you not mind, that he that drew upon *Bellmour*, was in the same Dress with you?

Sir *Tim.* How shou'd his be like mine?

Sham. Why by the same Chance, that yours was like his—I suppose sending to the Play-house for them, as we did, they hapned to send him such another Habit, for they have many such for dancing Shepherds.

Sir *Tim.* Well, I grant it a Mistake, and that shall re-prieve the Windows.

Sharp. Then, Sir, you shew'd so much Courage, that you may blest the Minute that forc'd you to fight.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, but between you and I, 'twas well he kick'd me first, and made me angry, or I had been lustily swing'd, by Fortune—But thanks to my Spleen, that sav'd my Bones that bout—But then I did well—hah, came briskly off, and the rest.

Sham. With Honour, Sir, I protest.

Sir *Tim.* Come then, we'll serenade him. Come, Sirrah, tune your Pipes, and sing.

Boy. What shall I sing, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Any thing suitable to the Time and Place.

S O N G.

I.

THE happy Minute's come, the Nymph is laid,
Who means no more to rise a Maid.
Blushing, and panting, she expects th' Approach
Of Joys that kill with every touch:
Nor can her native Modesty and Shame
Conceal the Ardour of her Virgin Flame.

II.

II.

*And now the amorous Youth is all undrest,
 Just ready for Love's mighty Feast;
 With vigorous haste the Veil aside he throws,
 That doth all Heaven at once disclose.
 Swift as Desire, into her naked Arms
 Himself he throws, and rifles all her Charms.*

Good morrow Mr. Bellmour, and to your lovely Bride,
 long may you live, and love.

Enter Bellmour above.

Bell. Who is't has sent that Curse?

Sir Tim. What a Pox is that *Bellmour*? The Rogue's
 in choler, the Bride has not pleas'd him.

Bell. Dogs! Do you upbraid me? I'll be with you
 presently.

Sir Tim. Will you so?—but I'll not stay your coming.

Cel. But you shall Sir.

Bell. Turn Villains!

*[Sir Tim. &c. offers to go off, Celinda steps forth,
 and draws, they draw, and set upon her. Enter
 Bellmour behind them: They turn, and Celinda
 sides with Bellmour, and fights. Enter Diana,
 Bellmour fights 'em out, and leaves Celinda
 breathless, leaning on her Sword.]*

Dia. I'll ne'er demand the cause of this disorder,
 But take this opportunity to fly

To the next hands will take me up—*who's here?*

Cel. Not yet, my fullen Heart!

Dia. *Who's here?* one wounded—*alas*—

Cel. 'Tis not so lucky—but *who art thou*
 That dost with so much pity ask?

Dia. He seems a Gentleman——handsome and
 young—

Pray ask no Questions, Sir; but if you're what you seem,
 Give a Protection to an unhappy Maid.

——Do not reply, but let us haste away.

Cel. Hah—What do I hear! fure 'tis *Diana*.

——Madam, with haste, and joy, I'll serve you.

—I'll carry her to my own Lodgings.

Fortune

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 49

Fortune, in this, has done my Sufferings right,
My Rival's in my Power, upon her Wedding-Night.

[*Aside.*
Exeunt.

Enter Bellmour, Sir Tim. Sham. and Sharp.

Sir *Tim.* Lord, Lord, that you should not know your
Friend and humble Servant, *Tim. Tawdrey*—But thou
look'st as if thou hadst not been a-bed yet.

Bell. No more I have.

Sir *Tim.* Nay then thou lovest precious time, I'll not
detain thee. [*Offers to go.*

Bell. Thou art mistaken, I hate all Woman-kind—

Sir *Tim.* How, how!

Bell. Above an Hour—hark ye Knight—I am as
leud, and as debauched as thou art.

Sir *Tim.* What do you mean, *Frank*?

Bell. To tell a Truth, which yet I never did.

——I whore, drink, game, swear, lye, cheat, rob,
pimp, hector, all, all I do that's vitious.

Sir *Tim.* Bless me!

Bell. From such a Villain, hah?

Sir *Tim.* No, but that thou should'st hide it all this
while.

Bell. Till I was married only, and now I can dissem-
ble it no longer—come—let's to a Baudy-House.

Sir *Tim.* A Baudy-house! What already!

This is the very quintessence of Leudness.

——Why I thought that I was wicked, but by Fortune,
This dashes mine quite out of Countenance.

Bell. Oh, thou'rt a puny Sinner!—I'll teach thee
Arts (so rare) of Sin, the least of them shall damn thee.

Sir *Tim.* By Fortune, *Frank*, I do not like these Arts.

Bell. Then thou'rt a Fool—I'll teach thee to be rich
too.

Sir *Tim.* Ay, that I like.

Bell. Look here, my Boys!

[*Hold up his Writings, which he takes out of his Pocket*]
The Writings of 3000*l.* a Year:

All this I got by Perjury.

Sir *Tim.* By Fortune, a thriving Sin.

Bell. And we will live in Sin while this holds out.

*And then to my cold Home—Come let's be gone :
Oh that I ne'er might see the rising Sun.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Discovers Celinda as before sitting in a Chair, Diana
by her in another, who sings.*

SONG.

I.

*C*elinda, who did Love disdain,
For whom had languish'd many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She spy'd upon the River's brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

II.

*At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd the while,
And soon it lessen'd to a Smile ;
Thence to surprize and wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame ;
Then cry'd she out, Ah now I prove
Thou art a God, Almighty Love.*

III.

*She wou'd have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bad her first consult her Pride ;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Love, alas, had left her none.
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.*

Cel.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 51

Cel. Oh how numerous are her Charms—
—How shall I pay this generous Condescension ?
Fair lovely Maid—

Dia. Why do you flatter, Sir ?

Cel. To say you're lovely, by your self I do not,
I'm young, and have not much convers'd with Beauty ;
Yet I'll esteem my Judgment, since it knows
Where my Devotions should be justly paid.

—But Madam, may I not yet expect
To hear the Story, you so lately promis'd me ?

Dia. I owe much to your Goodness, Sir—but—

Cel. I am too young, you think, to hear a Secret ;
Can I want Sense to pity your Misfortunes,
Or Passion to incite me to revenge 'em ?

Dia. Oh would he were in earnest !

Cel. She's fond of me, and I must blow that flame,
Do any thing to make her hate my *Bellmour*.

—But Madam, I'm impatient for your Story.
That after that, you may expect my Service.

Dia. The Treatment you this night have given a dis-
tressed Maid, enough obliges me ; nor need I tell you,
I'm nobly born ; something about my Drefs, my Looks
and Mien, will doubtless do me reason.

Cel. Sufficiently—

Dia. But in the Family where I was educated, a Youth
of my own Age, a Kinsman too, I chanc'd to fall in
love with, but with a Passion, my Pride still got the better
of ; and he, I thought, repaid my young Desires. But
Bashfulness on his part, did what Pride had done on mine,
and kept his too conceal'd—At last my Uncle, who
had the absolute Dominion of us both, thought good to
marry us together.

Cel. Punish him, Heaven for a Sin so great.
—And are you married then ?

Dia. Why is there Terror in that Word ?

Cel. By all that's Sacred, 'tis a Word that kills me.
Oh say thou art not ;

And I thus low will fall, and pay thee Thanks. [*Kneels.*]

Dia. You'll wish indeed I were not, when you know
How very, very wretched it has made me.

Cel. Shou'd you be telling me a Tale all day,
Such as would melt a Heart that ne'er could love,
'Twould not increafe my Reason for the wifh
That I had dy'd e'er known you had been married.

Dia. So many foft Words from my *Bellmour's* mouth
Had made me mad with Joy, and next to that
I wifh to hear 'em from this Youth;

If they be real, how I fhall be reveng'd ! [*Afide.*]

—But why at my being married fhould you figh ?

Cel. Becaufe I love, is that a Wonder, Madam ?

Have you not Charms fufficient at firft fight

To wound a Heart tender and young as mine ?

Are you not heavenly fair ? Oh, there's my Grief——

—Since you muft be another's.

Dia. Pray hear me out: and if you love me after,

Perhaps you may not think your felf unhappy.

When Night was come, the long'd for Night, and all

Retir'd to give us filent Room for Joy——

Cel. Oh I can hear no more—by Heav'n I cannot.

—Here—ftab me to the Heart—let out my Life,

I cannot live, and hear what follow'd next.

Dia. Pray hear me, Sir——

Cel. Oh you will tell me he was kind——

Yes, yes—oh God—were not his balmy Kiffes

Sweeter than Incenfe offer'd up to Heaven ?

Did not his Arms, fofter and whiter far

Than thofe of *Jove's* transform'd to Wings of Swans,

Greedily clasp thee round ?—Oh quickly fpeak,

Whilst thy fair rifing Bosom met with his ;

And then——Oh——then——

Dia. Alas Sir ! What's the matter ?—fit down a while.

Cel. Now—I am well—pardon me, lovely Creature,

If I betray a Paffion, I'm too young

To've learnt the Art of hiding ;

—I cannot hear you fay that he was kind.

Dia. Kind ! yes, as Blasts to Flow'rs, or early Fruit ;

All gay I met him full of youthful Heat :

But like a Damp, he dafht my kindled Flame,

And all his Reason was——he lov'd another,

A Maid he call'd *Celinda*.

Cel.

Sir. TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 53

Cel. Oh blessed Man !

Dia. How, Sir ?

Cel. To leave thee free, to leave thee yet a Virgin.

Dia. Yes, I have vow'd he never shall possess me.

Cel. Oh how you blest me—but you still are married,
And whilst you are so—I must languish——

Dia. Oh how his Softness moves me ?

[*Aside.*

—But can all this Disorder spring from Love ?

Cel. Or may I still prove wretched.

Dia. And can you think there are no ways
For me to gratify that Love ?

What ways am I constrain'd to use to work out my Re-
venge !

[*Aside.*

Cel. How mean you, Madam ?

Dia. Without a Miracle, look on my Eyes——

And Beauty—which you say can kindle Fires ;

—She that can give, may too retain Desire.

Cel. She'll ravish me——let me not understand you.

Dia. Look on my Wrongs——

Wrongs that would melt a frozen Chastity,

That a religious Vow had made to Heaven :

—And next survey thy own Perfections.

Cel. Hah——

Dia. Art thou so young, thou canst not apprehend me ?

Fair bashful Boy, hast thou the Power to move,

And yet not know the Business of thy Love ?

Cel. How in an instant thou hast chill'd my Blood,

And made me know no Woman can be good ?

'Tis Sin enough to yield—but thus to sue
Heav'n——'tis my Business—and not meant for you.

Dia. How little Love is understood by thee,

'Tis Custom, and not Passion you pursue ;

Because Enjoyment first was nam'd by me,

It does destroy what shou'd your Flame renew :

My easy yielding does your Fire abate,

And mine as much your tedious Courtship hate.

Tell Heaven——you will hereafter sacrifice,

—And see how that will please the Deities.

The ready Victim is the noblest way,

Your Zeal and Obligations too to pay.

Cel. I think the Gods wou'd hardly be ador'd,
If they their Blessing shou'd, unask'd, afford ;
And I that Beauty can no more admire,
Whene'er I sue, can yield to my Desire.

Dia. Dull Youth, farewell !
For since 'tis my Revenge that I pursue,
Lefs Beauty and more Man as well may do. [*Offers to go.*
Enter Friendlove disguis'd, as one from a Camp.

Cel. Madam, you must not go with this Mistake.

Friend. *Celinda* has inform'd me true—— 'tis sho—— [*Holds her.*
Good morrow Brother, what so early at your Devotions ?
Cel. Oh my Brother's come, and luckily relieves me. [*Aside.*

Friend. Your Orizons are made to a fair Saint.
——Pray, Sir, what Lady's that ?
——Or is it blasphemy to repeat her Name ?
——By my bright Arms, she's fair—With what a charming
Fiercencess, she charges thro my Body to my Heart.
——Death ! how her glittering Eyes give Fire, and
wound !
And have already pierc'd my very Soul !
——May I approach her, Brother ?

Cel. Yes, if you dare, there's danger in it tho,
She has Charms that will bewitch you:
——I dare not stand their Mischief. [*Exit*

Friend. Lady, I am a Soldier—yet in my gentlest
Terms
I humbly beg to kiss your lovely Hands——
——Death ! there's Magick in the Touch.

By Heaven, you carry an Artillery in every part.
Dian. This is a Man indeed fit for my purpose. [*Aside.*

Friend. Nay, do not view me, I am no lovely Object ;
I am a Man bred up to Noise and War,
And know not how to dress my Looks in Smiles ;
Yet trust me, fair one, I can love and serve
As well as an *Endymion*, or *Adonis*.
Wou'd you were willing to permit that Service !

Dian. Why, Sir ?—What cou'd you do ?
Friend. Why—I cou'd die for you. *Dian.*

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 55.

Dian. I need the Service of the living, Sir.

But do you love me, Sir?

Friend. Or let me perish, flying from a single Enemy.
I am a Gentleman, and may pretend to love you;
And what you can command, I can perform.

Dian. Take heed, Sir, what you say, for I'm in earnest.

Friend. Command me any thing that's just and brave;
And by my Eyes 'tis done.

Dian. I know not what you call just or brave,
But those whom I do the Honour to command,
Must not capitulate.

Friend. Let him be blasted with the Name of Coward,
That dares dispute your Orders.

Dian. Dare you fight for me?

Friend. With a whole Army; 'tis my Trade to fight.

Dian. Nay, 'tis but a single Man.

Friend. Name him.

Dian. Bellmour.

Friend. Of Yorkshire? Companion to young *Friend-love*,
that came lately from *Italy*?

Dian. Yes, do you know him?

Friend. I do, who has oft spoke of *Bellmour*;
We travel'd into *Italy* together.—But since, I hear,
He fell in love with a fair cruel Maid,
For whom he languishes.

Dian. Heard you her Name?

Friend. *Diana*, rich in Beauty, as in Fortune.
—Wou'd she had less of both, and more of Pity;
And that I knew not how to wish, till now
That I became a Lover, perhaps as unsuccessful. [*Aside*,

Dian. I knew my Beauty had a thousand Darts,
But knew not they cou'd strike so quick and home. [*Aside*.
Let your good Wishes for your Friend alone,
Lest he being happy, you shou'd be undone.
For he and you cannot be blest at once.

Friend. How, Madam!

Dian. I am that Maid he loves, and she who hates him.

Friend. Hate him!

Dian. To Death.

56 *The T O W N - F O P ; or,*

Friend. O me unhappy ! [*Aside.*

Dian. He sighs and turns away—am I again defeated ?
Surely I am not fair, or Man's insensible.

Friend. She knows me not——

And 'twas discreetly done to change my Shape :
For Woman is a strange fantastick Creature ;
And where before, I cou'd not gain a Smile,
Thus I may win her Heart.

[*Aside.*
—Say, Madam, can you love a Man that dies for you ?

Dian. The way to gain me, is to fight with *Bellmour*.
Tell him from me you come, the wrong'd *Diana* :
Tell him you have an Interest in my Heart,
Equal to that which I have made in yours.

Friend. I'll do't ; I will not ask your Reason, but
obey.

Swear e'er I go, that when I have perform'd it,
You'll render me Possession of your Heart

Dian. By all the Vows that Heaven ties Hearts together with,
I'll be intirely yours.

Friend. And I'll not be that conscientious Fool,
To stop at Blessings 'cause they are not lawful ;
But take 'em up, when Heaven has thrown 'em down,
Without the leave of a Religious Ceremony. [*Aside.*
Madam, this House, which I am Master of,
You shall command ; whilst I go seek this *Bellmour*.

Dian. But e'er you go, I must inform you why
I do pursue him with my just Revenge.

Friend. I will attend, and hear impatiently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Bawdy House.*

Enter Mrs. Driver and Betty Flauntit.

Flaunt. *Driver*, prithee call for a Glass, that I may
set my self in order, before I go up ; for really my Knight
has not been at home all this Night, and I am so con-
fus'd——

Enter one with a Glass, and two Wenches.

Lord Mrs. *Driver*, I wonder you shou'd send for me,
when other Women are in Company ; you know, of all
things

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDRY. 57

things in the World, I hate Whores, they are the proudest, loudest poor Creatures in Nature; and I would not for any thing, Sir *Timothy* shou'd know that I keep Company, 'twere enough to lose him.

Mrs. *Driv.* Truly Mrs. *Flauntit*, this young Squire that you were sent to for, has two or three Persons more with him that must be accommodated too.

Flaunt. *Driver*, tho I do recreate my self a little sometimes, yet you know I value my Reputation and Honour.

Jenny. Mrs. *Driver*, why shou'd you send for us where *Flauntit* is? a flinking proud Flirt, who because she has a tawdry Petticoat, I warrant you, will think her self so much above us, when if she were set out in her own natural Colours, and her original Garments, wou'd be much below us in Beauty.

Mrs. *Driv.* Look ye, Mrs. *Jenny*, I know you, and I know Mrs. *Flauntit*; but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now-a-days; the Age is alter'd since I took upon me this genteel Occupation: but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garments, that does me Credit, and takes the Gallant, tho on a stale Woman. And again, Mrs. *Jenny*, she's kept, and Men love as much for Mahee as for Lechery, as they call it. Oh 'tis a great Mover to Joy, as they say, to have a Woman that's kept.

Jen. Well! Be it so, we may arrive to that excellent Degree of Cracking, to be kept too one day.

Mrs. *Driv.* Well, well, get yourselves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

Flaunt. *Driver*, what art thou talking to these poor Creatures? Lord, how they stink of Paint and Pox, faugh—

Mrs. *Driv.* They were only complaining that you that were kept, shou'd intrude upon the Privileges of the Commoners.

Flaunt. Lord, they think there are such Joys in Keeping, when I vow, *Driver*, after a while, a Miss has as painful a Life as a Wife; our Men drink, stay out late, and whore, like any Husbands.

Driv. But I hope in the Lord, Mrs. *Flauntit*, yours is no such Man; I never saw him, but I hear he's under decent Correction.

Flaunt. Thou art mistaken, *Driver*, I can keep him within no moderate Bounds without Blows; but for his filthy Custom of Wenching, I have almost broke him of that—but prithee, *Driver*, who are these Gentlemen?

Driv. Truly, I know not; but they are young, and fine as Princes: two of 'em were disguis'd in masking Habits last Night, but they have sent 'em away this Morning, and they are free as Emperors—One of 'em has lost a Thousand Pound at Play, and never repin'd at it; one's a Knight, and I believe his Courage is cool'd, for he has ferreted my Maids over and over to Night—But 'tis the fine, young, handfom Squire that I design you for.

Flaunt. No matter for his Handfomness, let me have him that has most Money. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A Chamber, a Table with Box and Dice.

Enter Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, and Sharp.

Bell. Damn it, give us more Wine. [Drinks.]
Where stands the Box and Dice?—Why *Sham*.

Sham. Faith, Sir, your Luck's so bad, I han't the Conscience to play longer—Sir *Timothy* and you play off a hundred Guineas, and see if Luck will turn.

Bell. Do you take me for a Country Squire, whose Reputation will be crackt at the loss of a petty Thousand? you have my Note for it to my Goldsmith.

Sham. 'Tis sufficient if it were for ten thousand.

Bell. Why, Sir *Timothy*—Pox on't, thou'rt dull, we are not half debauch'd and leud enough, give us more Wine.

Sir Tim. Faith *Frank*, I'm a little maukish with sitting up all Night, and want a small refreshment this Morning—Did we not send for Whores?

Bell.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 59

Bell. No, I am not in humour for a Wench——
By Heaven I hate the Sex.

All but divine *Celinda*,

Appear had strange Monsters to my Eyes and Thoughts.

Sir Tim. What, art Italianiz'd, and lovest thy own Sex?

Bell. I'm for any thing that's out of the common Road of Sin; I love a Man that will be damn'd for something; to creep by slow degrees to Hell, as if he were afraid the World shou'd see which way he went, I scorn it, 'tis like a Conventicle—No, give me a Man, who to be certain of's Damnation, will break a solemn Vow to a contracted Maid.

Sir Tim. Ha, ha, ha, I thought thou woud'st have said at least—had murder'd his Father, or ravish'd his Mother—Break a Vow, quoth ye—by Fortune, I have broke a thousand.

Bell. Well said my Boy! A Man of Honour! And will be ready whene'er the Devil calls for thee—So—ho—more Wine, more Wine, and Dice.

Enter a Servant with Dice and Wine.

Come, Sir, let me——

[*Throws and loses.*]

Sir Tim. What will you set me, Sir?

Bell. Cater-Tray, a hundred Guineas—oh damm the Dice—'tis mine—come, a full Glas—Damnation to my Uncle.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I'll do thee reason—give me the Glas, and *Sham*, to thee—Confusion to the musty Lord.

Bell. So—now I'm like my self, profanely wicked.

A little room for Life—but such a Life

As Hell it self shall wonder at—I'll have a care

To do no one good deed in the whole course on't,
Left that should save my Soul in spite of Vow-breach.

I will not die—that Peace my Sins deserve not.

I'll live and let my Tyrant Uncle see

The sad effects of Perjury, and forc'd Marriage.

—Surely the Pow'rs above envy'd my Blifs;

Marrying *Celinda*, I had been an Angel,

So truly blest, and good.

[*Weeps.*]

Sir Tim.

60 *The TOWN-FOP; or*

Sir Tim. Why how now, *Frank*—by Fortune the Rogue is Maudlin—So, ho, ho, so ho.

Bell. The matter?

Sir Tim. Oh art awake—What a Devil ail'st thou, *Frank*?

Bell. A Wench, or any thing—come, let's drink a round.

Sham. They're come as Wisht for.

Enter Flauntit, Driver, Doll and Jenny mask'd.

Bell. Oh damn em! What shall I do?

Yet it would look like Virtue to avoid 'em.

No, I must venture on—Ladies, y'are welcome.

Sir Tim. How, the Women?—Hold, hold, *Bellmour*, let me chuse too—Come, come, unmask, and shew your pretty Faces.

Flaunt. How, *Sir Timothy*! What Devil ow'd me a spite. *[Aside.]*

Sir Tim. Come, unmask, I say: a willing Wench would have shew'd all in half this time.

Flaunt. Wou'd she so, Impudence!

[Pulls off her Mask.]

Sir Tim. How, my *Betty*!

Flaunt. This is the Trade you drive, you eternal Fop, when I sit at home expecting you Night after Night.

Sir Tim. Nay, dear *Betty*!

Flaunt. 'Tis here you spend that which shou'd buy me Points and Petticoats, while I go like no body's Mistress; I'd as live be your Wife at this rate, so I had: and I'm in no small danger of getting the foul Disease by your Leudness.

Sir Tim. Victorious *Betty*, be merciful, and do not ruin my Reputation among Friends.

Flaunt. Your Whores you mean, you Sot you.

Sir Tim. Nay, triumphant *Betty*, hear thy poor *Timmy*.

Flaunt. My poor *Ninny*, I'm us'd barbarously, and won't endure it.

Sir Tim. I've won Money to Night, *Betty*, to buy thee Clothes—hum—hum—Well said *Frank*, to use the little Jilts, they came for that purpose.

Flaunt.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 63

Flaunt. The Devil confound him, what a Prize have I lost by his being here—my Comfort is, he has not found me out tho, but thinks I came to look for him, and accordingly I must dissemble.

Bell. What's here? A Lady all in Tears!

Sir Tim. An old Acquaintance of mine, that takes it unkindly that I am for Change—*Betty*, say so too, you know I can settle nothing till I'm marry'd; and he can do it fwingly, if we can but draw him in.

Flaunt. This mollifies something, do this, and you'll make your Peace; if not, you Rascal, your Ears shall pay for this Night's Transgression.

Sir Tim. Come hither, *Frank*, is not this a fine Creature?

Bell. By Heaven a very Devil!

Sir Tim. Come, come, approach her; for if you'll have a Miss, this has all the good Qualities of one—go, go court her, thou art so bashful—

Bell. I cannot frame my Tongue to so much Blaphemy, as 'tis to say kind things to her—I'll try my Heart tho—Fair Lady—Damn her, she is not fair—nor sweet—nor good—nor—something I must say for a beginning. Come Lady—dry your Eyes: This Man deserves not all the Tears you shed.

—So—at last the Devil has got the better of me, And I am enter'd.

Flaunt. You see, Sir, how miserable we Women are that love you Men.

Bell. How, did you love him? Love him against his Will?

Flaunt. So it seems, Sir.

Bell. Oh thou art wretched then indeed; no wonder if he hate thee—Does he not curse thee? Curse thee till thou art damn'd, as I do lost *Diana*. [*Aside.*]

Flaunt. Curse me! He were best not in my hearing; Let him do what he will behind my Back.

What ails the Gentleman!

Bell. Gods! What an odious thing mere Coupling is! A thing which every sensual Animal Can do as well as we—but prithee tell me,

Is there nought else between the nobler Creatures ?

Flaunt. Not that I know of, Sir——Lord, he's very silly, or very innocent, I hope he has his Maidenhead ; if so, and rich too, Oh what a booty were this for me !

[*Aside.*]

Bell. 'Tis wondrous strange ;
Why was not I created like the rest,
Wild, and insensible, to fancy all ?

Flaunt. Come, Sir, you must learn to be gay, to sing,
to dance, and talk of any thing, and fancy any thing
that's in your way too.

Bell. Oh I can towse, and ruffle, like any Leviathan,
when I begin——Come prove my Vigor. [*Towses her.*]

Flaunt. Oh Lord, Sir ! You tumble all my Garniture.

Bell. There's Gold to buy thee more——

Flaunt. Oh sweet Sir——wou'd my Knight were hang'd,
so I were well rid of him now——Well Sir, I swear you
are the most agreeable Person——

Bell. Am I ?——let us be more familiar then——I'll
kiss thy Hand, thy Breast, thy Lips——and——

Flaunt. All——you please Sir——

Bell. A tractable Sinner ! [*Offers to kiss her.*]
Faugh——how she smells——had I approach'd so near divine
Celinda, what a natural Fragrancy had sent it self through
all my ravish'd Senses ! [*Aside.*]

Flaunt. The Man's extasy'd, sure I shall take him.
Come, Sir, you're fad.

Bell. As Angels fall'n from the Divine Abode,
And now am lighted on a very Hell !
——But this is not the way to thrive in Wickedness ;
I must rush on to Ruin——Come fair Mistress,
Will you not shew me some of your Arts of Love ?
For I am very apt to learn of Beauty——Gods——
What is't I negotiate for ?——a Woman !
Making a Bargain to possess a Woman.
Oh never, never !

Flaunt. The Man is in love, that's certain——as I was
saying, Sir——

Bell. Be gone Repentance ! Thou needless Goodness,
Which if I follow, canst lead me to no Joys.

Come

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 63

Come tell me the Price of all your Pleasures.

Sir Tim. Look you, Mistress, I am but a Country Knight.

Yet I shou'd be glad of your farther Acquaintance.

—Pray who may that Lady be—

Driv. Who, Mrs. Flauntii, Sir?

Sir Tim. Ay she : she's tearing fine, by Fortune.

Driv. I'll assure you, Sir, she's kept, and is a great Rarity, but to a Friend, or so—

Sir Tim. Hum—kept—pray by whom?

Driv. Why a silly Knight, Sir, that—

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, silly indeed—a Pox upon her—a silly Knight, you say—

Driv. Ay, Sir, one she makes a very Ass of.

Sir Tim. Ay so methinks—but she's kind, and will do reason for all him.

Driv. To a Friend, a Man of Quality—or so.

Sir Tim. Ay, she blinds the Knight.

Driv. Alas, Sir, easily—he, poor Cully, thinks her a very Saint—but when she's out of the way, she comes to me to pleasure a Friend.

Sir Tim. But what if the Fool misses her?

Driv. She cries Whore first, brings him upon his Knees for her Fault ; and a piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again.

Sir Tim. Why—look you, Mistress, I am that Fop, that very silly Knight, and the rest that you speak of.

Driv. How Sir ? then I'm undone, she's the Upholder of my Calling, the very Grace of my Function.

Sir Tim. Is she so ? e'en keep her to your self then, I'll have no more of her, by Fortune—I humbly thank you for your Intelligence, and the rest. Well—I see there's not one honest Whore i'th' Nation, by Fortune.

Enter Charles Bellmour, and Trusty.

Hark ye Mistress, what was your Bus'ness here ?

Flaunt. To meet a Rogue !—

Sir Tim. And I to meet a Whore, and now we are well met.

Flaunt. How Sir ?

Sir Tim.

64 *The T O W N - F O P ; Or,*

Sir Tim. Nay, never be surpris'd, for your Intrigues are discover'd, the good Matron of the House (against her Will) has done me that kindness — you know how to live without your Keeper, and so I'll leave you.

Flaunt. You're too serviceable a Fool to be lost so.

[*Aside.*

Bell. Who knows this bold Intruder?

Char. How, Sir, am I a Stranger to you? But I shou'd not wonder at it, since all your last Night's Actions betray'd a strange depravity of Sense.

—Sir, I have fought you long, and wish I had not found you yet, since both the Place and Company declare, how grossly you've dissembled Virtue all this while.

Bell. Take hence that prating Boy.

Char. How Sir——You are my elder Brother, yet I may be allow'd to do the Bus'ness that I came for, and from my Uncle to demand your Wife.

Bell. You may return, and tell him that she's dead.

Char. Dead! sure, Sir, you rave. [*Turns him about.*

Bell. Indeed I do—but yet she's dead, they say.

Char. How came she dead?

Bell. I kill'd her—ask no more, but leave me.

[*Turns him about again.*

Char. Sir, this is Madman's Language, and not to be believed.

Bell. Go to ——y're a saucy Boy.

Char. Sir, I'm an angry Boy——

But yet can bear much from a Brother's Mouth;

Y've lost your sleep: pray, Sir, go home and seek it.

Bell. Home! I have no Home, unless thou mean'st my Grave, and thither I cou'd wish thou wou'd conduct me. [*Weeps.*

Flaunt. Pray Heaven this young virtuous Fellow don't spoil all.

—Sir, shall I send for a Scrivener to draw the Settlement you promis'd me?

Bell. Do so, and I'll order him to get it ready.

Char. A Settlement! On whom? This Woman, Sir?

Bell. Yes, on this Woman, Sir.

Char. Are you stark mad?—Know you where you are?

Bell.

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Bell. Yes, in a Bawdy-house.

Char. And this Woman, Sir,——

Bell. A very Whore——a tawdry mercenary Whore!
And what of this?

Char. And can you love her, Sir?

Bell. No, if I did, I wou'd not gratify her.

Char. What, is't in Charity to keep her honest?

Bell. Neither.

Char. Is your Lust grown so high——

Bell. Take that—— [Strikes him.]

For naming but so base a thing to me.

Char. I wear a Sword, but not to draw on Mad-men.
But since y'are so free, Sir, I demand that Fortune, which
by my Father's Will y'are bound to pay the day after your
Wedding-Day; my Sister's too is due.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha,——Sir Timothy, come hither——
who dost think this is?

Sir Tim. A Fidler perhaps—let him play in the next
Room.

Bell. No, my Brother—come to demand his Portion
of me; he says I am in leud Company, and, like a
Boy, he would correct me.

Sir Tim. Why this comes of Idleness; thou should'st
have bound him Prentice in time, the Boy wou'd have
made a good faucy Taylor.

Char. Sirrah, y'are a Rascal, whom I must thus chastise. [Kicks him.]

[They all draw, and Bellmour stands foremost, and
fights with Charles; the Women run squeaking
out, Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp sneak behind;
Trusty interposes.]

Trust. Hold, hold, I beseech you my dear Masters!
Oh what a sight is this! Two Brothers fighting with each
other! Oh, were my old Master alive, this wou'd break
his Heart: Oh, Sir, you've kill'd your Brother!

Bell. Why then his Portion's paid. [Charles is wounded.]

Sir Tim. How kill'd! Nay, 'tis time we departed then,
and shifted for our selves. [Ex Sir Tim. Sham and Sharp.]

Trust. Oh, Sir, shall I send for a Surgeon?

66 *The TOWN-FOP; or,*

Char. No, for a Coach rather, I am not wounded much. [*Ex. Trusty.*]

Bell. How dar'st thou trust thy self alone with me?

Char. Why should I fear thee?

Bell. Because I'm mad,

Mad as a Tygreſs rob'd of her dear Young.

Char. What is't that makes you ſo?

Bell. My Uncle's Politicks, Hell take him for't,
Has ruin'd me, thou and my Siſter too,
By marrying me to a fair hated Maid,
When I had plighted all my Faith before.

Enter Trusty.

Trusty. Sir, here's a Coach.

Char. Come, Brother, will you go home with me?

Bell. Home!—no, never to that place thou call'st ſo.
If when I'm dead, thou wouldſt behold thy Brother,
And take the laſt Adieu from his cold Lips,
(If thoſe ſo perjur'd can deſerve that kindneſs)
Inquire for loſt *Celinda*, at whoſe Feet
Thou ſhalt behold me fall'n a Sacrifice.
Till then, I'll let miſtaken Parents know
The miſchiefs that enſue a broken Vow. [*Ex. ſeverally.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Betty Flauntit alone.

Sure I roſe the wrong way to day, I have had ſuch damn'd ill luck every way: Firſt, to be ſent for to ſuch a Man as this *Bellmour*, and, as the Devil wou'd, have it, to find my Knight there; then to be juſt upon the Point of making my Fortune, and to be interrupted by that virtuous Brother of his; then to have a Quarrel happen, that (before I could whiſper him in the Ear, to ſay ſo much as, Meet me here again—anon) forc'd me to quit

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quit the House, lest the Constable had done it for me; then that silly Baud should discover all to my Cully. If this be not ill Luck, the Devil's in't——But *Driver* must bring matters about, that I may see this liberal Squire again——But here comes my Noddy, I must pretend to be angry.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how ye look now, as if you had committed no Misdemeanour: Alas, good Innocent, what canst thou say for thy self, thou Renegado thou, for being false to my Bosom, say?

Flaunt. False to your Bosom! You silly impudent Sot you—who dares accuse me?

Sir Tim. E'en your trusty and well-beloved Friend Mrs. *Driver* the Baud.

Flaunt. She! She's an impudent confounded Liar——and because she wou'd have your worshipful Custom——scandaliz'd me, to breed a difference between us.

Sir Tim. Ay, if you could make me believe that indeed, when she knew not, nor ever saw me all the Days of her Life before.

Flaunt. I know that, Simpleton; but when I went to enquire for you by your Name, and told her my Bus'ness; our Amours are not kept so secret, nor was she so dull, as not to understand how matters went between us.

Sir Tim. Now tho I know this to be a damn'd Lye, yet the Devil has assisted her to make it look so like Truth, that I cannot in Honour but forgive her.

Flaunt. Forgive me!—Who shou'd forgive you your debauch'd Whoring and Drinking?—marry ye had need so, you are such a Ruffler, at least if y'are every where as you are at home with me—No, Sirrah, I'll never bed with you more; here I live sneaking without a Coach, or anything to appear withal; when even those that were scandalous two Ages ago, can be seen in *Hide-Park* in their fine Chariots, as if they had purchas'd it with a Maidenhead; whilst I, who keep my self intirely for you, can get nothing but the Fragments of your Debauches—I'll be damn'd before I'll endure it.

Sir Tim. Just as the Baud said; yet I am mollify'd——
nay

nay, dear *Betty*, forgive me, and I'll be very good for the future.

Flaunt. Will you swear to be so?

Sir Tim. Ay, by Fortune, I will.

Flaunt. Come, what will you give me then to be Friends? for you won Money last Night.

Sir Tim. Ay, that's it that appeases her highest Storms—here my Jewel, here's a hundred Guineas to buy fine things.

Flaunt. Yes, great store of fine things indeed, with this pitiful Sum; let me feel in your Pockets; and see if you have no more. *[She feels in his Pockets.]*

Sir Tim. So, 'twas well I laid by the rest, my Peace had not been made under every Rag on't else; and what I was painfully cheating for all this Night, would have been laid out at the Mercers and Lacemen in half an Hour.—Well, are you satisfy'd I have no more?

Flaunt. Have you sunk none indeed and indeed, my *Timmy*?

Sir Tim. No, I need not, you sink mine fast enough, I thank ye. *[Aside.]*

Flaunt. Well, get your self ready to go abroad with me. *[Exit Flaunt.]*

Sir Tim. I have other Matters in hand—now have I four hundred Guineas in Bank, which I won last Night of *Bellmour*, which I'll make use of to debauch his Sister, with whom I'm damnably in love, and long for the return of my two Setting-dogs, to bring me News of the Game.

Enter Sham and Sharp.

Oh are you come?

Sham. Ay, Sir, with News worth the hearing; I have been diligent, Sir, and got my self acquainted with the old Steward of the Family, an avaritious *Judas*, that will betray for Gold.

Sir Tim. And that we'll furnish him with—his Master's Gold, like all other mortal things, must return from whence it came.

Sharp. Not all, Sir; for *Sham* and I have dispos'd of part.

Sir Tim.

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Sir Tim. Indeed you are a little shabby.

Sham. Ay, Sir, Fools were made to repair the Breaches of us that have Wit enough to manage 'em.

Sir Tim. What—the Goldsmith paid the Money at sight, without demanding why?

Sharp. Readily Sir—he's a brave Fellow, and must not be lost so.

Sham. By no means, we must make use of him whilst he is hot; for I doubt the Humour is not natural, and I fear he may cool.

Sir Tim. But to our Business.

Sharp. Ay, Sir, this same Sister of his you must have; if it be but to put this insolent Whore *Flauntit* out of favour, who manages this Fop intirely. [Aside.

Sir Tim. Ay, but art thou sure there is no danger in this Enterprize? Shall I not have my Throat cut? and the rest.

Sham. We have none of that *Italian* Humour now-a-days, I can assure ye; they will sooner, with a brotherly kindness, assist the yielding Sister to the willing Gallant.

Sir Tim. A good thriving Inclination, by Fortune.

Sham. And, Sir, you have all Encouragement; her Brother, you heard, refus'd to pay her Portion, and you know the Fate of a handfom young Wench in this Town, that relies on weak Virtue—Then because she is in the House with her Uncle, this same Steward has contriv'd matters so, to bring you in at the Back-door, her Lodgings being in the Garden.

Sir Tim. This is something—Oh I'm impatient to be with her—Well, I must in, and make some Lye to *Betty* for my Absence, and be with you presently.

[Exit Sir Tim.
Sharp. What Design hast thou in hand? for I suppose there is no such real thing as debauching this Lady.

Sham. Look ye *Sharp*, take to thee an implicit Faith, and believe Impossibilities; for thou and I must cozen this Knight.

Sharp. What, our Patron?

Sham.

70 *The TOWN-FOP; or,*

Sham. Ay *Sharp*, we are bound to labour in our Callings, but mum—here he comes.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Come, let's away, my *Lyones* begins to roar.—You *Sharp*, go seek after *Bellmour*, watch his Motions, and give us notice. *[Exeunt.]*

Flaunt. He is gone, and I believe (*Flauntit peeping out.*) for no Goodness; I'll after him, and watch him. *[Exit cross the Stage.]*

Enter Lord Plotwell, Charles, Trusty, and two Servants.

Lord. In a Baudy-house, with Whores, Hectors, and Dice! Oh that I should be so deceiv'd in Mankind, he whom I thought all Virtue and Sobriety! But go some of you immediately, and take Officers along with you, and remove his Quarters from a Baudy-house to a Prison: charge him with the Murder of his Wife.

Char. My Lord, when I demanded her, he said indeed that she was dead, and kill'd by him; but this I guess was the Effects of Madness, which Debauchery, and want of Sleep has brought him to.

Lord. That shall be try'd; go to the Place where *Charles* has directed you, and do as I command you. *[Ex. Servants.]*

—Oh sweet *Diana*, in whom I had plac'd my absolute Delight,

And gave thee to this Villain, because I wish'd thee happy.

And are my Expectations fall'n to this?

Upon his Wedding Night to abandon thee,

And shew his long dissembled natural Leudness!

Char. My Lord, I hope, 'tis not his natural Temper;

For e'er we parted, from a brutal Rudeness,

He grew to all the Softness Grief cou'd dictate.

He talkt of breach of Vows; of Death, and Ruin,

And dying at the Feet of a wrong'd Maid;

I know not what he meant.

Lord. Ay, there's his Grief; there is some jilting Hussy has drawn him in; but I'll revenge my self on both.

Enter Page.

Page. A Letter for your Lordship.

Lord.

Lord reads.

My LORD,

AS your Goodness has been ever great towards me, so I humbly beseech you to continue it; and the greatest Proofs you can give me of it, is to use all your Interest to undo that tie between Bellmour and my self, which with such Joy you knit. I will say no more, but as you love my Life, and my dearer Honour, get a Divorce, or you will see both ruin'd in

Your Diana.

[Gives Charles the Letter.]

Lord. A Divorce! yes, if all my Interest or Estate can purchase it—some Joy yet that thou art well.

Char. Doubtless her Reasons must be great for this Request.

Lord. Yes, for she lov'd him passionately; when I first told her of my Designs to marry 'em together, she could not hide her Joy; which was one Motive, I urg'd it to him with such Violence.

Char. Persons so near of Kin do seldom prosper in the Marriage-Bed.

Lord. However 'tis, I now think fit to unmarry 'em; And as for him, I'll use him with what Rigor The utmost Limits of the Law allows me.

Char. Sir, I beseech you—

Lord. You beseech me! You, the Brother of the Villain! that has abus'd the best of all my Hopes!—No, I think—I shall grow (for his sake) to hate all that belongs to him.

Char. Sir, how have I offended?

Lord. Yes Sir, you have offended me, and Nature has offended me; you are his Brother, and that's an Offence to me.

Char. Is that a Fault, my Lord?

Lord. Yes Sir, a great one, and I'll have it so; and let me tell you, you nor your Sister (for that reason) must expect no more Friendship at my Hands, than from those that are absolute Strangers to you: Your Brother has refus'd you your Portions, and I'll have as little Mercy as he,
and

and so farewell to you——But where's the Messenger that brought the Letter?

Page. Without, my Lord. [*Ex. Lord and Page.*]

Trust. Here's like to be a hopeful end of a noble Family. My Comfort is, I shall die with Grief, and not see the last of ye. [*Weeps.*]

Char. No *Trusty*, I have not been so meanly educated, but I know how to live, and like a Gentleman: All that afflicts me in this Misfortune, is my dear Sister *Phillis*, she's young; and to be left poor in this loose Town, will ruin her for ever.

Trust. Sir, I think we were best to marry her out of the way.

Char. Marry her! To whom? who is't regards poor Virtue?

Trust. For that let me alone; and if you dare trust her to my Management, I'll undertake to marry her to a Man of 2000 *l.* a Year; and if it fail, I'll be sure to keep her Honour safe.

Char. Prithce how wilt do this?

Trust. Sir, I have serv'd your Family these thirty Years, with Faith and Love; and if I lose my Credit now, I'll never pretend to't more.

Char. Do what thou wilt, for I am sure thou'rt honest, And I'll resign my Sister to thy Conduct, Whilst I endeavour the Conversion of my Brother.

[*Exit Charles.*]

Enter Phillis.

Phil. No News yet of my Brother?

Trust. None: The Next you'll hear is, that he's undone, and that you must go without your Portions; and worse than that, I can tell you, your Uncle designs to turn you out of Doors.

Phil. Alas! what shou'd I do, if he shou'd be so cruel? Wou'd I were in *Flanders* at my Monastery again, if this be true.

Trust. I have better Bus'ness for you, than telling of Beads—No, Mrs. *Phillis*, you must be married.

Phil. Alas! I am too young, and sad for Love.

Trust. The younger, and the less Love, the better.

Enter

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Enter Page.

Page. Mr. *Trusty*, here's a Gentleman wou'd speak with you, he says his Name's Mr. *Sham*.

Trust. Gad's me, Miftrefs, put on all your Holiday Looks : for this is the little Merchant of Love by Retail, that brings you the Husband I promis'd you.

Enter Sham.

Sham. Well, Mr. *Trusty*, I have brought Sir *Timothy*, as I promis'd, he is at the Garden-door.

Trust. The best time in the World, my Lord's out of the way.

Sham. But you know our Conditions.

Trust. Yes, that if he marry her, you are to have all the Money that he offers to debauch her.

Sham. Right.

Trust. Bring him in then, and I'll civilly withdraw.

[Exit Trusty.]

Enter Sham, bringing in Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Well *Sham*, thou hast prepar'd all things, and there needs no Ceremony.

Sham. None, none, Sir ; you may fall down-right to the Buſineſs. *[Exit.]*

Enter Phillis.

Sir Tim. ſings. Come, my *Phillis*, let us improve
Both our Joys of equal Love ;
Whilst we in yonder ſhady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kiſſes.

Phil. What ſort of Courtſhip's this ? 'tis very odd !

Sir Tim. Pox on formal Fops ; we have high-born and generous Souls, and ſcorn the common Road——Come, let's enjoy, whilst Youth and Beauty laſts.

Phil. What mean's this Rudeneſs ? I'll tell my Brother.

Sir Tim. Your Brother ! by Fortune, he's ſo leud, that ſhould I be ſo unconſcionable to leave thee a Virgin but this Night, he wou'd raviſh thee himſelf, and that at cheaper Rates than I deſign to do it.

Phil. How dare you talk to me at this rate ?

Sir Tim. Talk to thee——by Fortune, I'll play the *Tarquin* with thee, if thou yieldeſt not quickly——for thou haſte ſet me all on fire.

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Phil.

Phil. Defend me, Heaven, from such a Man.

Sir Tim. Then it must defend you from all the Sex; for all Mankind are like me, nay, and all Womankind are, or wou'd be, what I must make thee.

Phil. What's that, a Wench?

Sir Tim. Fie, fie, that's a gross Name; no, a Mifs, that's the Word—a Lady of Delight, a Person of Pleasure and the rest; I'll keep thee, not a Woman of Quality shall be half so fine——Come, dear *Phillis*, yield. Oh, I am mad for the happy hour——come, say the word, 'tis but inclining thy Head a little that thus, pretty Eyes down, and thy Cheeks all Blushes, and fetching a long Sigh——thus——with——do——what you please——at the end on't—and I shall take it for granted.

Phil. That, Sir, you'll never hear me say to any thing but a Husband, if I must say it then.

Sir Tim. A Husband! it is enough to spoil a Man's Appetite, the very naming on't—By Fortune, thou hast been bred with thy great Grand-mother, some old Queen *Elizabeth* Lady, that us'd to preach Warnings to young Maidens; but had she liv'd in this Age, she wou'd have repented her Error, especially had she seen the Sum that I offer thee——Come, let's join, by Fortune, I'm so vigorous, I shall ravish else.

Phil. Unhand me, or I'll call out. I assure you, this is not the way to gain me.

Sir Tim. I know there is a way to gain all mortal Womankind; but how to hit the critical Minute of the Berjere——

Phil. It is past your Politicks at this time, Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll try all ways, and the Devil's in it, if I don't hit upon the right at last. *[Aside.]*

All the soft things I've said——

Phil. That a Knight of your Parts ought to say.

Sir Tim. Then I have kneel'd—and cry'd, and swore—and——

Phil. And damn'd your self five hundred times.

Sir Tim. Yet still y'are impregnable—I'll make another Proposition to you, which is both reasonable and modish—if it prove a Boy—I'll marry you—the Devil's in't, if that be not fair. *Phil.*

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Phil. You get no earnest of me, Sir; and so farewell to you. [*Ex. Phillis.*]

Enter Sham.

Sir Tim. Oh *Sham*, I am all over fire, mad to enjoy. I have done what Man can do (without doing what I would do) and still she's Flint; nothing will down with her but Matrimony—what shall I do? for thou know'st I cannot marry a Wife without a Fortune.

Sham. Sir, you know the old Cheat; hire a Lay Rascal in a Canonical Habit, and put a false Marriage upon her.

Sir Tim. Lord, that this shou'd not enter into my Comb before! haste then and get one—I'll have it done immediately, whilst I go after her to keep up my flame. [*Ex. Sir Tim.*]

Sham. And I will fit you with a Parson presently. [*Ex.*]

SCENE, A Street.

Enter Friendlove disguis'd as before.

Friend. I find *Diana* knows me not; and this Year's absence, since I first made my Addresses to her, has alter'd me much, or she has lost the remembrance of a Man, whom she ever disesteem'd till in this lucky Dress: the price of her Favour is *Bellmour's* Life. I need not have been brib'd for that, his Breach of Faith both to my Sister and my self, enough incites me to Revenge—He has not yet enjoy'd her, that Blessing is reserv'd for me alone; and tho the Priest have joyn'd em, that Marriage may be disannull'd, and she has a Fortune sufficient to excuse her other Faults.

Enter Bellmour sad.

—Hah! the Man I seek—so near my Lodgings too—Sir!

Bell. Sir!

Friend. Traitor! thou know'st me, and my bus'ness. —Look on this Face, if thou dar'st look on him whom thou hast doubly wrong'd—and draw thy Sword.

Bell. Thou should'st be *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*.
D 2 *Friend.*

Friend. And Lover of *Diana* too—Oh quickly draw,
Or I shall leave thee, like a Coward, dead.

Bell. No, rather like a Sacrifice, [*Offers to embrace him.*
And thou shou'dst be the Priest should offer it;
But that I have yet,

For some few moments, business for my Life.

Friend. I can allow no time for business now,
My Injuries are in haste, and so am I.

Bell. Shoud'st thou stab here a thousand gaping Wounds,
Upon this false, this perjur'd Heart of mine,
It wou'd not part with Life, unless 'twere laid
Near to the Sacred Altar of my Vows,
Low at the Feet of my fair injur'd Wife.

Friend. Hah—means he his Wife? [*Aside.*

Canst thou repent thy Injuries to her,
And leave the rest of all thy Sins neglected?

Bell. Those I have done to thee, tho foul and barba-
rous,

May plead the Excuse of Force—but those to her,
Not thou, nor I, nor she, or Heav'n can pardon.

Friend. Heav'ns!

My Sister's Wrongs, and mine, may plead Excuse,
But those to her alone can ne'er be pardon'd.

—This place, Sir, is too open—come with me,
For I've desir'd, and now resolve to kill thee.

Bell. And so thou shalt; defenceless, I will yield,
And leave my Bosom open to thy Sword.

For I will see her—nor can I die unpardon'd.

Friend. See his Wife! —Of whom do you demand
her.

Bell. Of thee! —dar'st thou detain me?

Friend. Death! how shou'd he know she's here? [*Offers to go in.*

—Stay, Sir, this way our Business lies. [*Aside.*
Bell. I ask not thine, but mine lies only this way.

[*Offers to go in again.*

Friend.

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Friend. By Heav'n you shall not enter here.

Bell. I know thou lov'st her.

And 'tis with Reason thou deny'st an Entrance
To one so much unworthy to approach her.

Friend. Yes, I do love her, and dare own it too ;
And will defend her from one so base and treacherous.

Bell. Who dares deny thy Reasons ?

Friend. Sh' has made me take an Oath, to fight with
thee ;

And every Wound my lucky Sword shou'd make,
She bad me say, was sent thee from her Hate.

Bell. Oh I believe thee : prithee tell on, young Man,
That I may die without the aid of Wounds.

Friend. To break thy Heart, know then, she loves an-
other,

And has took back the Vows she made to thee,
And given 'em to a Man more worthy of 'em.

Bell. Alas ! I credit thee—yet—then by Heav'n she's
false !

And I will know, why 'tis she is thus perjur'd.
[Offers to go.

—Nay now—nor Heaven, nor Hell, shall hinder me,
—Stand off, or to the number I'll add one Sin more,

And make my Passage to it thro thy Heart.

Friend. And so you shall, Sir.

[They fight, Bellmour disarms Friend. and runs in.

—Disarm'd ! by Heaven you shall not so escape
A Rage that is too just here to give o'er.

SCENE changes to the Inside of
Friendlove's Lodgings.

Enter Celinda, as before, met by Nurse.

Nur. Oh Madam, here's Mr. Bellmour ; he has
wounded my young Master, who deny'd him Entrance,
and is come into the House, and all in Rage demands his
Wife.

Cel. Oh Heav'n ! Demands his Wife ; Is that sad Curse
Added to all the rest ?—Does he then love her ?

Enter Bellmour with two Swords.

Nur. Whither do you press, Sir? and what's your business?

Bell. To see my Wife, my Wife, Impertinence;
And must I meet with nought but Opposition?
[Pushes her roughly away.]

Cel. Let him come in.

Nur. Marry he lets himself in, I thank him.

Cel. What Man art thou thus cover'd o'er with Horror?

Bell. One sent from Hell to punish Perjury!

—Where's this perfidious Fair? this blushless Maid,
That has by my Example broke her Vows?

A Precedent that Fiends wou'd shame to follow.

Cel. What is't you mean, Sir?

Bell. A thing that has no Name, she is so bad;

One who so lately gave her self to me,
And now is flown into another's Arms:

One that attacks my Life, for the same Sins
Which she her self commits—and thinks to live too.

—Yet still she is my Wife, whom I have injur'd:
Till when, she was a Saint—come lead me to her,
Tho she be false as I, yet I'll forgive it.

[Throws by the Swords.]

Cel. Heav'n's! he repents his Cruelty to her,
And never mentions me! Ah then 'tis time to die.
And that I may be sure of Death—

[Aside.]

Well, Sir, I will conduct this happy Lady to you.

[Ex. Cel.]

Bell. Gods! Happy!—whilst I am wretched.

—Oh what an Ague chills my shivering Limbs,
Turns my hot Rage to softest Love, and Shame!

Were I not here to die—here at her Feet,
I wou'd not stand the Shock of her Reproaches.

—But yet she need not speak, a Look's sufficient
To call up all my Sins to my undoing—

—She comes—Oh Heav'n! she comes—

Enter Celinda and Diana.

—Like penitent Criminals thus—with my Eyes de-
clin'd,

I bow my Head, for the last sad Blow. *[Stands bow'd.]*
Cel.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 79

Cel. Sir, in Obedience to your Commands,
I've brought the Lady.

Dia. How ! The perfidious *Bellmour* !
The only Object of my Hate and Scorn,

Bell. Say on, my angry Deity—— [Kneels.
Whilst I thus trembling hear my fatal Doom,
Like Sinners, conscious ne'er to be forgiven,
I dare not lift my guilty Eyes towards Heaven.

Cel. Can I hear this, and yet retain my Life ?

Dia. Had I but two days since beheld this Youth
Thus prostrate at my Feet, I should have thought
My self more blest,
Than to have been that Deity he calls me.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Defend me ! The Traitor here ! And at *Diana's*
Feet !

The fittest Altar for my Sacrifice !

—Turn, turn, from what thou lov'st, and meet my
Justice.

Cel. Oh hold, my dearest Brother.

[*Bellmour rises, and turns about.*

Bell. Nay, now I'm ready for the welcome Sword,
Since my *Celinda's* false, and cannot pardon,

Cel. Oh do not die with that profane Opinion.
Celinda false ! or cannot pardon thee !

Dian. Stay, generous Sir, my Pity has forgiven him.

Bell. Thou ! Why who art thou——*Diana* ?

Dian. Yes, that *Diana*,
Whom, maugre all the Penitence thou shew'st,
Can scarce forgive the Injuries thou hast done her.

Bell. I shew a Penitence for injuring thee !
By Heav'n, I never cou'd do one, or other ;
All that I am is the divine *Celinda's*.

Friend. He's stark mad !

[*Aside.*

Bell. But since she cannot pardon, I can die.

[*Offers to fall on his Sword.*

Cel. Canst thou not credit me ? She pardons thee.
Live—and enjoy——*Diana.* [Turns her Face from him.

Bell. What art thou, who know'st her Heart so well ?
Art thou my Rival ! the blessed Youth, to whom

D 4

She

80 *The TOWN-FOP; or*

She has given her Vows?—Live, and enjoy, *Diana*!

—Yes, yes, thou art my Rival, and I'll kill thee.

Cel. Do, whilst I meet thy Sword.

*[Opens her Arms, Diana stays him; he
lets fall his Sword, and gazes.*

Bell. Dull—dull Adorer! Not to know my Saint

Oh how I have profan'd! To what strange Idol

Was that I kneel'd,

Mistaking it for a Divinity?

Cel. To your fair Wife *Diana*.

Bell. Oh cruel Maid!

Has Heav'n design'd me any but *Celinda*?

Dian. Maid! Bless me!—did I then love a Woman?

—I am pleas'd thou should'st renounce me; make it good,

And set me free from Fetters which I hate.

Bell. If all our Laws can do't, I will—for here

Ends all my Claim.

[To Celinda.

Friend. Was this the Wife you did demand of me?

Bell. Yes, I had no other.

Dian. Fair Maid! forgive me all my shameful Passion,

And charge my Fault upon your Beauty only.

Cel. Excellent Creature! I shou'd sue for that,

Which my Deceit will never make me hope.

Bell. And art thou true to Love, and all thy Vows?

Whilst I to save my Fortune,

(That only which cou'd make me merit thee)

Gave my unwilling Hand to this fair noble Maid.

—Ah *Friendlove*, when thou hear'st my Story told,

Thou wilt forgive, and pity me.

Dian. What was't you said, Sir? *Friendlove*!

Friend. Yes, Madam, I hope the Name can make no difference;

Or hate that still, so you but love the Man.

Dian. Tho I'm again defeated, yet this last

Proves least offensive; nor shall an empty Word

Alter my fix'd Resolves, to love you still.

Friend. Then I am blest!

Bell. But yet the Office of the Priest has past:
What Remedy for that?

Dian.

SIR TIMOTHY TAWDRY. 81

Dian. My Uncle's Pow'r, the Nearness of our Blood,
The Contradiction of our Circumstances.

Bell. And above all that, my Contract with *Celinda*.

— Methinks I feel a Joy spread o'er my Heart,
The blessed Omen of approaching Happiness.

Cel. I do believe thee; for by Sympathy,
Mine takes new Fire and Hope.

Dian. I have already writ to my Uncle, and the Mes-
senger assur'd me, he would gratify my Desires; that
done I will be yours. [To Friendlove.

Bell. But why thus drest? it might have led my Rage,
Full of Despair and Jealousy to have hurt thee.

Cel. Sir, when the Letter came of your being married,
I will not tell you all the Effects it had
Upon my desperate Soul;
But this I know, I had resolv'd to die,
But first to see you. Your Page inform'd the Nurse
All that had pass'd, of the last Night's Ball;
And much concern'd, she got this Habit for me,
And inform'd me how 'twas I was to act,
And that my Brother (describing his Dress) was gone
before.

This made me haste, lest e'er I came
His Rage had done the Business which it went for.

Friend. And so it had, hadst thou not hinder'd me;
For I, Sir, was the Man who drew on you.

Bell. And was it thou that didst defend my Heart,
That I might live to pay thy Goodness back?

Cel. It was to save your Life, and to expose my own.

Dia. Come, let's in, and consult what's best for us to
do.

Bell. Come my *Celinda*.

Let us no longer doubt, the Pow'rs above
Will be propitious to united Love.

[Ex *Cel.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord *Plotwell* is at the Door in his
Coach.

Dian. My Uncle come! Sir, we will not doubt our
Fortune.

But how came he to know of my being here?

Serv. Madam, I fear he follow'd me after I had given him the Letter,

Enter Lord Plotwell, Charles, Trusty.

Lord. Bellmour and Diana kneeling!

[Bel. and Diana kneel.

—Rise; the Joy I have to see you thus, makes me resolve to grant you any thing, and pardon all that's past.

Bell. Be not so hasty in your Goodness, Sir, Left you repent as fast.

Dian. Sir, we have an humble Suit to you.

Lord. What is it ye can jointly ask, I will not grant!

Dian. By all that Love you ever had for me,
By all those Infant Charms which us'd to please you,
When on your Lap you taught my Tongue that Art
Which made those dear Impressions on your Heart,
Which ever since to my Advantage grew,
I do conjure you hear me now I sue,
And grant the mighty Grace I beg of you.

Lord. What is it you wou'd ask?

Bell. Oh dress your Face and Eyes in gentler Looks,
If you wou'd have us hope for any Mercy.

Lord. Rise, and whate'er you ask, I'll freely grant.

Dian. That you'll undo that Knot, that ties us two.

Lord. How! this Request from thee! who lov'd him once,

And wish'd no good beyond possessing him.

Dian. Heav'n has not, Sir, decreed us for each other:
Something of Fate or Chance
Has otherwise dispos'd those first Resolves.

Lord. Too virtuous Maid, I know thou dost but feign,
His Wickedness has forc'd thee to this change.

Dian. No, Sir, were he the only Man
Of kind and good, I never wou'd be his.

—And if you shou'd compel me, I shou'd live
The infamous Reproach of my whole Sex.

Lord. Well, and you Sir, that are the cause of this,
What canst thou say to move me for thy Pardon?

Bell. I am so guilty in your Opinion,
My Prayers wou'd but make you merciless;

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 83

Don't say *Celinda* is my Wife,
And I shou'd injure this too generous Maid,
Not to adore her equal to her Merit.

Lord. I see, Sir, you have found your Wits again;
—Well, I see there's no opposing Destiny;

And I have still such tenderness for thee, [To *Dian.*
That hadst thou pleaded this Cause to me before,
I shou'd have been less cruel to him.

—Where is that Lady which you so admire,
Whose Beauty does eclipse that of *Diana*.

Bellmour goes out, and brings in *Celinda*.

Dian. This, Sir, is she who merits more than I.

Lord. She's fair indeed; here *Frank*,
I give thee thy *Celinda*, whose Beauty
Excuses all thy Faults of Disobedience.

Bell. Thus low, I thank you for this Goodness, Sir. [Kneels.

Lord. There only wants the Ceremony of the Law to
undo what's between you and *Diana*, if she remain a
Virgin.

Bell. For me, by Heav'n she is;
And for the rest, I do not doubt her Virtue.

Dian. You may believe him, Sir; and this alone's the
Man, in whom I will, or never will be happy.

Lord. Mr. *Friendlove*! I give consent to't, he has a
noble Character; and what he wants in Fortune, has in
Virtue—take her young Man.

Friend. 'Tis such an Honour, Sir, that my Gratitude,
without the mighty Passion I have for her, would make
me ever thankful.

Lord. This Term, we shall make the former Marriage
void; till then love on, and fear no Frowns from For-
tune—but Nephew—now I hope your Brother shall
have his Portion.

Bell. My dearest *Charles*, forgive me all that's past,
And share the Fortune Heaven has given thy Brother.

Char. The Joy I have, Sir, to be undeceiv'd, is much
the greatest Blessing Heav'n can send me.

Enter

Enter Sir Timothy, follow'd by Phillis, Sham, Sharp, and Betty Flauntit.

Sir Tim. I am pursu'd by two impertinent Women; prithee *Friendlove*, tell 'em I am gone out at the Back-door, and send 'em away.

Lord. What's the News here?

Sir Tim. How *Celinda* here, and *Bellmour* too! Nay, now wou'd I compound for my Life, at any rate, by Fortune.

Phil. Sir, this Villain here has abus'd me, and with a false Marriage has rob'd me of my Honour,

Bell. How!

Sir Tim. My Lord, I say this young Jilt would have rob'd me of my self; and courting her, and enjoying her only for a Miss, would persuade me I am married to her.

Flaunt. Sir, I say, I am doubly wrong'd; first by this false Knight, who has belong'd to me this three Years, which gives me a right to him, as good as if I were married to him; who has now unlawfully left my Bed, for that of this Gilflurt, who, on the other side, takes away my Knight, and consequently eats the Bread out of my Mouth.

Bell. What means all this?
Speak some of ye that know.

Flaunt. Oh Lord! Who's here? The fine Squire?

Trust. Sir *Timothy Tawdrey*, Sir, is married to *Mrs. Phillis*. *[Aside.]*

Sir Tim. How can that be a Marriage, when he who join'd us, was but a hired Fellow, drefs'd like a Parson?

Trust. Sir, 'twas Parson *Tickletext* that marry'd 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh what a damn'd lying Pimp is this!—
Sham, didst thou not hire a Fellow, (because I was damnably in Love, and in haste) to marry us, that was no Parson?

Sham. Why truly Sir—I did go to hire such a one—

Sir Tim. Look ye there now.

Adieu, my Lord!

Sham.

Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY. 85

Sham. But cou'd meet with none; and because you said you shou'd die if you enjoy'd her not presently, and that she would not yield on any other Terms, but those of Marriage, I e'en brought the Parson that *Trusty* had provided for you.

Sir Tim. Oh Villain, to betray me! and for no Reward.

Trust. Yes indeed, Sir, the four hundred Guineas you left behind my young Mistrefs's Looking-glass fell to his share.

Sir Tim. What's my Money gone! and I am marry'd too!

This 'tis not to use to go to Church: for then I might have chanc'd to know the Parson.

Bell. Death you Dog! you deserve to die, for your base Designs upon a Maid of her Quality—How durst you, Sister, without my leave, marry that Rascal?

Phil. Sir, you deny'd me my Portion, and my Uncle design'd to turn me out of doors, and in my Despair I accepted of him.

Flaunt. Married! and to a Wife of no Fortune! that's the worse part on't—what shall I do?

Bell. Renounce this leud Fool, and I'll make thee a Fortune suitable to your Quality.

Sir Tim. Say you so?—Renounce me, Sir! I'd have you to know I merit her: And as for Leudness, I name no body, *Bellmour*—but only some have the Art of hiding it better than I—but for Whoring, Drinking, Dicing, and all the deadly Sins that thereupon depend, I thank my Stars, I come short of you: And since you say, I shall not have your Sister, by Fortune I will have your Sister, and love your Sister, and lie with your Sister, in spite of you.

Lord. Well, Sir *Timothy*, since my Niece has done amiss, 'tis too late to mend it—and that you may not repent, I'll take care her Fortune shall be suitable to the Jointure you'll make her.

Bell. With this proviso, that you make no Settlement to Misses, Sir *Timothy*—I am not so unreasonable to tie you up from all of that Possession; that were to spoil a fashionable

fashionable Husband, and so put you quite out of Fop-road.

Lord. This Day we'll set apart for Mirth,
And all must make my House their happy home,

Bell. To thee, *Celinda*, all my Good I owe,
My Life, my Fortune, and my Honour too,
Since all had perish'd by a broken Vow.

Flam. What art I like to lose my *Timmy*? Canst
thou have the Heart to leave me for ever? I who have
been true and constant to you?

Sir Tim. Alas! now I must melt again, by Fortune—
thou art a Fool, dost think I wou'd have had her, but
for her Fortune? which shall only serve to make thee
out-flaunt all the Cracks in Town—go—home and
expect me, thou'lt have me all to thy self within this Day
or two:

*Since Marriage but a larger Licence is
For every Fop of Mode to keep a M/s.*

E P I-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

SIR Timothy, Gallants, at last is come
 To know his Sentence, and receive his Doom.
 But pray before you are resolv'd to be
 Severe, look on your selves, and then on me ;
 Observe me well, I am a Man of Show,
 Of Noise, and Nonsense, as are most of you.
 Tho all of you don't share with me in Title,
 In Character you differ very little.
 Tell me in what you find a Difference ?
 It may be you will say, you're Men of Sense ;
 But Faith——
 Were one of you o'th Stage, and I o'th Pit,
 He might be thought the Fop, and I the Wit.
 On equal Ground you'll scarce know one from t'other ;
 We are as like, as Brother is to Brother.
 To judge against me then wou'd be Ill-Nature,
 For Men are kind to those they're like in Feature.
 For Judges therefore I accept you all ;
 By you, Sir Timothy will stand or fall.
 He's too faint-hearted that his Sentence fears,
 Who has the Honour to be try'd by's Peers.

THE



THE
FALSE COUNT:
OR,
A New Way
To play an old GAME.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

NOW all ye Whigs and Tories of the Pit,
(Ye furious Guelphs and Gibelins of Wit,
Who for the Cause, and Crimes of Forty One
So furiously maintain the Quarrel on)
Our Author, as you'll find it writ in Story,
Has hitherto been a most wicked Tory;
But now, to th' joy o' th' Brethren be it spoken,
Our Sister's vain mistaken Eyes are open;

And

PROLOGUE.

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*And wisely valuing her dear Interest now,
 All-powerful Whigs, converted is to you.
 'Twas long she did maintain the Royal Cause,
 Argued, disputed, rais'd with great Applause;
 Writ Madrigals and Doggerel on the Times,
 And charg'd you all with your Fore-fathers Crimes;
 Nay, confidently swore no Plot was true,
 But that so silly carried on by you:
 Rais'd horrid Scandals on you, hellish Stories,
 In Conventicles how you eat young Tories;
 As Jew did heretofore eat Christian Suckling;
 And brought an Odiurn on your pious Gutling:
 When this is all Malice it self can say,
 You for the good Old Cause devoutly eat and pray.
 Tho this one Text were able to convert ye,
 Ye needy Tribe of Scriblers to the Party;
 Yet there are more advantages than these,
 For write, invent, and make what Plots you please,
 The wicked Party keep your Witnesses;
 Like frugal Cuckold-makers you beget
 Brats that secur'd by others fires shall sit.
 Your Conventicling Miracles out-do
 All that the Whore of Babylon e'er knew:
 By wondrous art you make Rogues honest Men,
 And when you please transform 'em Rogues again.
 To day a Saint, if he but hang a Papist,
 Peach a true Protestant, your Saint's turn'd Atheist:
 And dying Sacraments do less prevail,
 Than living ones, tho took in Lamb's-Wool-Ale.
 Who wou'd not then be for a Common-weal,
 To have the Villain cover'd with his Zeal?
 A Zeal, who for Convenience can dispense
 With Plays provided there's no Wit nor Sense.
 For Wit's profane, and Jesuitical,
 And Plotting's Popery, and the Devil and all.
 We then have fitted you with one to day,
 'Tis writ as 'twere a Recantation Play;
 Renouncing all that has pretence to witty.
 T'oblige the Reverend Brumigham's o'th' City:*

No

*No smutty Scenes, no Jest to move your Laughter,
Nor Love that so debauches all your Daughters.
But shou'd the Torys now, who will desert me,
Because they find no dry bobs on your Party,
Resolve to hiss, as late did Popish Crew,
By Yea and Nay, she'll throw her self on you,
The grand Inquest of Whigs, to whom she's true.
Then let 'em rail and hiss, and damn their fill,
Your Verdict will be Ignoramus still.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Carlos, Governour of *Cadiz*, young
 and rich, in love with *Julia*, } *Mr. Smith.*
Antonio, a Merchant, young and rich, }
 Friend to *Carlos*, in love with *Clara*, } *Mr. Wiltshire.*
 but promis'd to *Isabella*, }
Francisco, old and rich, Husband to *Julia*, } *Mr. Nokes.*
 and Father to *Isabella*, }
Baltazer, Father to *Julia* and *Clara*, } *Mr. Bright.*
Sebastian, Father to *Antonio*, } *Mr. Freeman.*
Guzman, Gentleman to *Carlos*, } *Mr. Underhill.*
Guiliom, a Chimney-Sweeper: the False } *Mr. Lee.*
 Count,
 Two overgrown Pages to the False Count.
Petro, Cashier to *Antonio*.
 Captain of a Gally.
 Two Seamen.
Lopez, Servant to *Baltazer*.
 Several disguis'd like *Turks*.

W O M E N.


Julia, Wife to *Francisco*, young and } *Mrs. Davis.*
 handfom, in love with *Carlos*, }
Clara, Sister to *Julia*, in love with *Anto-* } *Mrs. Petty.*
nio, }
Isabella, Daughter to *Francisco*; proud, }
 vain and foolish, despising all Men un- } *Mrs. Corror.*
 der the degree of Quality, and falls in }
 love with *Guiliom*, }
Jacinta, Woman to *Julia*, } *Mrs. Osborne.*

Dancers, Singers, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Carlos, Antonio, and Guzman.

Car.  Y all that's good, I'm mad, stark
raving mad,
To have a Woman young, rich,
beautiful,
Just on the point of yielding to my
Love,

Snatcht from my Arms by such a Beast as this ;
An old ridiculous Buffoon, past Pleasure,
Past Love, or any thing that tends that way ;
Ill-favour'd, ill-bred, and ill-qualify'd,
With more Diseases than a Horse past Service ;
And only blest with Fortune and my *Julia* ;
For him, I say, this Miser, to obtain her,
After my tedious nights and days of Love,
My midnight Watchings, Quarrels, Wounds and Dangers ;
—My Person not unhandfom too,
By Heav'n 'twas wondrous strange !

Ant. And old *Francisco*, without the expence of an
hour's Courtship, a *Billet-Doux*, or scarce a sight of her,
could gain her in a day ; and yet 'tis wonder, your For-
tune and your Quality, should be refus'd by Don *Baltasar*
her Father.

Car. A Pox upon't, I went the wrong way to work,
and courted the Daughter ; but indeed my Father, the
late Governour of *Cadiz*, whose Estate and Honour I
now enjoy, was 'then living ; and, fearing he would not
consent to my Passion, I endeavoured to keep it secret,
tho sacred Vows had past between us two.

Ant.

The FALSE COUNT. 93

Ant. Did she not tell you of this Marriage with old *Francisco*?

Car. The night before, she did; but only by a Letter from her Window dropt: which when by the help of a dark Lanthorn, I had read, I was struck dead with Grief.

[Gives him the Letter.

Ant. reads.] *Expect to morrow night to hear I'm dead, since the next Sun will guide me to a fatal Marriage with old Francisco.*

Yours Julia.

Car. Judge, dear *Antonio*, my Surprise and Grief; A-while I stood unmov'd, thoughtless, and silent, But soon Rage wak'd me to new Life again; But what I said and did, I leave to raging Lovers, Like disappointed me, to guess and judge; She heard—and only answer'd me in Tears, Nor could I beg one tender Word from her, She sigh'd, and shut the Window too, and vanish'd.

Ant. And she accordingly the next day was married.

Car. She was—and I have since endeavoured all the Arts and Ways I can to cuckold him; 'tis now two months since the Wedding, and I hear he keeps her as close as a Relict, jealous as Age and Impotence can make him. She hitherto has been absent at *Sevil*, but Expectation of her Daughter-in-law's Wedding with you has brought 'em hither,—and I ask your Pardon, *Antonio*, for railly- ing your Father-in-law that shall be, old *Francisco*.

Ant. I hope you are mistaken, Sir.

Car. How, are you not to marry his Daughter *Isabella*?

Ant. Not, if I can help it, Sir,—the Honour you have done me in your Friendship to me, a Person so much above me in Title and Birth, makes me think it my Duty to conceal no part of my Heart to you,—Know then this *Isabella* Daughter to old *Francisco*, and your Cuckold that shall be I hope, is, tho' fair, most ridiculously proud, vain and fantastical; as all of her Birth and Education, grown rich, are.

Car. Prithee, what was her Birth?

Ant.

Ant. Why, her Father, old *Francisco*, was in his youth an English Cordwainer, that is to say, a Shoemaker, which he improv'd in time to a Merchant; and the Devil and his Knavery helping him to a considerable Estate, he set up for Gentleman; and being naturally a stingy, hide-bound Rascal, and in the Humour of Jealousy even out-doing the most rigid of us *Spaniards*, he came over into *Spain*, to settle with his whole Family, where his Wife dying, to heighten the Vice, marries this young *Julia*, your Mistress, Sir;—and now this Daughter of his having wholly forgot her original Dunghill, sets up for a Viscountess at least, tho her Father has design'd me the Blessing; but I have fixt my Heart and Eyes else-where, *Clara*, the young Sister of your Mistress, Sir, commands my Liberty.

Car. I've seen her, she has Youth and Beauty capable to make a Conquest any where,—but does she know your Love?

Ant. She does, and makes me think my Love return'd.

Car. Then know, *Antonio*, I must be your Rival.

Ant. How, Sir!

Car. You said but now you were my Friend, *Antonio*; if true, you must assist in my design.

Ant. I listen, Sir, impatiently.

Car. Then thus; before I knew she was your Mistress, I had resolv'd upon Addresses to her, in order to't, have treated with her Father about a Marriage.

Ant. How! and wou'd the false, forsworn, receive your Vows?

Car. No; but with Tears implores her Father daily, whene'er he speaks to her about my Passion; nor can I undeceive her, for indeed I have butfeign'd a Love, (she living in the same house with *Julia* whilst here at *Cadix*) to get an opportunity with that dear, charming Creature; for, coming as a Brother, sure they'll admit me kindly; nor will *Francisco*, who has heard of what has past 'twixt me and *Julia*, suspect me any more.

Ant. I knew I had a Rival, Sir, whom *Clara* lov'd not; but ne'er cou'd get it from her who he was, for fear of mischief: I have often the Liberty to see her, under the name and pretence of *Isabella's* Lover.

Car.

Car. And I visit her only to get a sight of *Fulla*, which hitherto has been impossible, tho I have oft endeavour'd it. I beg you'll not be jealous; for this, by Heav'n, is only my Design.

Ant. I'll trust my Life, my Honour and my Mistress in so good hands at any time.

Car. You oblige me; but tho I find your *Clara* cold and cruel, *Isabella* would invite me to her Love, and makes so many kind advances to me——

Ant. So would she for your Title, were you deform'd, and had no shape of Man about you; but me, because a little Citizen and Merchant, she so reviles, calling me base Mechanick, saucy Fellow; and wonders where I got the Impudence to speak of Love to her—in fine, I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on all her Pride and Scorn; by Heav'n, I will invent some dire Revenge:—I'm bent upon't, and will about it instantly.

Car. And would you do it home and handsomly, and have a good occasion of being disengaged from her, and make her self the instrument?

Ant. Ay, such a Plot were worth the Prosecution.

Car. And such a one I have in my head: *Gusman*, my Servant, knows a fellow here in *Cadix*, whom for his pleasant humour I have oft observ'd, as I have past the Streets, but too mean to be convers'd with, by almost any human thing, by Trade a Chimney-Sweeper.

Ant. On, Sir, I beseech you.

Car. This Fellow's of a quick Wit and good Apprehension, tho possibly he cannot act the Don so well, yet that which makes up the best part of our young Gallants now a-days, he shall not want; that is, good Clothes, Money, and an Equipage,——and a little Instruction will serve turn.

Ant. I'm raviht with the Fancy;——let me see——he shall be an *English* Lord, or a *French* Count.

Car. Either, we'll furnish him with Bills on Seignior Don *Francisco*,——Men and Baggage, and the business is done——he shall make Love to her.

Ant. Most excellent.

Car.

Car. Guzman, have you not observ'd this Fellow I am speaking off.

Gus. Observ'd him, Sir! I know him particularly, I'll fetch him to you now, Sir; he always stands for new Employment with the rest of his Gang under *St. Fago's* Church-wall.

Car. Bring him anon to my Lodgings, where we'll prepare him for the Adventure.

Ant. And if the proud *Isabella* bite not at so gay a bait, I'll be bound to be married to her.

Car. And if she do not, possibly that may be your Fate—but in return, you must let *Clara* know the Design I have, and, undeceiving her opinion of my Love, make her of our Party.

Ant. Trust my Friendship, Sir, and Management. I'll go to her instantly, that is, make a Visit to *Isabella*, and get an opportunity to speak with *Clara*.

Car. And I must write a letter to *Julia*, to undeceive her Fears too, could I but get it to her.

Gus. For that let me alone. [Exit *severally*.]

SCENE II. A Chamber.

Enter Julia and Jacinta.

Jac. Lord, Madam, you are as melancholy as a sick Parrot.

Jul. And can you blame me, *Jacinta*? have I not many Reasons to be sad? first have I not lost the only Man on earth in *Don Carlos*, that I cou'd love? and worse than that, am married to a Thing, fit only for his Tomb; a Brute, who wanting sense to value me, treats me more like a Prisoner than a Wife?—and his Pretence is, because I should not see nor hear from *Don Carlos*.

Jac. Wou'd I were in your room, Madam, I'd cut him out work enough I'd warrant him; and if he durst impose on me, I'd transform both his Shape and his Manners; in short, I'd try what Woman hood cou'd do. And indeed, the Revenge wou'd be so pleasant, I wou'd not be without a jealous Husband for all the World; and really, Madam, *Don Carlos* is so sweet a Gentleman.

Jul.

Jul. Ay, but the Sin, *Jacinta*!

Jac. O' my Conscience Heav'n wou'd forgive it; for this match of yours, with old *Francisco*, was never made there.

Jul. Then if I wou'd, alas what opportunities have I, for I confess since his first Vows made him mine——

Jac. Right—that lying with old *Francisco* it flat Adultery.

Jul. I might, with some excuse, give my self away to *Carlos*—But oh, he's false, he takes unjustly all the Vows he paid me, and gives 'em to my Sister *Clara* now.

Jac. Indeed that's something uncivil, Madam, if it be true.

Jul. True! my Father has with joy consented to it, and he has leave to visit her; and can I live to see't; No, Mischief will ensue, my Love's too high, too nicely true to brook Affronts like that.

Jac. Yet you first broke with him.

Jul. Not I; be witness Heav'n with what reluctance I forc'd my breaking heart; and can I see that charming Body in my Sister's Arms! that Mouth that has so oft sworn Love to me kist by another's Lips! no *Jacinta*, that night that gives him to another Woman, shall see him dead between the Charmer's Arms. My Life I hate, and when I live no more for *Carlos*, I'll cease to be at all; it is resolv'd.

Jac. Faith, Madam, I hope to live to see a more comical end of your Amours—but see where your amiable Spouse comes with Don *Baltazar* your Father.

Enter Francisco and Baltazar.

Fran. So—you two are damnable close together, 'tis for no goodness I'll warrant, you have your trade betimes.

Jac. Meaning me, Sir?

Fran. Yes you, one of my Wife's evil Counsellors,—go, get you up both to your respective Chambers, go—

[*Ex. both.*]

Bal. Barring your Compliments, good Son, give me leave to speak.

Fran. Sha, I know as well as your self what you wou'd say now; you wou'd assure me I am sole Master of your House, and may command; that you are heartily glad to see me at *Cadis*, and that you desire I wou'd resolve upon a Week's stay, or so; that you'll spare nothing for my entertainment: why I know all this, and therefore pray take my word, good Father-in-Law, without any more ado.

Bal. Well, Sir, pray answer me one question, what drew you to *Cadis*?

Fran. Why, I'll tell you; in the first place, a Pox of all Lovers, I say; for my Daughter *Isabella* is to be married, as you know, to *Antonio*, a young rich Merchant of this Town; in the second place, my Wife, with a Vengeance, must be gadding to visit you and her Sister, whom we heard also was to be married to the young Governor *Don Carlos*; 'tis shrewdly against my will Heaven knows, for my Wits are in an uproar already about this business—your Gallants, Father, your young Gallants,—I wish my Wife were secure at home again.

Bal. Pray why so?

Fran. Alas, I see the Trick, Sir, a mere Trick put upon a Man, a married Man, and a married Man to a handsome young Woman,—you apprehend me.

Bal. Not I, Sir.

Fran. Not you, Sir! why look ye, your young Governor who now is, made most desperate love to her who is now my Wife, d'ye mind me?—but you, being a Man of an exact Judgment, to her great grief, gave her to me, who best deserv'd her, both for my civil Behaviour, and comely Personage, d'ye understand me? but now this *Carlos*, by his Father's death, being made Governor, d'ye see? is to martyr me your other daughter *Clara*, and to exasperate me, wou'd never let me be at quiet till he had got both of us to *Cadis*, to grace his Wedding; a Pox of his Invitation, was I so civil to invite him to mine?

Bal. If this be your Affliction, you may avoid it.

Fran. No, no, I'll try to force Nature a little, and be civil, or so; but as soon as the Ceremony's over,

ver, I'll steal out of Town, whip a way, presto, Faith.

Bal. But shou'd you do so rude a thing to your new Brother, [your Wife wou'd think you were jealous of her.] No, dissemble that Fault, I beseech you, 'twill make you odious to her and all the world, when 'tis needless, 'tis natural for Women to hate what they fear.

Fran. Say you so, then I will hide it as much as I can in words, I can dissemble too upon occasion.

Bal. Let her remain awhile amongst us.

Fran. The Devil a bit she shall, good Father mine, no, I have more years than you, Sir Father, and understand what Women are, especially when married to impatient Men, and have the Conversation of young Men—whose Eyes like Basilisks destroy Modesty with looking on 'em; the very Thought on't has rais'd a Bump in my Forehead already.

Bal. I am sorry you should suspect my Daughter's Virtue.

Fran. May be you are, Sir—but Youth you know—Opportunity—Occasion—or so—there are Winks, and Nods, and Signs, and Twirs—and—well in short I am satisfied, and they that are not may go whistle: and so I'll go to my Wife, whom I have left too long alone, evil thoughts will grow upon her—Wife, Love—Duckling—

[Calls her.]

Enter Julia and Jacinta.

Bal. Wou'd I had never married her to this Sot.

Jul. Your pleasure, Sir.

Fran. Only to see thee, Love.

Jul. I have a Suit to you.

Fran. What is't, my Chicken.

Jul. I wou'd go make a Visit to my Aunt, my Sister Clara's there, and I'll go fetch her home.

Fran. Hum—perhaps the Governor's there too?

Jul. What if he be? we ought to make him a visit too, who so kindly sent for us to Cadiz.

Fran. How! Make a visit to the Governor? What have I to do with the Governor, or what have you to do with the Governor? you are no Soldier, Love. As for a Visit to your Aunt, there's some reason in't; but for the

Governor, think no more upon him, I say no more.

Jul. Since he's to marry my Sister, why shoud' you refuse him that Civility.

Fran. Your Sister, so much the worse.

Jul. So much the worse?

Fran. I, so much the worse, I tell you; for mark me, you have been Lovers lately; and old Stories may arise that are not yet forgotten; and having under the Cloke of a Husband both Sisters at command, one for a Wife, Pother for a Mistress, hoyte, toyte, there will be mad work i'faith; what a mixture of Brother by the Father's side, and Uncle by the Mother's side there will be: Aunt by the Mother's side, and Sister by the Father's side; a man may find as good kindred amongst a kennel of Beagles.—No, no, no Visits to the Governor, I beseech you, fair Madam.

Bal. So, you are at your Jealousy again.

Fran. Come, come, I love plain dealing; besides, when she named the Governor, Flesh and Blood could not contain.

Jul. I spoke in reference to his Quality.

Fran. A Pox of your Civility; I tell you, I scorn my Wife should be civil. Why, what a Coil's here about a Governor! I'll stand to't, a Man had better have a Mule to his Wife than a Woman, and 'twere easier govern'd.

Bal. But hear reason, Son.

Fran. What from a Woman, and a Wife? Lord, Lord, where are your Wits, good Father-in-Law? Why what a Devil shall I be made ridiculous, a Coxcomb, Cuckold, to shew my Wife? No, no, there's no Necessity of your Civility, Mistress; leave that to me who understand the due Punctilio's of it.

Bal. Harkye Son, Harkye!

Fran. Father mine, every Man to his business, I say, therefore say no more of this; for I'll give my Mother's Son to the Devil, when any Wife of mine ever makes a Visit to the Governor; and there's an end on't. Was ever so horrid a Plot contriv'd against her own lawful Husband? Visit the Governor with a Pox!

Bal.

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Bal. 'Tis an Honour due to all Men of his Rank.

Fran. I care not for that, my opinion is, my Wife's my Slave, and let him keep his Rank to himself.

[*Fran. gets his Wife behind him, and fences her with his Cloke.*]

Enter Guzman.

Gus. He's here, and with his Wife; how shall I do to deliver my Letter to her;—Sir, by the order of my Master, Don Carlos, the Governour, I am commanded to come hither to the end that, going from hence, and returning to my Master, I may be able to inform him—

Fran.—That I am in health,—very well, I was afraid he wou'd have been harping upon my Wife in the first place—the Devil take her, she looks for't.

[*Makes signs to have her gone.*]

Gus. Farther, Sir, he kisses your hand, with a more than ordinary friendship.

Fran. A Pox of his Compliments,——— [Aside.

Gus. But he charg'd me, Sir, most passionately to present his Service to your Lady.

Fran. Yes, yes; I thought as much.

Gus.—In a more particular manner,

Fran. Friend, my Wife, or Lady, has no need of his Service in a more particular manner, and so you may return it.

Jac. Indeed, but she has a great need of his Service in a very particular manner.

Gus. Sir, I meant no hurt, but 'tis always the fashion of your true bred Courtier, to be more ceremonious in his Civilities to Ladies than Men;—and he desires to know how she does.

Fran. How strong this Carlos smells of the Devil—Friend, tell your Master she's very well, but since she was married, she has forgot her gentle Civility and good Manners, and never returns any Compliments to Men.

Gus.—How shall I get it to her?—Sir, the Governour hopes he shall have the honour of entertaining you both at his House. He's impatient of your coming, and waits at home on purpose.

Fran. Friend, let your Master know we are here in very good quarters already, and he does us both too much honour; and that if we have notice of the Wedding-day, and I have nothing else to do, we'll certainly wait on him, and the next morning we intend to take our leaves, which I send him word of beforehand to prevent surprise.

Gus. But Sir,——

[Approaching him, he puts his Wife farther.]

Fran. Go, Sir, and deliver your Message.

Gus. But I have order, Sir——

Fran. There's no such thing in this World.

Gus. I'm resolv'd to teaze him, if I can do nothing else, in revenge;—But, Sir, he most earnestly desires to entertain your fair Lady in his own house.

Fran. Yes, yes; I know he does; but I'll give him to the Devil first.—Troth, Sir, this *Cadiz* Air does not agree with my fair Lady, she has ventured out but once, and has got an Ague already.

Gus. Agues, Sir, are kind Diseases, they allow of Truces and Cessations.

Fran. No, no; she has no Cessation, Friend, her Ague takes her night and day, it shakes her most unmercifully, and it shall shake her till the Wedding-day.

Gus. Were this Fellow to be tried by a Jury of Women, I would not be in his Coat to lie with his Lady.—What shall I do to deliver this Letter?—Well, Sir, since I see you are so averse to what the Governor desires, I'll return—but, Sir, I must tell you as a Friend, a Secret; that to a man of your temper may concern you;—Sir,—he's resolv'd when he comes next to visit his Mistress, to make another visit to your Apartment, to your Lady too.

[Goes to whisper him, and gives Julia the Letter over his Shoulder.]

Fran. Is he so, pray tell him he need not take that pains; there's no occasion for't; besides 'twill be but in vain; for the Doctors have prescribed her Silence and Loneliness, 'tis good against the Fit; how this damn'd Fellow of a Rival torments me! honest Friend, adieu.

Gus.

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SOY

Gus. Now is this Fellow so afraid of being made a Suckold that he fears his own Shadow, and dares not go into his Wife's Chamber if the Sun do but shine into the room—

[*Ex. Gus.*]

Fran. So, your *Mercury's* gone; Lord, how, simply you look now, as if you knew nothing of the matter!

Jul. Matter! what matter? I heard the civil Message the Governor sent, and the uncivil Answer you return'd back.

Fran. Very good; did that grieve your heart? alas what pity 'twas I carried you not in my hand, presented you to him my self, and beg'd him to favour me so much to do my office a little for me, or the like; hah,——

Jul. And there's need enough, and the truth were known.

Jac. Well said, Madam.

Fran. Peace thou wicked Limb of *Satan*——but for you, Gentlewoman, since you are so termagant, that your own natural Husband cannot please you, who tho I say it am as quiet a Bed-fellow, and sleep as sweetly, for one of my years, as any in *Spain*——I'll keep you to hard meat i' faith.

Jul. I find no fault with your sleeping, 'tis the best quality you have a-bed.

Fran. Why so then, is the Devil in an unmerciful Woman? Come, come, 'tis a good Tenant that pays once a quarter.

Jac. Of an hour do you mean, Sir?——

Fran. Peace, I say——thou damnable Tormentor, this is the Doctrine you preach to your Mistress, but you shall not in private, for I'm resolv'd to lock ye both up, and carry the Keys in my Pocket.

Jul. Well, I am a wicked Creature to tease thee so, Dear; but I'll do what thou wilt; come, come be friends, I vow, I care not for the Governor, not I, no more than I do for my—own Soul.

Fran. Why so, this is something!; Come, come your ways in,—who have we here? a Man! ad's my life away, away.

Jul. Yes, up to my Chamber, to write an answer to this dear Letter. [Exit Julia]

Enter Isabella.

Fran. No, 'tis not a Man, but my Daughter *Isabella*.

Jac. Now will I stay, and set her on to tease the Dotard, I would I could tease him to Death, that my Mistress might be rid of him.

Fran. How now, what makes you look so scurvily to day? Sure the Devil rides once a day thro a Woman, that she may be sure to be inspired with some ill Qualities—what would you have now?

Isa. Something.
Fran. Something? what thing? have I not provided you a Husband whom you are to marry within a day or two.

Isa. There's a Husband indeed, pray keep him to your self, if you please; I'll marry none of him, I'll see him hanged first.

Fran. Hey day;—what is he not young and handsome enough forsooth?

Isa. Young and handsome; is there no more than that goes to the making up of a Husband—Yes, there's Quality.

Fran. Quality!—Why, is he not one of the richest Merchants of his standing in all *Cadiz*.

Isa. Merchant! a pretty Character! a Woman of my Beauty, and five Thousand Pound, marry a Merchant—a little, petty, dirty-heel'd Merchant; saugh, I'd rather live a Maid all the days of my life, or be sent to a Nunnery, and that's Plague enough I'm sure.

Jac. Have a care of a Nunnery, lest he take you at your word.

Isa. I would not for the world; no, *Jacinta*, when ever thou seest me in holy Orders, the World will be at an end.

Fran. Merchant! why, what Husband do you expect?

Isa. A Cavalier at least, if not a Nobleman.

Fran. A Nobleman, marry come up, your Father, Hufwife, meaning my self, was a Leather-seller at first, till growing rich, I set up for a Merchant, and lest that

mechanick

mechanick Trade; and thus turned Gentleman, and
 didn't blot my Endeavours so as I have an Estate for a
 Spanish Grandee; and are you so proud forsooth, that
 a Merchant won't down with you, but you must be gaping
 after a Cap and Feather, a Silver Sword with a more
 dreadful Ribboa at the hilt?—Come, come, I fear me
 Hufwife, you are one that puffs her up with Pride: thus;
 but lay thy hand upon thy Conscience now.

To Jacinta
 Jac. Who I, Sir? No, no, I am for marrying her
 out of hand to any reasonable Husband, except a Mer-
 chant; for Maids will long, and that's *Probatum est* a-
 gainst the prevailing disemper of Longing. Hitherto I
 dare answer for her; but Batteries will be made, and I
 dare not be always responsible for frail Mortality.

Fran. Well, I have provided her one that I like, but
 if she be so squeamish, let her fast, with a Murrain to her.

Isa. Dear Father.

Fran. Dear me no Dears: wou'd your old Mother
 were alive, she wou'd have strapt your Just-au-corps, for
 poleing after Cavaliers and Noblemen, I saith, that wou'd
 she; a Citizen's Daughter, and would be a *Madona*—
 in good time.

Isa. Why Father, the Gentry and Nobility now-a-days
 frequently marry Citizens Daughters.

Fran. Come, come, Mistress, I got by the City, and
 I love and honour the City; I confess 'tis the Fashion
 now-a-days, if a Citizen get but a little Money, one goes
 to building Houses, and brick Walls; another must buy
 an Office for his Son, a third hoists up his Daughter's
 Topail, and flaunts it away, much above her breeding;
 and these things make so many break, and cause the de-
 cay of Trading; but I am for the honest *Dukh* way of
 breeding their Children, according to their Fathers Call-
 ing.

Isa. That's very hard, because you are a laborious, ill-
 bred Tradesman, I must be bound to be a mean Citizen's
 Wife.

Fran. Why, what are you better than I forsooth, that
 you must be a Lady, and have your Petticoats lac'd four

Stories high; wear your false Towers, and cool your self with your *Spanish Fan*? Come, come, Baggage, wear your best Clothes a Sunday, and brush 'em up a Monday Mornings, and follow your Needle all the Week after; that was your good old Mother's way, and your Grand-mother's before her; and as for the Husband, take no care about it, I have designed it, *Antonio*, and *Antonio* you are like to wed, or beat the hoof, Gentle woman, or turn poor *Clare*, and die a begging Nun, and there's an end on't—see where he comes—I'll leave you to ponder on the business. *Exit.*

Enter Antonio. Isabella weeps.
Ant. What, in Tears, *Isabella*? what is't can force that tribute from your Eyes?

Isa. A Trifle, hardly worth the naming, your self—
Ant. Do I? pray, for what Sin of mine must your fair Eyes be punish'd?

Isa. For the Sin of your odious Addresses to me, I have told you my mind, often enough, methinks your Equals should be fitter for you, and sute more with your Plebeian Humour.

Ant. My Equals! 'Tis true, you are fair; but if there be any Inequality in our births, the advantage is on my side.

Isa. Saucy Impertinent, you shew your City breeding; you understand what's due to Ladys! you understand your Pen and Ink, how to count your dirty Money, trudge to and fro chaffering of base commodities, and cozening those you deal with, till you sweat and stink again like an o'er heated Cook, laugh I smell him hither.

Ant. I must confess I am not perfum'd as you are, to stife Stinks you commonly have by Nature; but I have wholesom, cleanly Linen on; and for my Habit wore I but a Sword, I see no difference between your Don and me, only, perhaps, he knows less how to use it.

Isa. Ah, name not a Don, the very sound from the Mouth of a little Cit is disagreeable—Bargain and Sale, Bills, Money, Traffick, Trade, are words become you better.

Fac.

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Jac. Well said, use him scurvily that Mrs. *Clara* may have him. [*Exit*]

Ans. The best of those you think I should not name; dare hardly tell me this.

Jac. Good Lord, you think your self a very fine Fellow now, and finical your self up to be thought so; but there's as much difference between a Citizen and a true bred Cavalier.

Ans. As between you and a true bred Woman of Honour.

Jac. Oh, Sir, you rail, and you may long enough; before you rail me out of my Opinion, whilst there are Dons with Coaches and fine Lackeys, and I have Youth and Beauty, with a Fortune able to merit one, so farewell Cit. [*Ex.*]

Ans. Farewel, proud Fool.

Jac. Sir, be this Evening at the Door, Donna *Clara* has something to say to you.

Ans. Bless thee for this Tidings, dear *Jacinta*. [*Ex. Jacinta*]

—I find let Man be brave, or good, or wise,
His Virtue gains no Smiles from Woman's Eyes;
'Tis the gay Fool alone that takes the Heart,
Foppery and Finery still guide the Dart. [*Ex.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter Jacinta with a Light, and Julia.

Jac. WELL, Madam, have you writ to Don *Carlos*?

Jul. No, nor is it possible I shou'd, this Devil haunts me so from room to room, like my evil Genius to prevent that Good; oh, for an opportunity of one kind Minute to return Acknowledgments for this kind Letter he has sent me.

Jac.

Jac. I'm glad you find me a Sybil: Madam, I ever prophesy'd a happier end of that Amour than your ill Fortune has hitherto promised,—but what said the lovely Cavalier?

Jul. All that a Man inspir'd with Love could say, all that was soft and charming.

Jac. Nay, I believe his Art.

Jul. Judge then what my Heart feels, which like a Fire but lightly cover'd o'er with the cold Ashes of Despair, with the least blast breaks out into a Flame; I burn, I burn, *Jacinta*, and only charming *Carlos* can allay my Pain—but how? Ay, there's the question.

Jac. Some way I will contrive to speak with him, for he has lost his old wont if he traverse not the Street where you live: but see *Donna Clara*.—*[Enter Clara.]*

Jul. Hah, my Sister, whom yet my jealous heart can scarce be reconciled to; so deeply was my fear of Rivalship fixt there,—so sad, my Sister, and so near the happy day with *Carlos*?

Cl. 'Tis pity she that thinks it so should want him; the Blessing's thrown away on me, but we are both unhappy to be match'd to those we cannot love. *Carlos*, the young, gay, handsome, witty, rich, I hate as much as you the old *Francisco*; for since I cannot marry my *Antonio*, both Youth and Beauty are but lost on me, and Age decrepid would be equal torment.

Jul. Would *Carlos* knew your Heart, sure he'd decline; for he has too much Honor, to compel a Maid to yield that loves him not.

Cl. 'Tis true, he is above me every way, and the Honor my Father thinks to do our Family by this Match, makes him resolve upon't; but I have given my Vows to young *Antonio*.

Jul. And young *Antonio* you are like to have, for any thing that *Carlos* cares; for know, to thy eternal joy, my *Clara*, he has but feigned to thee, as much as thy *Antonio* to *Isabella*.

Cl. But are you sure of this?

Jul. Most certain; this Night if you can let *Antonio* see you, he'll tell you all the Cheat, and beg your Pardon.

Cl.

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Cla. Which he will soon obtain, and in return, what Service I can render him in your behalf he shall not want.

Jul. Antonio will engage you they are Friends.

Cla. You amaze me.

Jac. I have appointed him this night to wait, and, if possible, I would get him a Minute's time with you.

Cla. Dear *Jacinta*, thou art the kindest Maid:—

Jac. Hang't, why should we young Women pine and languish for what our own natural Invention may procure us; let us three lay our Heads together, and if *Machiavel* with all his Politicks can out-wit us, 'tis pity but we all lead Apes in Hell, and die without the Jewish Blessing of Consolation.

Jul. No more, here comes the Dragon.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. So, together consulting and contriving.

Jac. What are you jealous of the Petticoat?

Fran. Petticoat! Come, come, Mistress *Peri*, I have known as much danger hid under a Petticoat, as a pair of Breeches. I have heard of two Women that married each other—oh abominable, as if there were so prodigious a scarcity of Christian Mans Flesh.

Jac. No, the Market's well enough stored, thanks be praised, might every Woman be afforded a reasonable Allowance.

Fran. Peace, I say, thou Imp of Lucifer: wou'd thou hadst thy Bellyfull, that I might be fairly rid of thee—go get you up to your Chamber, and, d'ye hear, stir not from thence, on pain of our severe displeasure, for I am sent for in all haste, to Signior Don *Sebastian's*, 'tis but hard by, I shall soon return;—what are you here?

Enter Isabella.

I have a high commendation of your fine behaviour, Gentlewoman, to *Antonio*; his Father has sent for me, and I shall know all anon, this shall but hasten your Wedding; Rusewife, I tell you that, and so farewell to you—

[*Ex. Isabella crying.*]

Cla. Say you so, then 'tis time for me to look about me.

Jul.

Jul. But wilt you go out so late, Love? indeed some hurt will come to thee.

Fran. No, look ye, I go arm'd.

[Shows his Girdle round with Pistols.]
Go get you to your Chambers. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE changes to the Street.—

Enter Carlos, Antonio.

Car. I wonder, where this Man of mine should be, whom I sent this Evening with my Letter to *Julia*.
What art thou? [Enter *Guzman*, runs against *Carlos*.]

Gus. My Lord, 'tis I, your trusty Trojan, *Guzman*.
—what makes you here, Sir, so near the Door of your Mistress?

Car. To wait my Doom; what Tidings hast thou, *Guzman*?

Gus. Why Sir, I went as you directed me, to *Don Baltazar's*.

Car. And didst thou deliver it?

Gus. And the first thing I met with was old *Francisco*.

Car. So.

Gus. To whom I civilly address myself—told him, you presented your Service to him,—sent to know how his Lady and he did. Which word Lady I no sooner named, but I thought he would have saluted me with a Cudgel,—in fine, observing her behind him, whom he shelter'd all he could with his Cloke, I taking an occasion to whisper him, gave it her over his shoulder, whilst she returned some Smiles and Looks of Joy,—but for an answer, 'twas impossible to get the least sign of one.

Car. No matter, that joy was evident she wisht me one, and by the first opportunity my diligent waiting will be recompensed; but where hast thou been all this while?

Gus. Finding out the Chimney-sweeper you spoke of, Sir, and whom you ordered me to bring this Evening.

Car. And hast thou found him?

Gus. He's here, at the corner of the Street, I'll call him. [Ex. *Gus*.]
Car.

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Car. I have; *Antonio*, besides your particular Revenge, one of my own to act by this deceit, since all my Industry to see the charming *Julia* has hitherto been vain, I have resolv'd upon a new project, if this False Count pass upon 'em, as I doubt not but he will, and that he gets admittance into the House, I'll pass for one of his Domesticks.

Enter Guzman and Guillom.

Guz. Here's the Fellow, Sir.

Anto. Fellow! he may be the Devil's Fellow by his countenance.

Car. Come nearer, Friend; dost think thou canst manage a Plot well?

Guil. As any Man in *Cadix*, Sir, with good instructions.

Car. That thou shalt have, thou art apprehensive.

Guil. So, so, I have a pretty memory for mischief.

Anto. Hast thou Assurance and Courage?

Guil. To kill the honestest Man in *Spain*, if I be well paid.

Car. That thou shalt be.

Guil. I'll do't, say no more, I'll do't.

Car. But canst thou swear stoutly, and yet handsomely?

Guil. Prettily, by Nature, Sir, but with good instructions I shall improve; I thank Heaven I have Docity, or so.

Car. Thou waa'st not Confidence.

Guil. No, nor Impudence neither; how should a man live in this wicked world without that Talent?

Anto. Then know our Design is only comical, tho if you manage not Matters well, it may prove tragical to you; in fine, dost think thou canst personate a Lord?

Guil. A Lord! marry that's a hard question: but what sort of a Lord?

Car. Why, any Lord.

Guil. That I cannot do, but I can do some sort of a Lord, as some Lords are wiser than other-some; there is your witty Lord,——him I despise; your wise Lord, that is to say, your knavish Lord, him I renounce; then there's your Politick Lord, him I would have hang'd; then there's your Foolish Lord, let him follow

the

the Politician; then there's your brisk, pert, nobby Lord, and such a small insignificant Fiend I care not if I am possess'd with; I shall deal well enough with a Devil of his capacity.

Car. Very well, then there needs no more but that you go along with my man to my house, my Authority shall secure you from all the injuries that shall accrue from a discovery, but I hope none will happen: Equipage, Clothes and Money we'll furnish you with.—go home with him, and dress, and practise the Don till we come, who will give you ample instructions what to do.

Guil. And if I do not fit you with a Don better than *Don Del Phobos*, or *Don Quixote*, let me be hang'd up for the Sign of the Black Boy on my own Poles at a Spanish Inn door.

Anto. We'll be with you presently.

Guil. And if you find me not en Cavalier, say Clothes, Garniture, Points, and Feathers have lost their Power of making one.

[*Ex. Guz. and Page, and Guil.*]

Enter, opening the door, Jacinta.

Car. Hah, the Door opens, and surely 'tis a Woman that advances? dear *Antonio*, wait a little farther;—who's there?

Jac. Hah, if it should be old *Francisco* now.

Car. Let it be who it will, I'll tell my name, it cannot injure either;—I'm *Carlos*, who are you?

Jac. A thing that looks for him you name—*Jacinta*;—are you alone?

Car. Never since *Julia* did possess my heart; what news, my dearest Messenger of Love; what may I hope?—

Enter Julia.

Jul. All that the kindest Mistress can bestow, If *Carlos* loves, and still will keep his Vows.

Car. *Julia*, my Life, my Soul, what happy Stars Conspir'd to give me this dear lucky minute?

Jul. Those that conducted old *Francisco* out, And will too soon return him back again; I dare not stay to hear thy love or chiding, Both which have power to charm, since both proceed From a kind heart, that's mine.

Car.

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Car. Oh, take not this dear Body from my Arms,
For if you do, my Soul will follow it.

Jul. What wouldst thou have me do?

Car. Be wondrous kind, be lavish of thy Heart,
Be generous in thy Love, and give me all.

Jul. Oh Heavens! what mean you? I shall die with
fear.

Car. Fear! let coward Lovers fear, who love by
halves,

We that intirely love are bold in Passion,
Like Soldiers fir'd with glory dread no Danger.

Jul. But should we be unthrifty in our Loves,
And for one Moment's joy give all away,
And be hereafter damn'd to pine at distance?

Car. Mistaken Miser, Love like Money put
Into good hands increaseth every day,
Still as you trust me, still the Sum amounts:
Put me not off with promise of to morrow,
To morrow will take care for new delights,
Why shoud that rob us of a present one?

Jul. Ah *Carlos*!

How fondly do I listen to thy words,
And fain would chide, and fain wou'd boast my Virtue,
But mightier Love laughs at those poor delays;
And I should doubtless give you all your *Julia*,
Did not my fear prevent my kinder business;
—And should *Francisco* come and find me absent,
Or take thee with me, we were lost, my *Carlos*.

Car. When then, my *Julia*, shall we meet again?

Jul. You *Spaniards* are a jealous Nation,
But in this *English Spaniard* Old *Francisco*,
That mad Passion's doubled: wholly deprives him of his
Sense, and turns his Nature Brute; wou'd he but trust me
only with my Woman, I wou'd contrive some way to
see my *Carlos*.

Car. 'Tis certain, *Julia*, that thou must be mine.

Jul. Or I must die, my *Carlos*.

Anto. — I'm sure 'tis *Carlos's* voice, and with a
Woman;

[*Anto. listening advances.*]

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And tho he be my Rival but in Jest,
I have a natural curiosity to see who 'tis he entertains.

Jul. Oh Heavens! Sir, here's *Francisca*; step aside,
Lest mischief thou'd befall you. *[Runs in]*

Car. Now Love and wild Desire prompt me to kill this
happy Rival,—he's old, and can't be long in his Arrears
to Nature.—What if I paid the debt? *[Draws half way]*
One single push wou'd do't, and *Julia's* mine;—but
hang't, Adultery is a less sin than Murder, and I will wait
my Fortune.

Auto. Where are you,—Don Carlos?

Car. Who's there, *Antonio*? I took thee for my
Rival, and ten to one but I had done thy business.

Auto. I heard ye talking, and believ'd you false, and
came in hopes to get a little time to speak to *Clara* in;
hah!—*Jacinta*—

Jac. Who's there, *Antonio*? *[Peeping out of the door]*

Auto. The same; may I not speak with *Clara*?

Jac. Come in, she's here.

Car. And prithee, dear *Jacinta*, let me have one word
with *Julia* more, she need not fear surprize; just at the
door let me but kiss her hand. *[Going in.]*

Jac. I'll see if I can bring her.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. A proud ungracious Flirt,—a Lord with a Pox,
here's a fine business, I faith, that she should be her own
Carver,—well I'll home, and thunder her together
with a vengeance.

Car. Who's here? sure this is he indeed; I'll step
aside, lest my being seen give him an occasion of jealousy,
and make him affront his Wife.

[Goes aside as Fran. was going in.]
Enter Julia.

Fran. Hum, what have we here, a Woman?

Jul. Heavens! what, not gone yet, my Dear?

Fran. So, so, 'tis my confounded Wife, who expecting
some body wou'd have me gone now.

Jul. Are you not satisfied with all I've said,
With all the Vows I've made,
Which here anew, in sight of Heaven, I breathe?

Fran.

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Fran. Yes, yes, you can promise fair, but hang him that trusts ye.

Jul. Go, go, and pray be satisfied with my eternal Love.—

Fran. How fain she'd have me gone now; ah subtle Serpent! is not this plain demonstration,—I shall murder her, I find the Devil great with me. [*Aside still.*]

Jul.—What is't thou pausest on?

Fran. The wicked Dissimulation of villainous Woman. [*Aloud to her.*]

Jul. Francisco!

Fran. Oh thou Monster of Ingratitude, have I caught thee? You'd have me gone, would ye? ay, to Heaven, I believe, like a wicked Woman as you are, so you were rid of me. Go,—and be satisfy'd of my eternal love—ah, Gipsy,—no, Gentlewoman, I am a tuff bit, and will hold you tugging till your heart ake.

Jul. Why, was there such hurt in desiring you to go that you might make haste back again.—Oh my fears!

Fran. That you might receive a Lover,—'tis plain—and my Indignation's high.

Jul. Heav'n knows I meant—

Fran. Only to cuckold me a little,—get you in,—where I will swear thee by Bell, Book and Candle,—get you in, I say,—go, go,—I'll watch for your Lover, and tell him how unkind he was to stay so long, I will.—

[*Ex. Julia, he stands just in the door, Carlos advances.*]

Car. I hear no noise, sure 'twas he,—and he's gone in—

To reap those Joys he knows not how to value,
And I must languish for; I'll stay a little—perhaps
Facinta may return again, for any thing belonging to my
Julia is dear, even to my Soul.

[*Goes just to the door, Fran. bolts out on him.*]

Fran. Who's there?—what would you have?—who would you speak to?—who do you come from?—and what's your business?

Car. Hah, 'tis the Sot himself;—my name is *Carlos*.

Fran. *Carlos!* what Father of *Belzebub* sent him hither?
—a plain case;—I'll murder her out of hand.

Car.

Car. — And I wou'd speak to any body, Friend, that belongs to the fair *Clara*, — if you are any of this house.

Fran. Only the Cuckold of the house, that's all; — my name, Sir, is *Francisco*; but you, perhaps, are better acquainted with my Wife.

Car. *Francisco*, let me embrace you, my noble Brother, and chide you, that you wou'd not visit me.

[Going to embrace him, he flies off.]

Fran. And bring my Wife along with me.

Car. Both had been welcome — and all I have, you shou'd command.

Fran. For my Wife's sake — what if I shou'd pistol him now; — and I am damnably provok'd to't, had I but Courage to shoot off one.

[Aside.]

Car. Methinks you make not so kind returns as my Friendship to you, and the Alliance shall be between us, deserves.

Fran. I am something ill-bred, I confess, Sir; — 'tis dark, and if I shou'd do't no body wou'd know 'twas I.

[Aside.]

Car. I fear there's some Misunderstanding between us, pray let us go in a while, I'll talk you from your error.

[Offers to go, he gets between him and the door.]

Fran. Between us, Sir! oh Lord, not in the least, Sir, I love and honour you so heartily — I'd be content to give you to the Devil, but the noise of the Pistol wou'd discover the business.

[Aside.]

Car. Come, let's in, and talk a while.

Fran. I'm sorry I cannot do't, Sir, we are something incommoded being not at our own house.

Car. Brother, I am afraid you are a little inclined to be jealous, that will destroy all Friendship. —

Fran. So, how finely the Devil begins to insinuate!

Car. That makes a Hell of the Heav'n of Love, and those very Pains you fear, are less tormenting than that Fear; what say you, Brother, is't not so with you?

Fran. I find you wou'd have me turn a Husband of the Mode, a fine convenient Tool, one of the modern Humour, a civil Person, that understands Reason, or so; and

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and I doubt not but you would be as modest a Gallant.

Car. Ha, ha, ha.

Fran. What, do you laugh, Sir?

Car. Who can chure, to hear your Suspicions, your needles Fears. Come, come, trust your Wife's Discretion, and Modesty—and I doubt not but you will find your self—

Fran. In the Road to Heaven, whither they say all Cuckolds go—I thank you for your advice; I perceive you would willingly help me onwards of my Journey.

Car. I'm glad I know you, Sir,—farewel to you.—

Fran. No matter for that, so you know not my Wife—and so farewel to you, Sir; and, the Devil take all Cuckold-makers. [Goes out.]

SCENE, The inside of the House.

Enter Clara, Julia, Antonio, Jacinta running to 'em.

Jac. He has seen Don Carlos, and they have been in great discourse together, I cou'd not hear one word, but you'll have it at both ears anon, I'll warrant you. Ha, he's coming.

Enter Francisco.

Clara. Heavens, he must not see you here.

[To Anto.]

Jac. Here, step into Clara's Bed-chamber.

[He goes in.]

Fran. So the Plot's at last discover'd,—he was a Cavalier of his Parole.

Jul. Who speak you of?

Fran. Only the Governor, the fine young Governor, I deliver'd him the message, told him my mind, and the like.

Jul. So kind to visit us, and have you sent him away already?

Fran. Ah, Witch; already! why, have I any lodging for him?

Jul. But I am glad you brought him not in, I being so unready.

Fran. But you are always ready for him, my dear victorious Man-slayer.

Jul.

Jul. What means he, sure he has a Gad-bee in his Brain.

Fran. Satan's the Advocate—peace I say ;—so, you look as innocently now, as a little Devil of two years old, I'll warrant ;—come, come, look me full in the face—thus,—turn your nose just to mine—so—now tell me whose damnable Plot this was, to send your Gallant with his Eloquence, Querks and Conundrums, to tutor me into better manners?

Jul. Send him ! I'll answer no such idle questions.

Fran. He has taken a world of pains about your particular Chapter, and no doubt but he preach'd according to instructions ;—what say you for your self, that Judgment may not pass !

Jul. I say you're an old jealous Fool ; have I seen Don Carlos, or heard from Don Carlos, or sent to Don Carlos ? here's a-do indeed.

Fran. What made you at the door against my positive commands,—the very Street-door,—in the night,—alone,—and undrest,—this is a matter of Fact, Gentlewoman ; you hastened me away,—a plain case,—and presently after Don Carlos comes to the door,—positive proof,—sees me and falls right down upon my Jealousy,—clear conviction,—'twas pity but I had follow'd his counsel, yes, when the Devil turns student in Divinity ;—but no matter, I'll see your back fairly turn'd upon this Town to-morrow ; I'll marry my Daughter in the morning to Antonio, and a fair wind or not, we'll home ; the Gally lies ready in the Harbour—therefore prepare, pack up your tools, for you are no woman of this world.

Anto. How ! marry me to-morrow to his daughter ;—and carry his Wife from my Friend ; this misfortune must be prevented. *[Aside peeping.]*

Fran. And so, Mistress, come your ways to your Chamber.

Jul. And study how to prevent this cruel separation.

[Aside, goes out with him and Jacinta.]

Cla. Ah, Antonio, I find by that sad look of yours, you have over-heard our hasty Doom.

Ant.

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Ant. I have, and am a little surpriz'd at the suddenness of it; and I my self am the unlucky occasion of it,--- to break it off, I told my Father how scurvily *Isabella* treated me,---he thereupon sends for old *Francisco*, tells him of my complaint; and instead of disengaging my self, I find my self more undone.

Cla. What shall we do? I'm sure thou wilt not marry, but thou canst not do it and hope to go to Heaven.

Ant. No, I have one prevention left, and if that fail; I'll utterly refuse to marry her, a thing so vainly proud; the Laws of Nature or Religion, sure, can bind me to lay just and for my Fortune, 'tis my own, no Father can command it.

Cla. I know thou wilt be true, and I'll not doubt it.

Enter Jacinta.

Jac. Ah! Madam, the saddest news.

Cla. Hah! what?

Jac. Poor Gentleman, I pity you of all things in the world,---you must be forc'd---how can I utter it,--- to the most lamentable torment that ever Lover endur'd--- to remain all night in your Mistress's Chamber.

Ant. Alas, how shall I endure so great an Affliction?

Cla. And I.

Jac. Ha, ha, ha, how I am griev'd to think on't; ha, ha, ha, that you shou'd both be so hardly put to it: ha, ha, ha, for the old Gentleman has lock'd all the doors, and took the keys to bed to him,---go get you in,--- ha, ha, ha,---

Ant. Oh, my dear *Clara*, this is a blessing I could not hope.

Cla. So large a Freedom shall my Virtue prove,

I'll trust my Honour with Antonio's Love.

[They go in.

{Ex. *Jacinta* laughing.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Don Carlos in his Night-gown, Antonio and Gusman with Clothes.

Car. ALL night with *Clara* say'st thou? that was lucky; but was she kind, my friend?

Auto. As I desir'd, or Honour wou'd permit her; Nor wou'd I press her farther.

Cor. A very moderate Lover.

Auto. For some part of my Virtue, Sir, I owe to you; in midst of all my Love, even in the kindest moments of Delight, my Joys were broken by concern for you.

Julia, this day, or very suddenly leaves *Cadix*.

Car. By Heaven, and so will *Carlos* then; for I'm so resolutely bent to possess that dear Creature, That I will do't with hazard of my Life, Expence of Fortune, or what's dearer to me.

Gus. And how wou'd you reward that politick head, that shou'd contrive the means to bring this handsomly about; not for an hour, or a night, but even as long as you please, with freedom; without the danger of venturing your honourable neck, in showing Feats of Activity three stories high, with a Dagger in one hand, and a Pistol in t'other, like a Ropedancer?

Car. But how? Thou talkest of Impossibilities.

Auto. Dost think she'll e'er consent to quit her Husband?

Gus. No, Heaven forbid, I am too good a Christian to part Man and Wife; but being naturally inclined to works of Charity, I will with one project I have in this noddle of mine,—make old *Francisco* a Cuckold, accommodate my Lord and *Julia*, serve you, Sir,—and give ourselves a good Sense of Mirth.

Car. Thou amazest me.

Gus. If I do't not, send me to the Gallies; nay, and so far cure the Jealousy of the old Fellow, that from a rigid

rigid suspicious troublesome Fool, he shall become so tame and gentle a Husband, — that he shall desire you to favour him so much as to lie with his dear Wife.

Car. By what strange Witchcraft shall this be brought to pass.

Gus. E'en honest Invention, Sir, good Faith, listen and believe: — When he goes, he certainly goes by Sea, to save the charge of Mules.

Anto. Right, I heard him say so; in the Galley that lies in the Port.

Gus. Good, there is a Galley also, in the Harbour, you lately took from the *Turks*; Habits too were taken in her enough to furnish out some forty or fifty as convenient *Turks* as a man wou'd wish at the Devil.

Car. Ah, Rogue, I begin to apprehend already.

Gus. Our *Turkish* Galley thus man'd, I'll put to Sea, and about a League from Land, with a sham-fight set on that of Old *Francisco*, take it, make 'em all Slaves, clap the Old Fellow under hatches, and then you may deal with the fair Slave his Wife, as *Adam* did with *Eve*.

Car. I'm ravish'd with the thought.

Anto. But what will be the event of this?

Car. I will not look so far, but stop at the dear Joys, and fear no Fate beyond 'em.

Gus. Nay, with a little cudgelling this dull Brain of mine I shall advance it farther for the Jest-sake; — as I take it, Seignior Don *Antonio*, you have a fine Villa, within a Bow-shot of this City belonging to your self.

Anto. I have with pleasant Gardens, Grotto's, Water-works.

Car. A most admirable Scene for Love and our Designs.

Anto. 'Tis yours, Sir.

Gus. Then, Sir, when we have taken this old Fool, on whom the grossest cheat wou'd pass, much more this, which shall carry so seeming a Truth in't, he being clapt under hatches in the Dark, we'll wind round a League or two at Sea, turn in, and land at this Garden, Sir, of yours, which we'll pretend to be a Seraglio, belonging to the

Grand Seigneur; whither, in this hot part o' the year, he goes to regale himself with his She-Slaves.

Car. But the distance of Place and Time allow not such a Fallacy.

Guz. Why he never read in's life; knows neither Longitude nor Latitude, and *Constantinople* may be in the midst of *Spain* for any thing he knows; besides, his Fear will give him little leisure for thinking.

Anto. But how shall we do with the Seamen of this other Gally?

Guz. There's not above a Dozen, besides the Slaves that are chain'd to the Oar, and those Dozen, a Pistole apiece wou'd not only make 'em assist in the design, but betray it in earnest to the *Grand Seigneur*;—for them I'll undertake, the Master of it being *Pier de Sala*, your Father's old Servant, Sir.

[To Carlos.]

Anto. But possibly his mind may alter upon the Arrival of this False Count of ours?

Car. No matter, make sure of those Seamen however; that they may be ready upon occasion.

Anto. 'Tis high time for me that your Count were arriv'd, for this morning is destin'd the last of my Liberty.

Car. This Morning—Come haste and dress me—

[To Gual.]

—*Guzman*, where's our Count?

Enter Guillom dress'd fine, two great Pages and a little one following.

Guz. Coming to give you the good morrow, Sir; And shew you how well he looks the Part.

Car. Good day to your Lordship—

[Bowings.]

Guil. Morrow, morrow, Friend.

Anto. My Lord, your most humble Servant.

Guil. Thank you, Friend, thank you; Page, Boy—what's a Clock, Sirrah?

Page. About Eight, my Lord.

Anto. Your Lordship's early up.

Guil. My Stomach was before me, Friend; and I'm damnable hungry; 'tis strange how a man's Appetite increaseth with his Greatness; I'll swinge it away now I'm a Lord,—then I will wench without Mercy; I'm resolv'd

to

to spare neither Man, Woman, nor Child, not I; hey Rogues, Rascals, Boys, my Breakfast, quickly Dogs—let me see, what shall I have now that's rare?

Page. What will your Honour please to have?

Gail. A small rather of delicate Bacon, Sirrah—of about a Pound, or two, with a small Morfel of Bread—round the Loaf, d'ye hear quickly, Slaves.

Ant. That's gross meat, Sir, a pair of Quails—or—

Gail. I thank you for that, i'faith, take your Don again, an you please, I'll not be starv'd for ne'er a Don in Christendom.

Ant. But you must study to refine your Manners a little.

Gail. Manners! you shall pardon me for that; as if a Lord had not more privilege to be more saucy, more rude, impertinent, slovenly and foolish than the rest of his Neighbours, or Mankind.

Car. Ay, ay, 'tis great.

Gail. Your saucy Rudeness, in a Grandee, is Freedom; your Impertinence, Wit; your Sloven, carelessness; and your Fool good-natur'd; at least they shall pass so in me, I'll warrant ye.

Car. Well, you have your full Instructions; your Baggage, Bills and Letters, from *Ottavio* the *Sevilian* Merchant.

Gus. All, all, Sir, are ready, and his Lordship's breakfast waits.

Car. Which ended, we advance,
Just when *Aurora* rose from *Thetis'* Bed,
Where he had wantoned a short Summer's night,
Harnes'd his bright hoov'd Horses to begin
His gilded course about the Firmament.

Out sallied Don *Gulielmo Rodorigo de Chimney Sweeperio*, and so forth. Gad this adventure of ours will be worthy to be sung in Heroick Rhime: Doggerel, before we have finish'd it; Come—

[Goes out.]

Gail. Hey, Rogues, Rascals, Boys, follow me just behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Clara and Jacinta.

Jac. Nay I knew he would be civil, Madam, or I would have born you Company; but neither my Mistress nor I, could sleep one wink all Night, for fear of a Discovery in the Morning; and, to save the poor Gentleman a tumbling Cast from the Window, my Mistress, just at day-break, feigned her self wondrous sick,—I was called, desired to go to Seignior *Spadillo's* the Apothecary's, at the next Door, for a Cordial; and so he slept out:—but the Story of this false Count pleases me extremely, and, if it should take, Lord what mirth we should have. Ha, ha, ha, I can't forbear with the thoughts on't.

Cl. And to see the Governor his Man?

Jac. Ah, what a Jest that would be too—Ha, ha, ha! but here comes *Isabella*; let's puff up her Pride with Flatteries on her Beauty.

Enter Isabella looking in a Glass, and seeing her Face.

Isa. Ah, Heavens, those Eyes—that Look,—that pretty Leer,—that my Father shou'd be so doating an old Fool to think these Beauties fit for a little Merchandize; a Marchioness wou'd so much better become me.

[*Looks again.*]

—Ah, what a Smile's there—and then that scornful Look—'tis great—Heavens who's here? [*Sees them.*]

Cl. Only those Friends that wish you better Fortune than this day promises.

Jac. Look on that Face; are there not Lines that foretel a world of Greatness, and promise much Honour?

Cl. Her Face, her Shape, her Mien, her every part, declares her Lady—or something more.

Isa. Why so, and yet this little Creature of a Father, ridiculously and unambitious, would spoil this Lady, to make up a simple Citizen's Wife—in good time.

Jac. That very look had some prefaging Grandeur.

Isa. Do you think so, *Jacinta*? Ha, ha, ha.

Jac.

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Jac. That Laugh again, oh Heavens, how it charms !

Cla. And how graceful 'tis V.

Jac. Ah, nothing but a great gilt Coach will become it.

Cla. With six *Spanish* Mares.—

Jac. And embroidered Trappings.

Cla. With four Lackeys.

Jac. And a Page at the tail on't.

Cla. She's evidently design'd for a Person of Quality.

Isa. Besides I have so natural an Inclination for a Don, that if my Father do force me to marry this small Creature of a Merchant, I shall make an Intrigue with some body of Quality.

Cla. Cou'd you but manage it well, and keep it from Antonio.

Isa. Keep it from Antonio,——is it think you for a little silly Cit, to complain when a Don does him the Honour to visit his Lady? Marry that were pretty.

Enter Francisco, and Lopez.

Fran. How, a Count to speak with me! with me, I say,——here at *Cadiz*.

Lop. A Count, Sir, and to speak with you.

Fran. Art sure 'tis not the Governor?——I'll go lock up my Wife.

Lop. Governor, Sir! No, no, 'tis a mere Stranger, Sir, a rare Count whom I never saw all days of my life before.

Fran. And with me wou'd he speak? I hope he comes not to my Wife.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Oh Husband, the delicatest fine Person of Quality, just alighted at the Door, Husband.

Fran. What, have you seen him then? the Devil's in these Women, and there be but a Loop-hole to peep out of they'll spy a man,——I'm resolved to see this thing,——go, retire you Women, here's Men coming up.

Isa. And will Men eat us?

Fran. No, but they may do worse, they may look on ye, and Looking breeds Liking: and Liking, Love; and Love a damn'd thing, call'd Desire; and Desire begets the

the Devil and all of Mischief to young Wenchies—Get ye gone in, I say—here's a Lord coming—and Lords are plaggy things to Women.

Isa. How, a Lord! oh, heavens! *Jacinta*, my Fan, and set my Hair in order, oh the Gods! I would not but see a Lord for all the World! how my Heart beats already—keeps your Distance behind, *Jacinta*,—blest me how I tremble—a little farther, *Jacinta*.

Fran. Come, come Hufwife, you shall be married anon, and then let your Husband have the plague of you—but for my Gentlewoman,—Oh Lord—they're here.

Enter Guilhem, Carlos, and Pages, &c.

Guil. How now, Fellow, where's this old Don *Francisco*?

Fran. I'm the Person, Sir.

Isa. Heavens, what an Air he has!

Guil. Art thou he? Old Lad, how dost thou do? Hah!

Fran. I don't know.

Guil. Thou knowest me not it seems, old Fellow, hah!

Fran. Know you,—no, nor desire to do,—on what acquaintance pray?

Guil. By Instinct; such as you ought to know a Person of Quality, and pay your Civilities naturally; in *France*, where I have travel'd, so much good manners is used, your Citizen pulls off his hat, thus—to every Horse of Quality, and every Coach of Quality; and do you pay my proper Person no more respect, hah!

Isa. What a Dishonour's this to me, to have so dull a Father, that needs to be instructed in his Duty.

Guil. But, Sir, to open the eyes of your understanding—here's a Letter to you, from your Correspondent a Merchant of *Sevil*.

[*Gives him a dirty Letter which he wipes on his Cloke and reads, and begins to pull off his hat, and reading on bows lower and lower till he have finish'd it.*]

Fran. Cry Mercy, my Lord,—and yet I wou'd he were a thousand Leagues off.

Guil.

Guil. I have Bills of Exchange too, directed to thee, old Fellow, at *Sevil*; but finding thee not there, and (as most Persons of my Quality are) being something idle, and never out of my way, came to this Town, to seek thee, Fellow, being recommended as thou seest here, old Vermin, here. [*Gives him Bills*]

Isa. Ah what a graceful Mein he has! how fine his Conversation! ah the difference between him and a filthy Citizen!

Jul. *Clara* has told me all. [*Jac whispering to Jul.*]

Car. That's she in the middle; stand looking on her languishingly, your head a little on one side, so, fold your Arms, good, now, and then heave your breast with a sigh, most excellent. [*He groans.*]

Fran. Bills for so many thousands.

Jac. He has you in his eye already.

Isa. Ah, *Jacinta*, thou flatterest me.

Jac. Return him some kind looks in pity. [*She sets her Eyes, and bows, &c.*]

Car. That other's my Mistress, couldst thou but keep this old Fellow in discourse whilst I give her the sign, to retire a little.

Guil. I'll warrant you. I'll banter him till you have cuckolded him, if you manage matters as well as I.

Fran. My Lord, I ask your pardon for my rudeness, in not knowing you before, which I ought to have done in good manners I confess; who the Devil does he stare at? Wife, I command you to withdraw, upon pain of our high displeasure. My Lord, I shall dispatch your affairs, he minds me not, Ay, 'tis my Wife, I say, Minion, be gone, your Bills, My Lord, are good, and I accept 'em; why a Devil he minds me not yet, [*Julia goes to other side to Carlos.*] not yet, and tho I am not at my proper home, I am where I can command Money—hum, sure 'tis my Daughter, Ay, ay, 'tis so, how if he should be smitten now; the plaguy Jade had sure the Spirit of Prophecy in her; 'tis so—'tis she—my Lord.

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Guil. Prithee, old Fellow, Peace,——— I am in love.

Fran. In love,——— what, shall I be the Father of a Lord? wou'd it become me, think ye?—he's mighty full of Cogitabund—my Lord,———sure his Soul has left the Tenement of his Body———I have his Bills here, and care not if it never return more. [*Looks over the Bills.*]

Car. Dear *Julia*, let's retire, our time's but short.

Jul. I dare not with you, the venture wou'd be too bold in a young beginner in the Thefts of Love.

Guil. Her Eyes are Suns by *Jove*.

Car. Oh, nothing is so venturous as Love, if it be true.

Guil. Or else, two Morning Stars,
All other Beauties are but Soot to her.

Jul. But shou'd my Husband——

Car. He's safe for one dear half hour, I'll warrant you, come.

Fran. Um———my Wife here still, must I begin to thunder.

Jul. Lord, and you be so forward, I'll be gone.———

Car. So, her Husband, kind heart, lest she should be cruel, has himself given me the dear opportunity.———

[*Aside.*]

—Be sure you keep the old Fellow in discourse awhile.

Guil. Be you as sure to cuckold him.———

[*Ex. Car. and Jul.*]

—Old Fellow,—prithee what Person of Quality is that?

Fran. Person of Quality! alas my Lord, 'tis a silly Citizen's Daughter.

Guil. A Citizens! what clod of Earth cou'd bring forth such a Beauty?

Fran. Alas, my Lord, I am that clod of Earth, and to Earth, if you call it so, she must return again, for she's to be married to a Citizen this Morning.

Guil. Oh! I am doubly wounded, first with her harmonious Eyes,
Who've fir'd my Heart to that degree,
No Chimney ever burnt like me.
Fair Lady,——suffer the Broom of my Affection to sweep
all other Lovers from your heart

I/a.

Isa. Ah, my Lord, name it not, I'm this day to be married.

Guil. To day!—name me the Man; Man, did I say? the Monster, that dares lay claim to her. I deign to love,—none answer me,—I'll make him smother by *Walton*—and all the rest of the Goddeffes.

Fran. Bless me what a furious thing this Love is?

Guil. By this Bright Swood, that is foused to slaughter, he dies; [*Draws.*] old Fellow, say—the Paltroon's name.

Fran. Oh fearful—alas, dread Sir!

Isa. Ah! sheathe your Sword, and calm your generous Rage.

Guil. I cannot brook a Rival in my Love, the rustling Pole of my Affection is too strong to be resisted.

[*Runs raging up and down the Stage with his Sword in his hand.*]

Isa. I cannot think, my Lord, so mean a Beauty can so suddenly charm a Heart so great as yours.

Guil. Oh! you're mistaken, as soon as I cast my eyes upon the Full-moon of your Countenance, I was struck blind and dumb.

Fran. Ay, and deaf too, I'll be sworn, he could neither hear, see nor understand; this Love's a miraculous thing.

Guil. And that Minute, the most renown'd Don *Guilmo Rodrigo de Chimeny Sweperio*, became your Gally-Slave,—I say no more, but that I do love,—and I will love,—and that if you are but half so willing as I, I will dub you, Viscountess de *Chimeny Sweperio*.

Isa. I am in Heaven, ah! I die, *Jacinta*.

How can I credit this, that am so much unworthy?

Guil. I'll do't, say no more, I'll do't.

Fran. Do't, but my Lord, and with what face can I put off Seignior *Antonio*, hum.

Guil.—*Antonio*,—hy, Pages, give order that *Antonio* be instantly run thro the Lungs—d'ye hear?

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord! run thro the Lungs!

Page. It shall be done, my Lord! but what *Antonio*?

Guil. Why any *Antonio*; all the *Antonio's* that you find in *Cadiz*.

Fran. Oh, what bloody-minded Monsters these Lords are!—But, my Lord, I'll ne'er give you the trouble of killing him, I'll put him off with a handsome Compliment; as thus,—Why, look ye, Friend *Antonio*, the business is this, my Daughter *Isabella* may marry a Lord, and you may go fiddle.—

Guil. Ay, that's civil,—and if he do not desist, I'll unpeople *Spain* but I'll kill him; for, Madam, I'll tell you what happened to me in the Court of *France*—there was a Lady in the Court in love with me,—she took a liking to my Person which—I think,—you will confefs—

Isa. To be the most accomplisht in the World.

Guil. I had some sixscore Rivals, they all took Snuff; that is, were angry—at which I smiled;—they were incensed; at which I laugh'd, ha, ha, ha,—i'faith; they rag'd, I—when I met 'em,—Cockt, thus—
en passant—jostled 'em—thus,— [Overthrows *Fran.*
They turn'd and frown'd,—thus,—I drew.—

Fran. What, on all the sixscore my Lord?

Guil. All, all; fa, fa, quoth I, fa fa fa, fa fa fa.

[Fences him round the Stage.

Fran. Hold, hold, my Lord, I am none of the sixscore.

Guil. And run 'em all thro the Body!

Fran. Oh Heavens! and kill'd 'em all.

Guil. Not a Man,—only run 'em thro the body a little, that's all, my two Boys were by, my Pages here.

Isa. Is it the fashion, Sir, to be attended by Pages so big?

Guil. Pages of Honour always;—these were stunted at nurse, or they had been good proper Fellows.

Fran. I am so frighted with this relation, that I must up to my Wife's Chamber for a little of that strong Cordial that recovered her this morning.

[Going out *Guil.* slays him.

Guil. Why, I'll tell you Sir, what an odd sort of a Wound I received in a Duel the other day,—nay, Ladies,

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Isa. Shew it you ; in a very odd place—in my back parts.
[Goes to untuck his Breeches, the Ladies squeak.]

Isa. Ah.

Page. Shew a Wound behind, Sir ! the Ladies will think you are a Coward.

Guil. Peace Child, peace, the Ladies understand Dueling as little as my self ; but, since you are so tender-hearted, Ladies, I'll not shew my wound ; but faith, it spoiled my dancing.

[Page comes in.]

Page. My Lord, now you talk of dancing, here's your Baggage brought from a-board the Gally by your Seamen, who us'd to entertain you with their rustick Sports.

Guil. Very well ; Sir, with your permission, I am resolved whether you will or no, to give the Ladies some divertisement,—bid 'em come in ; nay, Sir, you stir not.

[Ex. Page.]

'Tis for your delight, Sir, I do't ; for Sir, you must understand, a Man, if he have any thing in him, Sir, of Honour, for the case, Sir, lies thus, 'tis not the business of an Army to droll upon an Enemy—truth is, every man loves a whole skin ;——but 'twas the fault of the best Statesmen in Christendom to be loose in the hilts ;——you conceive me.

Fran. Very well, my Lord, I'll swear he's a rare spoken man ;——why, what a Son-in-law shall I have ? I have a little business, my Lord, but I'll wait on you presently.

[Going out.]

Guil. Sir, there is nothing like your true jest ; a thing once well done, is twice done, and I am the happiest Man in the World in your Alliance ; for, Sir, a Nobleman if he have any tolerable parts,——is a thing much above the Vulgar ;——oh,——here comes the Dancers.

Enter Dancers.

Come, sit down by me.

Fran. 'Tis my duty to stand, my Lord.

Guil. Nay, you shall sit.

[They dance.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Good day, Sir, I hope you will not chide my tardiness, I have a little overslept my self, and am ashamed to see my lovely Bride, and all this worthy Company attend.

—But

But you fair Creature—— [To Isabella.
Isa. No marrying to day, Sir.
Fran. No, Sir, no marrying to day.
Ant. How do I dream, or hear this from *Francisco* !
Guil. How now Fellow, what art thou ?
Ant. The Husband of that proud disdainful Woman.
Guil. Another word like that——and thou art——
Ant. What, Sir ?
Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my Lord ! *Antonio*, I must tell you, you're uncivil.
Guil. Dost know, dull Mortal, that I am a Lord, And *Isabella* my adopted Lady.
Ant. I beg your pardon, Sir, if it be so, poor Mortals can but grieve in silence.
Guil. Alas poor Mortal !
Ant. But, for you, *Francisco*.
Fran. Ah, dear *Antonio*, I vow and swear I cannot chuse but weep to lose thee ; but my Daughter was born for a Lady, and none can help their destiny.
Ant. And is it possible thou canst use me thus ? [To *Isa.*
Isa. Take away that little Fellow ; in pity of your life, I deign to bid you withdraw and be safe.
Guil. D'y'e hear, hah ?——this Lady has beg'd your life.
Ant. Beg'd my Life !
Guil. Vile Wretch, dar'st thou retort ? [Draws, the Women hold him.
Fran. Oh, hold, hold, my noble Son-in-law, he shall do any thing ;——dear *Antonio*, consider, I was never Father to a Lord all days of my Life before :——my Lord, be pacified, my Daughter shall be a Lady.
Isa. For my sake spare him, and be Friends with him, as far as you may deign to be with a little Citizen.
Guil. Fellow, I forgive thee,——here's my hand to kifs in sign and token I am appeased. [Gives him his hand to kifs, 'tis all black.
Ant. A Fox of his honourable hand, 't had like to have spoiled all,——well, since it must be so I am content.

Guil.

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Guil. So, now Peace is concluded on, on all sides, what shall we do to day besides eating and drinking in abundance ; for to morrow I shall get my self in order for my Marriage.

Clar. What thinks your Honour of taking the Air upon the Sea, in a Galley, a League or two?

Guil. With Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets, Westphalia hams and Pidgeons, and the like: Hey Rogues, Scoundrels, Dogs.

Isa. Ah, how fine is every Action of a great Man!

Guil. Command a Galley to attend us presently,

—You shall along, old Boy.

Fran. Alas, I must stay at home with my Wife, my Lord. [To Fran.]

Guil. A Wife! have I a Mother-in-law too?—she must along with us, and take a frisk,—no denial.

Enter Carlos.

—Oh, are you come?

[Aside.]

Car. Yes, and thank thee for the best moment of my Life—

Hast thou contrived the Voyage then?

Guil. Take no care—come haste on board—our Honour will not lose the Fresco of the Morning,—Follow me, Pages.

Page. At your heels, my Lord—

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter, as aboard the Ship, Guillom, Isabella, Francisco, Julia, Antonio, Clara, Jacinta, Pedro and his Wife, Pages.

Guil. LADIES and Gentlemen, you are very welcome aboard—Come put off to Sea, Rogues, Scoundrels, Tarpaulins, to your Business, and then, every man his Bottle,—hey Page, Rogues, where are my Men? Come, spread the Table—for we are very hungry.

Isa.

Isa. Heav'ns, what a peculiar Grace there is in every word that comes from the Mouth of a Cavalier.

Guil. By *Mars* the God of Love !

Page. By *Cupid*, Sir,

[*Aside to him.*

Guil. Cupid, Sirrah ! I say, I'll have it *Mars*, there's more Thunder in the Sound : I say, by *Mars*, these Gallies are pretty neat convenient Tenements—but a—I see ne'er a Chimney in 'em ;—Pox on't, what have I to do with a Chimney now ?

Isa. He is a delicate fine Person, *facinto* ; but, methinks he does not make Love enough to me.

Jac. Oh, Madam, Persons of his Quality never make Love in Words, the greatness of their Actions show their Passion.

Isa. Ay, 'tis true all the little Fellows talk of Love.

Guil. Come, Ladies, set ; Come *Isabella*, you are melancholy,—Page—Fill my Lady a Beer-glass.

Isa. Ah, Heav'ns, a Beer-glass.

Guil. O your Viscountess never drinks under your Beer-glass, your Citizens Wives sipper and sip, and will be drunk without doing Credit to the Treater ; but in their Closets, they swinge it away, whole Slashes it faith, and egad, when a Woman drinks by her self, Glasses come thick about ; your Gentlewoman, or your little Lady, drinks half way, and thinks in point of good manners, she must leave some at the bottom ; but your true bred Woman of Honour drinks all, *Supernaculum* by *Jove*.

Isa. What a misfortune it was, that I should not know this before, but shou'd discover my want of so necessary a piece of Grandeur.

Jac. And nothing, but being fuddled, will redeem her Credit.

Guil. Come—fall to, old Boy,—thou art not merry ; what have we none that can give us a Song ?

Ant. Oh Sir, we have an Artist aboard I'll assure you ; Signior *Cashier*, shall I beg the favour of you to shew your Skill ?

Pet. Sir, my Wife and I'm at your service.

Guil. Friend, what Language can you sing ?

Pet.

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Pet. Oh, Sir, your Singers speak all Languages.

Guil. Say'st thou so, prithee then let's have a touch of Heathen *Greek*.

Pet. That you shall Sir, Sol la me fa sol, &c.

Fran. Hum, I think this is indeed Heathen *Greek*. I'm sure 'tis so to me.

Guil. Ay, that may be, but I understand every word on't.

Fran. Good lack, these Lords are very learned Men.

Pet. Now, Sir, you shall hear one of another Language from my Wife and I. [*Sing a Dialogue in French.*]

Enter the Captain.

Capt. Well, Gentlemen, tho the news be something unpleasant that I bring, yet to noble minds 'tis sport and pastime.

Guil. Hah, Fellow! What's that that's sport and pastime to noble minds.

Fran. Oh Lord, no goodnews I'll warrant.

Capt. But, Gentlemen, pluck up your Spirits, be bold and resolute.

Fran. Oh Lord, bold and resolute! why what's the matter, Captain?

Capt. You are old, Seignior, and we expect no good from you but Prayers to Heaven?

Fran. Oh Lord, Prayers to Heaven! Why I hope, Captain, we have no need to think of Heaven.

Capt. At your own Peril be it then, Seignior, for the *Turks* are coming upon us.

Fran. Oh Lord, *Turks, Turks!*

Guil. *Turks*, oh is that all? [*Falls to eating.*]

Fran. All—why they'll make Eunuchs of us, my Lord, Eunuchs of us poor men, and lie with all our Wives.

Guil. Shaw that's nothing, 'tis good for the Voice.—how sweetly we shall sing, ta, la, ta la la, ta la, &c.

Fran. Ay, 'twill make you sing another note, I'll warrant you.

Enter a Seaman.

Sea. For Heaven's sake, Sirs, do not stand idle here; Gentlemen, if you would save your lives,—draw, and defend 'em.

[*Exit.*
Fran.]

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Fran. Draw! I never drew any thing in my Life, but my Purse, and that most damnably against my will; oh, what shall I do?

Enter Captain.

Capt. Ah, my Lord, they bear up briskly to us, with a fresh Gale and full Sails.

Fran. Oh, dear Captain, let us tack about and go home again.

Capt. 'Tis impossible to scape, we must fight it out.

Fran. Fight it out! oh I'm not able to indure it,—why, what the Devil made me a ship-board?

[Ex. Cap.]

Guil. Why, were be these *Turks*? Set me to 'em, I'll make 'em smoke, Dogs, to dare attack a man of Quality.

Isa. Oh, the Insolence of these *Turks*! do they know who's aboard? For Heaven's sake, my Lord, do not expose your noble Person.

Guil. What, not fight?—Not fight! A Lord, and not fight? Shall I submit to Fetters, and see my Mistress ravish'd by any great *Turk* in Christendom, and not fight?

Isa. I'd rather be ravish'd a thousand times, than you should venture your Person. *[Seamen shout within.]*

Fran. Ay I dare swear.

Enter Seaman.

Sea. Ah, Sirs, what mean you? Come on the Deck for shame.

Ant. My Lord, let us not tamely fall, there's danger near. *[Draws.]*

Guil. Ay, ay, there's never smoke, but there's some fire—Come let's away—ta la, tan ta la, la la, &c. *[Draws.]*

[Exit singing, and Antonio and Pet.]

Fran. A Pox of all Lords, I say, you must be janting in the Devil's name, and God's dry Ground wou'd not serve your turn. *[Shout here.]*

Oh how they thunder! What shall I do!—oh for some Auger-hole to thrust my head into, for I could never indure the noise of Cannons,—oh 'tis insupportable,—intolerable—and not to be indur'd.

[Running as mad about the Stage.]
Isa.

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I/a. Dear Father, be not so frightened. [*Weeps.*]

Fran. Ah, Crocodile, wou'd thou hadst wept thy Eyes out long ago, that thou hadst never seen this Count; then he had never lov'd thee, and then we had never been invited a ship-board. [*A noise of fighting.*]

Enter Guilom, Pet. and Antonio, *driven in fighting by* Guzman and other Turks.

Ant. Ah, Sir, the *Turks* have boarded us, we're lost, we're lost.

Fran. Oh, I am slain, I'm slain. [*Falls down.*]

Guil. Hold, hold, I say, you are now in the presence of Ladies, and 'tis uncivil to fight before Ladies.

Guz. Yield then, you are our Slaves.

Guil. Slaves, no Sir, we're Slaves to none but the Ladies. [*Offers to fight.*]

I/a. Oh hold, rude man, —d'ye know whom you encounter?

Guz. What's here—one dead—[*Looking on Francisco.*]

Fran. Oh, Lord!

Guz. Ot, if he be not, he's old, and past service, we'll kill the Christian Dog out of the way.

Fran. Oh, hold, hold, I'm no Christian, Gentlemen; but as errant a Heathen as your selves.

Guz. Bind him strait, neck and heels, and clap him under hatches.

Jul. Oh, spare him, Sir, look on his Reverend Age.

Guz. For your sake, Lady, much may be done, we've need of handfom Women.

[*Gives her to some Turks that are by.*]

Fran. Hah, —my Wife! My Wife ravish'd — oh, I'm dead.

Jul. Fear not, my dear, I'll rather die than do thee wrong.

Fran. Wou'd she wou'd, quickly, —then there's her Honour sav'd, and her Ransom, which is better.

Guz. Down with the muttering Dog; [*He descends.*]

—And take the Ladies to several Cabins.

[*The Turks take hold of the Men.*]

I/a. Must we be parted then? —ah, cruel Destiny!

[*Weeps.*]

Guil.

Guil. Alas ! this Separation's worse than Death.

Isa. You possibly may see some *Turkish* Ladies, that may insnare your Heart, and make you faithless ;—— but I, ah Heavens ! if ever I change my Love, may I become deformed, and lose all hopes of Title or of Grandure.

Guil. But should the *Grand Seignior* behold thy Beauty, thou wou'dst despise thine own dear hony Viscount to be a *Sultana*.

Isa. A *Sultana*, what's that ?

Guil. Why, 'tis a she great *Turk*, a Queen of Turkey.

Isa. These dear expressions go to my Heart. [*Weeps.* And yet a *Sultana* is a tempting thing— [*Aside smiling.* —And you shall find your *Isabella* true,—tho the *Grand Seignior* would lay his Crown at my feet,—wou'd he wou'd try me tho—Heavens ! to be Queen of Turkey.

[*Aside.*

Guil. May I believe thee,—but when thou see'st the difference, alas, I am but a Chimney —hum, nothing to a great *Turk*.

Isa. Is he so rare a thing?——Oh that I were a she great *Turk*. [*Aside.*

Gus. Come, come, we can't attend your amorous Parleys. [*Parts 'em.*

Ful. Alas, what shall we poor Women do? [*Ex. Men.*

Isa. We must e'en have patience, Madam, and be ravisht.

Cla. Ravisht ! Heavens forbid.

Ful. An please the Lord, I'll let my nails grow against that direful day.

Isa. And so will I, for I'm resolv'd none should ravish me but the great *Turk*.

Gus. Come, Ladies, you are Dishes to be serv'd up to the board of the *Grand Seignior*.

Isa. Why, will he eat us all ?

Gus. A slice of each, perhaps, as he finds his Appetite inclin'd.

Isa. A slice, uncivil Fellow,—as if this Beauty were for a bit and away ;——Sir, a word,—if you will do me the favour, to recommend me to be first served up to the
the

the *Grand Seigneur*, I shall remember the Civility when I am great.

Guz. Lady, he is his own Carver, a good word by the bye, or so, will do well, and I am—a Favorite—

Isa. Are you so? here, take this Jewel, —in earnest of greater Favours—

[*Gives him a Jewel.*]

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Don Carlos and Lopez.

Car. But, why so near the Land? by Heaven I saw each action of the Fight, from yonder grove of Jessamine; and doubtless all beheld it from the Town.

Lop. The Captain, Sir, design'd it so, and at the Harbour gave it out those two Gallies were purposely prepared to entertain the Count and the Ladies with the representation of a Sea-fight; lest the noise of the Guns should alarm the Town, and, taking it for a real fight, shou'd have sent out Supplies, and so have ruin'd our Designs.

Car. Well, have we all things in readiness?

Lop. All, Sir, all.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, a Barge from the Galley is just arriv'd at the Garden Stairs.

Enter Guzman.

Car. I'll retire then, and fit me for my part of this Farce.

Guz. My Lord, you must retire, they're just bringing the old Gentleman ashore.

Car. Prithee how does he take his Captivity?

Guz. Take it, Sir! he has cast himself into a Fit, and has lain like one in a Trance this half hour; 'tis impossible for him to speak Sense this fortnight; I'll secure his Reason a play-day for so long at least; your Servants, in *Turkish* habits, are now his Guards, who will keep him safe enough from hindering your designs with *Julia*.

Car. Whatever you do, have a care you do not over-fright the Coxcomb, and make a Tragedy of our Comedy.

Guz.

Gus. I'll warrant you, Sir, mind your Love-affairs ;—he's coming in,——retire, Sir.——

[*Ex. Car. and Page and Lop.*

Enter some Turks with Francisco in chains, and lay him down on a Bank.

1 Turk. Christian, so ho ho, Slave awake.——

[*Rubbing and calling him.*

Fran. Hah ! where am I ?——my Wife,——my Wife

——where am I ?——hah ! what are you ?——

Ghosts,——Devils,——Mutes,——no answer !——

hah, bound in chains,——Slaves, where am I ?

1 Turk. They understand not your Language ; but I, who am a *Renegado Spaniard*, understand you when you speak civilly, which I advise you to do.

Fran. Do you know me, Friend ?

1 Turk. I know you to be a Slave, and the great *Turk's* Slave too.

Fran. The Great *Turk*,——the Great Devil, why where am I, Friend ?

1 Turk. Within the Territories of the Grand Seignior, and this a Palace of Pleasure, where he recreates himself with his Mistresses.

Fran. And how far is that from *Cadiz* ?——but what care I ? my Wife, Friend, my own Wife.

1 Turk. Your own,——a true Musselman could have said no more ; but take no care for her, she's provided for.

Fran. Is she dead ? That wou'd be some comfort.

1 Turk. No, she's alive, and in good hands.

Fran. And in good hands ! oh, my head ! and, oh my heart ! ten thousand tempests burst the belly of this day, wherein old *Francisco* ventur'd Life and Limbs, Liberty and Wife to the mercy of these Heathen *Turks*.

1 Turk. Friend, you need not thus complain ; a good round Ransom redeems ye.

Fran. A round Ransom ! I'll rot in my chains first, before I'll part with a round ransom.

1 Turk. You have a fair Wife, and need not fear good usage, if she knows how to be kind. You apprehend me.

Fran. Patience, good Lord.

1 Turk.

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1 Turk. Perhaps the Grand Seignior may like her, and to be favour'd by him is such a Glory——

Fran. As the Devil take me if I desire.

1 Turk. And then you may in triumph laugh at all the rest of your Brother Cuckolds.

Fran. Hum, and has the Devil serv'd me thus!—— but no matter, I must be gadding, like an old Coxcomb, to *Cadia*,—and then, jaunting to Sea, with a Pox, to take pains to be a Cuckold, to bring my Wife into a strange Land, amongst Unbelievers, with a vengeance, as if we had not honest Christian Cuckold-makers enough at home; So that I was, not to consider how many Merchants have been undone by trusting their Commodities out at Sea; why, what a damn'd ransom will the Rogues exact from me, and more for my Wife, because she's handsome; and then, 'tis ten to one, I have her turned upon my hands the worse for wearing; oh, damn'd Infidels! no, 'tis resolv'd, I'll live a Slave here, rather than enrich them.

1 Turk. Friend, you'll know your Destiny presently; for 'tis the custom of the Great *Turk* to view the Captives, and consider of their Ransoms and Liberties, according to his pleasure. See he is coming forth with the *Visier Bassa*.

Enter Carlos and Gusman as Turks with Followers.
Most mighty Emperour, behold your Captive.

Fran. Is this the Great *Turk*?

1 Turk. Peace.

Fran. Bless me! as we at home describe him; I thought the Great *Turk* had been twice as big; but I shall find him Tyrant big enough, I'll warrant him.

Gus. Of what Nation art thou, Slave? speak to the Emperour, he understands thee, tho he deign not to hold discourse with Christian Dogs.

Fran. Oh fearful!—*Spain*, so please you, Sir.

Gus. By *Mahomet*, he'll make a reverend Eunuch.

Fran. An Eunuch! oh, Lord!

1 Turk. Ay, Sir, to guard his Mistresses, 'tis an honour.

Fran. Oh! Mercy, Sir, that honour you may spare, Age has done my business already.

Gus. Fellow, what art?

Fran.

Fran. An't please your Worship, I cannot tell.

Gus. How, not tell?

Fran. An't please your Lordship, my Fears have so transform'd me, I cannot tell whether I'm any thing or nothing.

Gus. Thy Name, dull Mortal, know'st thou not that?

Fran. An't please your Grace, now I remember me, methinks I do.

Gus. Dog, how art thou call'd?

Fran. An't like your Excellence, Men call'd me Seignior Don *Francisco*, but now they will call me Coxcomb.

Gus. Of what Trade?

Fran. An't please your Highness, a Gentleman.

Gus. How much dost thou get a day by that Trade? Hah!

Fran. An't like your Majesty, our Gentlemen never get but twice in all their lives; that is, when Fathers die, they get good Estates; and when they marry, they get rich Wives: but I know what your Mightiness would get by going into my Country and asking the Question.

Gus. What, Fool?

Fran. A good Cudgelling, an't please your Illustriousness.

Gus. Slave! To my Face!—Take him away, and let him have the Strapado.

Car. Baradama Dermack.

Fran. Heavens, what says he?

1 Turk. He means to have you castrated.

Fran. Castrated! Oh that's some dreadful thing I'll warrant,—Gracious Great *Turk*, for *Mahomet's* sake, excuse me; alas, I've lost my wits.

Car. Galero Gardines?

Gus. The Emperor asks if thou art married, Fellow.

Fran. Hah—Married—I was, an't like your Monstrousness, but, I doubt, your People have spoiled my Property.

Gus. His Wife, with other Ladies, in a Pavillion in the Garden, attend your Royal pleasure.

Car. Go, fetch her hither presently.

[*Ex. Gus.*

1 Turk.

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Turk. This is no common Honour, that the Great *Turk* deigns to speak your Language; 'tis a sign you'll ~~live~~.

Fran. Yes, by the height of a pair of Horns.

Car. Is she handfom?

Fran. Oh, what an Ague shakes my Heart,——handfom! alas, no, dread Sir; what shou'd such a deform'd Polecat as I do with a handfom Wife?

Car. Is she young?

Fran. Young,—what shou'd such an old doting Coxcomb as I do with a young Wife! Pox on him for a Hea-then Whoremaster.

Car. Old is she then?

Fran. Ay, very old, an't please your Gloriousness.

Car. Is she not capable of Love?

Fran. Hum, so so,—like Fire conceal'd in a Tinder-box,—I shall run mad.

Car. Is she witty?

Fran. I'm no competent Judge, an't like your Holiness,——This Catechism was certainly of the Devil's own making. [*Aside.*

Enter Guzman, *bringing in* Julia, Clara, Isabella, Jacinta, Guiliom, Antonio, &c., *Women veil'd.*

Car. These, Sir, are all the Slaves of Note are taken.

Isa. Dost think, *Jacinta*, he'll chuse me?

Jac. I'll warrant you, Madam, if he looks with my Eyes.

Gus. Stand forth.

[*To the Men.*

Guil. Stand forth, Sir! why, so I can, Sir, I dare show my Face, Sir, before any Great *Turk* in Christendom.

Car. What are you, Sir?

Guil. What am I, Sir? Why, I'm a Lord, a Lord.

Fran. What are you mad to own your Quality, he'll ask the Devil and all of a ransom.

Guil. No matter for that, I'll not lose an Inch of my Quality for a King's ransom; disgrace my self before my fair Mistress!

Isa. That's as the Great *Turk* and I shall agree.

[*Scornfully.*

Car. What are you, Sir?

Ant.

Ant. A Citizen of *Cadis*.

Car. Set 'em by, we'll consider of their ransoms——
now unveil the Ladies.

[*Guzman unveils Jacinta.*]

Fran. Oh, dear Wife, now or never show thy Love,
make a damnable face upon the filthy Ravisher,——
glut thy Eyes thus—and thrust out thy upper lip, thus.—

[*Guzman presents Jacinta.*]

Guil. Oh, dear *Isabella*, do thee look like a Dog too.

Isa. No, Sir, I'm resolv'd I'll not lose an Inch of my
Beauty, to save so trifling a thing as a Maiden head.

Car. Very agreeable, pretty and chearful—

[*She is veild and set by: Then Clara is unveild.*]

A most divine bud of Beauty——all Nature's Excellence
—drawn to the life in little,—what are you, fair one?

Cl. Sir, I'm a Maid.

Fran. So, I hope he will pitch upon her.

Cl. Only, by promise, Sir, I've given my self away.

Car. What happy Man cou'd claim a title in thee,
And trust thee to such danger?

Isa. Heavens, shall I be defeated by this little Creature?
What pity 'twas he saw me not first?

Cl. I dare not name him, Sir, lest this small Beauty
which you say adorns me, shou'd gain him your displea-
sure; he's in your presence, Sir, and is your Slave.

Car. Such Innocence this plain Confession shows, name
me the man, and I'll resign thee back to him.

Fran. A Pox of his Civility.

Ant. This Mercy makes me bold to claim my right.

[*Kneels.*]

Car. Take her, young man, and with it both your Ran-
soms.

Guil. Hum—hum—very noble i'faith, we'll e'en con-
fess our loves too, *Isabella*.

Isa. S'lfe he'll spoil all,—hold—pray let your Betters be
serv'd before you.

Guil. How! Is the Honour of my Love despis'd?—
wer't not i'th presence of the Great *Turk*, for whom I
have a reverence because he's a man of quality——by
Jove I'd draw upon you.

Isa.

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I/a. Because you were my Lover once, when I'm Queen
I'll pardon you.

[Guzman *unveils her*, and leads her to Carlos, *she making ridiculous allions of Civility.*

Car. What aukard, fond, conceited thing art thou?
Veil her, and take the taudry Creature hence.

Guzl. Hum——your Majesty's humble Servant.

[*Putting off his Hat ridiculously.*

Fran. How! refuse my Daughter too! I see the Lot
of a Cuckold will fall to my share.

Guz. This is the Wife, Great Sir, of this old Slave.
[*Unveils Julia.*

Car. Hah! what do I see, by *Mahomet* she's fair.

Fran. So, so, she's condemned; oh, damn'd *Mahometan*, *Mahometan* Cannibal! will nothing but raw flesh
serve his turn?

Car. I'll see no more,——here I have fix'd my
heart.

Fran. Oh, Monster of a Grand Seignior!

Guz. Have you a mind to be flead, Sir?

Car. Receive my Handkerchief. [*Throws it to her.*

Fran. His Handkerchief! blefs me, what does he
mean?

Guz. To do her the honour to lie with her to night.

Fran. Oh, hold, most mighty *Turk.* [*Kneeling.*

Guz. Slave, darest thou interrupt 'em, ——die, Dog.

Fran. Hold, hold, I'm silent.

Car. I love you, fair one, and design to make you—

Fran. A most notorious Strumpet. A Pox of his
Courtesy.

Car. What Eyes you have like Heaven blue and
charming, a pretty Mouth, Neck round and white as
polisht Alabaster, and a Complexion beauteous as an
Angel, a Hair fit to make Bonds to insnare the God of
Love,——a sprightly Air,——a Hand like Lillies
white, and Lips, no Roses opening in a Morning are
half so sweet and soft.

Fran. Oh, damn'd circumcised *Turk.*

Car. You shall be call'd the beautiful *Sultana*,
And rule in my Seraglio drest with Jewels.

3—10 VOL. III.

G

Fran.

Fran. Sure I shall burst with Vengeance.

Jul. Sir, let your Virtue regulate your Passions ;
For I can ne'er love any but my Husband.

Fran. Ah dissembling Witch !

Jul. And wou'd not break my Marriage Vows to him,
for all the honour you can heap upon me.

Fran. Say, and hold ; but *Sultana* and precious Stones
are damnable Temptations,—besides, the Rogue's young
and handsome,—What a scornful look she casts at
me ; wou'd they were both handsomely at the Devil to-
gether.

Guz. Dog, do you mutter ?

Fran. Oh ! nothing, nothing, but the Palfy shook my
Lips a little.

Guz. Slave, go, and on your knees resign your Wife.

Fran. She's of years of discretion, and may dispose
of her self ; but I can hold no longer : and is this your
Mahometan Conscience, to take other Mens Wives, as
if there were not single Harlots enough in the World ?

[*In rage.*]

Guz. Peace, thou diminutive Christian.

Fran. I say, Peace thou over-grown *Turk*.

Guz. Thou *Spanish* Cur.

Fran. Why you're a *Mahometan* Bitch, and you go
to that.

Guz. Death, I'll dissect the bald-pated Slave.

Fran. I defy thee, thou foul filthy Cabbage head, for
I am mad, and will be valiant.

[*Guz. throws his Turbant at him.*]

Car. What Insolence is this !—Mutes—strangle
him.—[*They put a Bow-string about his neck.*]

Jul. Mercy, dread Sir, I beg my Husband's life.

Car. No more, — this fair one bids you live,—
henceforth, *Francisco*, I pronounce you a Widower, and
shall regard you, for the time to come, as the deceased
Husband of the Great *Sultana*, murmur not upon pain of
being made an Eunuch—take him away.

Jul. Go, and be satisfied, I'll die before I'll yield.

Fran. Is this my going to Sea ?—the Plague of
loving Battels light on thee.

When

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*When ill success shall make thee idle lie,
Mayst thou in bed be impotent as I.*

Car. Command our Slaves to give us some diversion ;

Dismiss his Chains, and use him with respect, because he was the Husband of our beloved *Sultana*.

Fran. I see your Cuckold might have a life good enough if he cou'd be contented. [*They pull of his Chains.*

[*Carlos and Julia sit under an Umbrella.*

The SONG.

*How strangely does my Passion grow,
Divided equally twixt two ?
Damon had ne'er subdued my Heart,
Had not Alexis took his part :
Nor cou'd Alexis powerful prove,
Without my Damon's aid, to gain my Love.*

*When my Alexis present is,
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn ;
But when Alexis I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my Scorn :
And, if it chance they both are by,
For both, alas ! I languish, sigh, and die.*

*Cure then, thou mighty winged God,
This raging Fever in my Blood.
One golden-pointed Dart take back ;
But which, O Cupid, wilt thou take ?
If Damon's, all my hopes are cross'd :
Or, that of my Alexis, I am lost.*

Enter Dancers, which dance an Antick.

Car. Come, My dear *Julia*, let's retire to shades, [*Aside to her.*

Where only thou and I can find an entrance ;
These dull, these necessary delays of ours

Have drawn my Love to an impatient height.

—Attend these Captives, at a respectful distance.

[*Ex. all but Isa. who stays Guil.*]

Guil. What wou'd the Great Sultana!

Isa. Ah! do not pierce my Heart with this unkindness.

Guil. Ha, ha, ha,—Pages,—give order, I have Letters writ to *Sevil*, to my Merchant,—I will be ransomed instantly.

Isa. Ah cruel Count!

Guil. Meaning me, Lady! ah, fy! no, I am a Scoundrel; I a Count, no, not I, a Dog, a very Chim—hum,—a Son of a Whore, I, not worthy your notice.

Isa. Oh Heavens! must I lose you then? no, I'll die first.

Guil. Die, die, then; for your Betters must be served before you.

Isa. Oh! I shall rave; false and lovely as you are, did you not swear to marry me, and make me a Viscountess.

Guil. Ay, that was once when I was a Lover; but, now you are a Queen, your too high i'th' mouth for me.

Isa. Ah! name it not; will you be still hard-hearted?

Guil. As a Flint, by *Jove*.

Isa. Have you forgot your Love?

Guil. I've a bad memory.

Isa. And will you let me die?

Guil. I know nothing of the matter.

Isa. Oh Heavens! and shall I be no Viscountess?

Guil. Not for me, fair Lady, by *Jupiter*,—no, no,—Queen's much better,—Death, affront a man of Honour, a Viscount that wou'd have took you to his Bed,—after half the Town had blown upon you,—without examining either Portion or Honesty, and wou'd have took you for better or worse—Death, I'll untile Houses, and demolish Chimneys, but I'll be revenged.

[*Draws, and is going out.*]

Isa. Ah, hold! your Anger's just, I must confess; yet pardon the frailty of my Sex's vanity; behold my Tears that sue for pity to you.

[*She weeps, he stands looking on her.*]

Guil.

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Guil. My rage dissolves.

Isa. I ask but Death, or Pity.

[*He weeps.*]

Guil. I cannot hold ;—but if I shou'd forgive, and marry you, you wou'd be gadding after honour still, longing to be a she *Great Turk* again.

Isa. Break not my heart with such suspicions of me.

Guil. And is it pure and tender Love for my Person, And not for my glorious Titles ?

Isa. Name not your Titles, 'tis your self I love, Your amiable, sweet and charming self, And I cou'd almost wish you were not great, To let you see my Love.

Guil. I am confirm'd——

*'Tis no respect of Honour makes her weep ;
Her Love's the same shou'd I cry—Chimney-Sweep.*

ACT V. SCENE I. ✓

A Garden.

Enter Francisco alone.

Fran. NOW I am afraid to walk in this Garden, lest I shou'd spy my own natural Wife lying with the *Great Turk* in Fresco, upon some of these fine flowry Banks, and learning how to make Cuckolds in *Turkey*.

Enter Guzman and Jacinta.

Guz. Nay, dear *Jacinta*, cast an eye of pity on me.

—What; deny the *Vizier Bassa* ?

Jac. When you are honest *Guzman* again, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

Guz. But opportunity will not be kind to *Guzman*, as to the *Grand Bassa* ; therefore, dear Rogue, let's retire into these kind shades, or, if foolish Virtue be so squeamish,

mish, and needless Reputation so nice, that Mr. *Vicar* must say *Amen* to the bargain, there is a old lousy Frier, belonging to this *Villa*, that will give us a cast of his Office; for I am a little impatient about this business, Greatness having infus'd a certain itch in my Blood, which I felt not whilst a common Man.

Fran. Um, why, what have we here, pert Mrs. *Jacinta* and the *Bassa*! I hope the Jade will be Turkified with a vengeance, and have Circumcision in abundance; and the Devil shall ransom her for old *Francisco*.

Jac. Hah, the old Gentleman!

Fran. What, the Frolick is to go round, I see, you Women have a happy time on't.

Guz. Men that have kind Wives may be as happy; you'll have the honour of being made a Cuckold, Heaven be prais'd.

Fran. Ay, Sir, I thank ye,—pray under the Rose, how does my Wife please his Grace the Great *Turk*?

Guz. Murmuring again, thou Slave.

Fran. Who, I? O Lord, Sir! not I, why what hurt is there in being a Cuckold?

Guz. Hurt, Sirrah, you shall be swung into a belief, that it is an honour for the Great *Turk* to borrow your Wife.

Fran. But for the Lender to pay Use-money, is somewhat severe;—but, see he comes,—bless me, how grim he looks!

Enter Carlos.

Car. Come hither, Slave,—why was it that I gave you Life? dismiss'd the Fetters from thy aged Limbs?

Fran. For love of my Wife and't please your Barbarousness.

Car. Gave you free leave to range the Palace round, excepting my Apartment only?

Fran. Still for my Wife's sake, I say, and't like your Hideousness.

Car. And yet this Wife, this most ungrateful Wife of yours, again wou'd put your Chains on, expose your Life to Dangers and new Torments, by a too stubborn Virtue, she does refuse my Courtship, and foolishly is chaste.

Fran.

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Fran. Alas ! what pity's that !

Car. I offer'd much, lov'd much, but all in vain ;
Husband and Honour still was the reply.

Fran. Good lack ! that she shou'd have no more Grace
before her Eyes.

Car. But, Slave, behold these Mutes ; that fatal In-
strument of Death behold too, and in 'em read thy doom,
If this coy Wife of yours be not made flexible to my
Addresses.

Fran. Oh Heavens ! I make her.

Car. No more, thy Fate is fix'd—and, here attend,
till he himself deliver his willing Wife into my Arms :
Bassa, attend, and see it perform'd—

[To his Mutes, then to Guz.]

[Ex. Car.]

Guz. Go, one of you, and fetch the fair Slave hither.

[Ex. Turk.]

Fran. I pimp for my own Wife ! I hold the door to
my own Flesh and Blood ! *O monstrum horrendum !*

Guz. Nay, do't, and do't handfomly too, not with a
snivelling Countenance, as if you were compell'd to't ;
but with the face of Authority, and the awful command
of a Husband—or thou dyest.

Enter Turk and Julia.

Fran. My dear *Julia*, you are a Fool, my Love.

Jul. For what, dear Husband ?

Fran. I say, a silly Fool, to refuse the Love of so
great a *Turk* ; why, what a Pox makes you so coy ?

[Angrily.]

Jul. How ! this from you, *Francisco*.

Fran. Now does my Heart begin to fail me ; and
yet I shall ne'er endure strangling neither ; why, am
not I your Lord and Master, hah ?

Jul. Heavens ! Husband, what wou'd you have me
do ?

Fran. Have you do ;—why, I wou'd have ye—
ye see—'twill not out ; why I wou'd have ye lie
with the Sultan, Huswife ; I wonder how the Devil
you have the face to refuse him, so handfom, so young
a Lover ; come, come, let me hear no more of your

Coynefs, Miftrefs, for if I do, I fhall be hang'd; [*Aside.* The Great *Turk's* a moft worthy Gentleman, and therefore I advife you to do as he advifes you; and the Devil take you both. [*Aside.*

Jul. This from my Husband, old *Francifco*! he advife me to part with my dear Honour.

Fran. Rather than part with his dear Life, I thank ye. [*Aside.*

Jul. Have you confidered the Virtue of a Wife?

Fran. No, but I have confidered the Neck of a Husband. [*Aside.*

Jul. Which Virtue, before I'll lofe, I'll die a thoufand Deaths.

Fran. So will not I one; a Pox of her Virtue,—theſe Women are always virtuous in a wrong place. [*Aside.* I fay you fhall be kind to the ſweet Sultan.

Jul. And rob my Husband of his right!

Fran. Shaw, Exchange is no Robbery.

Jul. And forſake my Virtue, and make known Dear a Cuckold.

Fran. Shaw, moſt of the Heroes of the World were ſo;—go prithee Hony go, do me the favour to cuckold me a little, if not for Love, for Charity.

Jul. Are you in earneſt?

Fran. I am.

Jul. And wou'd it not diſpleaſe you?

Fran. I fay, no; had it been *Aquinus's* Caſe, to have fav'd the pinching of his Gullet he wou'd have been a Cuckold. [*Aside.*

Jul. Fear has made you mad, or you're bewitcht; and I'll leave you to recover your Wits again. [*Going out.*

Fran. O gracious Wife, leave me not in deſpair; (*Kneels to her and holds her*) I'm not mad, no, nor no more bewitcht than I have been theſe forty years; 'tis you're bewitcht to refuſe ſo handſom, ſo young, and ſo — a Pox on him, ſhe'll ne'er reliſh me again after him. [*Aside.*

Jul. Since you've loſt your Honour with your wits, I'll try what mine will do.

Enter

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Enter Carlos, Turks.

Fran. Oh, I am lost, I'm lost—dear Wife,—most mighty Sir, I've brought her finely to't—do not make me lose my credit with his *Mahometan* Grace,—my Wife has a monstrous Affection for your Honour, but she's something bashful; but when alone your Magnanimousness will find her a swinger.

Car. Fair Creature—

Jul. Do you believe my Husband, Sir? he's mad.

Car. Dog.

[Offers to kill him.]

Fran. Hold mighty Emperor; as I hope to be saved 'tis but a copy of her Countenance—inhuman Wife—lead her to your Apartment, Sir! barbarous honest Woman,—to your Chamber, Sir,—would I had married thee an errant Strumpet—nay, to your Royal Bed, I'll warrant you she gives you taunt for taunt: try her, Sir, try her.

[Puts 'em out.]

Jac. Hark you, Sir, are you possest, or is it real reformation in you? what mov'd this kind fit.

Fran. E'en Love to sweet Life; and I shall think my self ever obliged to my dear Wife, for this kind Reprieve;—had she been cruel, I had been strangled, or hung in the Air like our Prophet's Tomb.

Enter first Turk.

1 Turk. Sir, boast the honour of the News I bring you.

Fran. Oh, my Head! how my Brows twinge.

1 Turk. The mighty *Sultan*, to do you honour, has set your Daughter and her Lover free, ransomless;—and this day gives 'em liberty to solemnize the Nuptials in the Court;—but Christian Ceremonies must be private: but you're to be admitted, and I'll conduct you to 'em.

Fran. Some Comfort, I shall be Father to a Viscount, and for the rest—Patience—

*All Nations Cuckolds breed, but I deny
They had such need of Cuckolding as I.*

[Goes out with the Turk.]

Enter Antonio, and Clara to Jacinta.

Jac. Madam, the rarest sport—Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. You need not tell us, we have been witness to all,

But to our own Affairs, my dearest *Clara*,
Let us not lose this blessed opportunity,
Which Art nor Industry can give again if this be idly lost.

Cl. Nay hang me if it be my fault, *Antonio*: Charge it to the number of your own Sins; it shall not lie at my door.

Ant. 'Tis generously said, and take notice, my little dear Virago, *Guzman* has a Priest ready to tie you to your word.

Cl. As fast as you please; hang her that fears the conjuring knot for me: But what will our Fathers say—mine who expects me to be the Governor's Lady; and yours, who designs *Isabella* for a Daughter-in-Law?

Ant. Mine will be of the Change; and, for yours, if he be not pleased, let him keep his Portion to himself—the greatest mischief he can do us: and for my Friend, the Governor, he's above their Anger.

Cl. Why do we lose precious time? I long to be at—I *Clara* take thee *Antonio*,—the very Ceremony will be tedious, so much I wish thee mine; and each delay gives me a fear something will snatch me from thee.

Ant. No power of Man can do't thou art so guarded; but now the Priest is employed in clapping up the honourable Marriage between the *False Count* and *Isabella*.

Jac. Lord, what a jest 'twill be to see 'em coupled, ha, ha.

Cl. Unmerciful *Antonio*, to drive the Jest so far; 'tis too unconscionable!

Ant. By Heaven, I'm so proud I cannot think my Revenge sufficient for Affronts, nor does her Birth, her Breeding and her Vanity—deserve a better Fortune; besides,—he has enough to set up for a modern Spark—the Fool has just Wit and good Manners to pass for a Fop of Fashion; and, where he is not known, will gain the Reputation of a fine accomplish'd Gentleman,—yet I'm resolved she shall see him in his Geers, in his original Filthiness, that my Revenge may be home upon the foolish Jilt.

Cl.

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Cl. Cruel Antonio, come let's go give 'em Joy.

Ant. And finish our Affair with Mr. Vicar.

Enter Isabella, her Train born by the great Page, Guiliom, with the other great Page, and Francisco bare.

Isa. Joy to my noble Lord, and you, fair Isabella!

Isa. Thank thee, Fellow,—but, surely, I deserved my Titles from thee.

Cl. Your Honour I hope will pardon him.

Isa. How now, Clara! [Nodding to her.]

Jac. I give your Honour joy.

Isa. Thank thee, poor Creature.—

Fran. My Lord, this Honour you have done my Daughter is so signal, that whereas I designed her but five thousand Pound, I will this happy day settle on her ten.

Guil. Damn dirty trash, your Beauty is sufficient—

Isa. Seignior Don Antonio, get the Writings ready. [Aside.]

Money—hang Money.

Fran. How generous these Lords are; nay, my Lord, you must not refuse a Father's Love, if I may presume to call you Son—I shall find enough besides for my Ransom, if the Tyrant be so unmerciful to ask more than my Wife pays him.

Guil. Nay, if you will force it upon me.

Isa. Ay, take it, the trifling Sum will serve to buy our Honour Pins.

Ant. Well, Sir, since you will force it on him, my Cashier shall draw the Writings.

Guil. And have 'em signed by a publick Notary.

Fran. With all my Soul, Sir, I'll go give him order, and subscribe. [Ex. Francisco.]

Guil. Let him make 'em strong and sure—you shall go halves.

Ant. No, you will deserve it dearly, who have the plague of such a Wife with it;—but harkye Count—these goods of Fortune are not to be afforded you, without Conditions.

Guil.

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Guil. Shaw, Conditions, any Conditions, noble *Antonio*—

Ant. You must disrobe anon, and do'n your native Habiliments—and in the Equipage give that fair Viscountess to understand the true quality of her Husband.

Guil. Hum—I'm afraid, 'tis a harder task to leap from a Lord to a Rogue, than 'tis from a Rogue to a Lord.

Ant. Not at all, we have examples of both daily.

Guil. Well, Sir, I'll show you my agility—but, Sir, I desire I may consummate, d'ye see,—consummate—a little like Lord, to make the Marriage sure.

Ant. You have the Freedom to do so—the Writings I'll provide.

Guil. I'll about it then, the Priest waits within for you, and *Gusman* for you, *Jacinta*,—haste, for he is to arrive anon Ambassador from *Cadiz*.

Jac. I know not, this noise of Weddings has set me agog, and I'll e'en in, and try what 'tis.

[*Ex. Antonio, Clara, and Jacinta.*]

Guil. Come, Madam, your Honour and I have something else to do, before I have fully dub'd you a Viscountess.

Isa. Ah Heav'ns what's that?

Guil. Why a certain Ceremony, which must be performed between a pair of Sheets,—but we'll let it alone till Night.

Isa. Till Night, no; whate'er it be, I wou'd not be without an Inch of that Ceremony, that may compleat my Honour for the World; no for Heaven's sake let's retire, and dub me presently.

Guil. Time enough, time enough.

Isa. You love me not, that can deny me this.

Guil. Love—no, we are married now, and People of our Quality never love after Marriage; 'tis not great.

Isa. Nay, let's retire, and compleat my Quality, and you will find me a Wife of the Mode I'll warrant you.

Guil. For once you have prevail'd.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Whither away?

Isa. Only to consummate a little, pray keep you distance.

[*She pulls off his hat.*]

Fran.

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Fran. Consummate!

Isa. Ay, Sir, that is to make me an absolute Viscountess—we cannot stay—farewel. [*Guiliom leads her out.*]

Fran. Hum—this *Turkey Air* has a notable faculty, where the Women are all plaguy kind.

Enter Carlos and Julia

Car. By Heav'n each Moment makes me more your Slave.

Fran. The Business is done.

Jul. My Husband!

[*Aside.*]

Car. And all this constant love to old *Francisco* has but engaged me more.

Fran. Ha, Love to me?

[*Aside.*]

Jul. Sir, if this Virtue be but real in you, how happy I shou'd be; but you'll relapse again, and tempt my virtue, which if you do—

Fran. I'll warrant she wou'd kill her self.

[*Aside.*]

Jul. I should be sure to yield. [*In a soft tone to him.*]

Car. No, thou hast made an absolute Conquest o'er me—and if that Beauty tempt me every hour, I shall still be the same I was the last.

Fran. Pray Heaven he be *John*.

Enter i Turk.

i Turk. Most mighty Emperor, a Messenger from *Cadix* has Letters for your Highness.

Car. Conduct him in; in this retreat of ours we use no State.

Enter Guzman, as himself, gives Carlos Letters.

Guz. Don *Carlos*, Governor of *Cadix*, greets your Highness.

Carlos reads.

High and Mighty,

FOR seven Christian Slaves, taken lately by a Galley of yours, we offer you twice the number of Mahometans taken from you by us.—If this suffice not,—propose your Ransoms, and they shall be paid by

Don Carlos Governor of Cadiz.

—Know you this *Carlos* offers so fair for you?

Fran.

Fran. Most potent Lord, I do, and wonder at the Compliment,—and yet I am not jealous—I have so over-acted the complaisant Husband, that I shall never fall into the other Extreme again.

Car. Go, let the Christian Governor understand his Request is granted.

Gus. The Slaves are ready, Sir, and a Galley to carry off the Christians.

Jul. How shall we make this Governor amends?

Fran. I do even weep for joy; alas, I must leave it to thee, Love.

Jul. To me, Sir? do you mock me?

Fran. Mock thee! no; I know thy Virtue, and will no more be jealous, believe me, Chicken, I was an old Fool.

Car. Your Wife is chaste—she overcame my unruly Passion with her Prayers and Tears.

Enter Isabella at one door; Clara, Antonio, Jacinta, at another; Isabella's Train carried up.

Fran. Rare News,—we're all free and ransom'd! All's well, and the Man has his Mare again.

Isa. You still forget your Duty and your Distance.

Fran. A pox of your troublesome Honour; a man can't be overjoy'd in quiet for't.

Enter Baltazer and Sebastian.

Seb. Sure I am not mistaken, this is the House of my Son Antonio.

Bal. Let it be whose house 'twill, I think the Devil's broke loose in't.

Seb. —Or the *Turks*; for I have yet met with ne'er a Christian thing in't.

Fran. Hah,—do I dream, or is that my Father-in-law, and Seignior Sebastian?

Ant. My Father here?

Car. Baltazer!

[Aside.

Bal. Son Francisco, why do you gaze on me so?

Fran. Bless me, Sir, are you taken by the Great *Turk* too?

Bal. Taken—Great *Turk*, —what do you mean?

Fran. Mean, Sir! why how the Devil came you into Turkey?

Bal.

Bal. Sure Jealousy has crack'd his Brains.

Fran. Crack me no Cracks, good Father mine;—am not I a Slave in *Turkey*? and is not this the Grand Seignior's Palace?

Car. So,—all will come out, there's no prevention.

[*Aside.*]

Seb. Some that are wiser answer us: You, Son,—are you infected too?—was not yesterday to have been your Wedding-day?

Ant. To day has done as well, Sir, I have only chang'd *Isabella* for *Clara*.

Seb. How, *Francisco*, have you juggled with me?

Fran. My Daughter's a Lady, Sir.

Bal. And you, Mistress, you have married *Antonio*, and left the Governor.

Cla. I thought him the fitter Match, Sir, and hope your Pardon.

Jul. We cannot scape.

Fran. But how came you hither, Gentlemen, how durst you venture?

Seb. Whither, Sir, to my own Son's house; is there such danger in coming a mile or two out of *Cadiz*?

Fran. Is the Devil in you, or me, or both? Am not I in the Possession of *Turks* and Infidels?

Bal. No, Sir; safe in *Antonio Villa*, within a League of *Cadiz*.

Fran. Why, what a Pox, is not this the Great *Turk* himself?

Bal. This Sir,—cry mercy, my Lord—'tis Don *Carlos*, Sir, the Governor.

Fran. The Governor! the worst Great *Turk* of all; so, I am cozened,—most rarely cheated; why, what a horrid Plot's here carried on, to bring in heretical Cuckoldom?

Car. Well, Sir, since you have found it out, I'll own my Passion.

Jul. Well, if I have been kind you forced me to't, nay begged on your knees, to give my self away.

Fran. Guilty, guilty, I confess,—but 'twas to the Great *Turk*, Mistress, not Don *Carlos*.

Jul. And was the Sin the greater?

Fran. No, but the Honour was less.

Bal.

Bal. Oh horrid! What, intreat his Wife to be a Whore?

Car. Sir, you're mistaken, she was my Wife in sight of Heaven before; and I but seiz'd my own.

Fran. Oh,—Sir, she's at your Service still.

Car. I thank you, Sir, and take her as my own.

Bal. Hold, my Honour's concerned.

Fran. Not at all, Father mine, she's my Wife, my Lumber now, and, I hope, I may dispose of my Goods and Chattels—if he takes her we are upon equal terms, for he makes himself my Cuckold, as he has already made me his;—for, if my memory fail me not, we did once upon a time consummate, as my Daughter has it.

Enter Guillom, in his own dress, crying Chimney-Sweep.

Guil. Chimney-sweep,—by your leave, Gentlemen.

Ant. Whither away, Sirrah?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir?—

Ant. Not to me, Sirrah;—who wou'd you speak with?

Guil. What's that to you, Sir? why, what a Pox may not a man speak with his own Lady and Wife?

Cla. Heavens! his Wife! to look for his Wife amongst Persons of Quality!

Car. Kick out the Rascal.

Guil. As soon as you please, my Lord; but let me take my Wife along with me. [*Takes Isa. by the hand.*]

Isa. Faugh! what means the Devil?

Guil. Devil; 'twas not long since you found me a human creature within there.

Isa. Villain, Dog; help me to tear his Eyes out.

Guil. What, those Eyes, those lovely Eyes, that wounded you so deeply?

Fran. What's the meaning of all this? why, what am I cozen'd? and is my Daughter cozen'd?

Guil. Cozen'd! why, I'm a Man, Sir.

Fran. The Devil you are, Sir, how shall I know that?

Guil. Your Daughter does, Sir; and that's all one.

Isa. Oh! I'm undone; am I no Viscountess then?

Guil. Hang Titles; 'twas my self you lov'd, my amiable sweet and charming self: In fine, sweet-heart, I am your Husband; no Viscount, but honest *Guilom* the Chimney-

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Chimney-sweeper.—I heard your Father design'd to marry you to a Tradesman, and you were for a Don; and to please you both, you see how well I have managed matters.

Fran. I'll not give her a farthing.

Guil. No matter, her Love's worth a million; and, that's so great, that I'm sure she'll be content to carry my Soot basket after me.

Isa. Ah! I die, I die.

Guil. What, and I so kind?

[Goes and kisses her, and blacks her face.]

Isa. Help! murder, murder!

Guil. Well, Gentlemen, I am something a better fortune than you believe me, by some thousands.

[Shows Car. his Writings.]

Car. Substantial and good! faith, Sir, I know not where you'll find a better fortune for your Daughter, as cases stand.

[To Francisco.]

Guil. And, for the Viscount, Sir, gay Clothes, Money and Confidence will set me up for one, in any ground in Christendom.

Car. Faith, Sir, he's i'th' right; take him home to *Sevil*, your Neighbours know him not, and he may pass for what you please to make him; the Fellow's honest, witty and handsome.

Fran. Well, I have considered the matter; I was but a Leather-seller myself, and am grown up to a gentleman; and, who knows but he, being a Chimney-sweeper, may, in time, grow up to a Lord? Faith, I'll trust to Fortune, for once——here——take here and rid me of one Plague, as you, I thank you, Sir, have done of another.

[To Carlos.]

Guil. Prithee be pacified, thou shalt see me within this hour as pretty a fluttering Spark as any's in Town.—My noble Lord, I give you thanks and joy; for, you are happy too.

Car. As Love and Beauty can make me.

Fran. And I, as no damn'd Wife, proud Daughter, or tormenting Chamber-maid can make me.

Ant. And I, as Heaven and *Clara* can.

— *You base-born Beauties, whose ill-manner'd Pride,
Th' industrious noble Citizens deride,
May you all meet with Isabella's doom,*
Guil.— *And all such Husbands as the Count Guiliome.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Barry, made by a
Person of Quality.

I Come not a Petitioner to sue,
This Play the Author has writ down to you ;
'Tis a slight Farce, Five Days brought forth with ease,
So very foolish that it needs must please ;
For tho' each day good Judges take offence,
And Satir arms in Comedy's defence,
You are still true to your Jack-Pudding Sense. }
No Buffoonry can miss your Approbation,
You love it as you do a new French Fashion :
Thus in true hate of Sense, and Wit's despite,
Bantring and Shamming is your dear delight.
Thus among all the Folly's here abounding,
None took like the new Ape-trick of Dumfounding.
If to make People laugh the business be, }
You Sparks better Comedians are than we ;
You every day out-fool ev'n Nokes and Lee.
They're forc'd to stop, and their own Farces quit,
T'admire the Merry-Andrews of the Pit ;
But if your Mirth so grate the Critick's ear,
Your Love will yet more Harlequin appear.
— You everlasting Grievance of the Boxes,
You wither'd Ruins of stum'd Wine and Poxes ;
What strange Green-sickness do you hope in Women
Shou'd make 'em love old Fools in new Point Linen ?
The

EPILOGUE.

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*The Race of Life you run off-hand too fast,
 Your fiery Metal is too hot to last;
 Your Fevers come so thick, your Claps so plenty,
 Most of you are threescore at five and twenty.
 Our Town-bred Ladys know you well enough,
 Your courting Women's like your taking Snuff;
 Out of mere Idleness you keep a pother,
 You've no more need of one than of the other.*

Ladies——

*Wou'd you be quit of their insipid noise,
 And vain pretending take a Fool's advice;
 Of the faux Braves I've had some little trial,
 There's nothing gives 'em credit but Denial:
 As when a Coward will pretend to Huffing,
 Offer to fight, away sneaks Bully-Ruffian.
 So when these Sparks, whose business is addressing,
 In Love pursuits grow troublesome and pressing;
 When they affect to keep still in your eye,
 When they send Gislons every where to spy,
 And full of Coxcomb dress and ogle high;
 Seem to receive their Charge, and face about,
 I'll pawn my life they never stand in out.*

THE

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THE
LUCKY CHANCE;
OR,
An Alderman's Bargain.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Jevo.

SINCE with old Plays you have so long been cloy'd,
As with a Mistress many years enjoy'd,
How briskly dear Variety you pursue;
Nay, tho for worse ye change, ye will have New.
Widows take heed some of you in fresh Youth
Have been the unpitied Martyrs of this Youth.
When for a drunken Sot, that had kind hours,
And taking their own freedoms, left you yours;

'Twas

PROLOGUE

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'Twas your deliberate choice your days to pass
 With a damn'd, sober, self-admiring Afs,
 Who thinks good usage for the Sex unfit,
 And slights ye out of Sparkishness and Wit.
 But you can fit him——Let a worse Fool come,
 If he neglect, to officiate in his room.
 Vain amorous Coxcombs every where are found,
 Fops for all uses, but the Stage abound.
 Tho you shou'd change them oftener than your Fashions,
 There still wou'd be enough for your Occasions :
 But ours are not so easily supplied,
 All that cou'd e'er quit cost, we have already tried.
 Nay, dear sometimes have bought the Frippery stuff.
 This, Widows, you—I mean the old and tough—
 Will never think, be they but Fool enough. }
 Such will with any kind of Puppies play ;
 But we must better know for what we pay :
 We must not purchase such dull Fools as they.
 Shou'd we shew each her own particular Dear,
 What they admire at home, they wou'd loath here.
 Thus, tho the Mall, the Ring, the Pit is full,
 And every Coffee-House still swarms with Fool ;
 Tho still by Fools all other Callings thrive,
 Nay our own Women by fresh Cullies thrive,
 Tho your Intrigues which no Lampoon can cure,
 Promise a long Succession to ensure ;
 And all your Matches plenty do presage :
 Dire is the Dearth and Famine on the Stage.
 Our Store's quite wasted, and our Credit's small,
 Not a Fool left to bless our selves withal.
 We're forc'd at last to rob, (which is great pity,
 Tho 'tis a never-failing Bank) the City.
 We show you one to day intirely new,
 And of all fests, none relish like the true.
 Let that the value of our Play inhance,
 Then it may prove indeed the Lucky Chance.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Feeble Fainwood*, an old Alderman } Mr. *Leigh*.
to be married to *Leticia*,
Sir *Cautious Fulbank*, an old Banker } Mr. *Nokes*.
married to *Julia*,
Mr. *Gayman*, a Spark of the Town, } Mr. *Betterton*.
Lover of *Julia*,
Mr. *Bellmour*, contracted to *Leticia*, } Mr. *Kynaston*.
disguis'd, and passes for Sir *Feeble's*
Nephew, }
Mr. *Bearjest*, Nephew to Sir *Cautious*, } Mr. *Fever*.
a Fop,
Capt. *Noisey*, his Companion, } Mr. *Harris*.
Mr. *Bredwel*, Prentice to Sir *Cautious*, }
and Brother to *Leticia*, in love with } Mr. *Bowman*.
Diana,
Rag, Footman to *Gayman*.
Ralph, Footman to Sir *Feeble*.
Dick, Footman to Sir *Cautious*.

WOMEN.

Lady <i>Fulbank</i> , in love with <i>Gayman</i> , honest and generous,	}	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Leticia</i> , contracted to <i>Bellmour</i> , married to Sir <i>Feeble</i> , young and virtuous,		
<i>Diana</i> , Daughter to Sir <i>Feeble</i> , in love with <i>Bredwel</i> ; virtuous,	}	<i>Mrs. Mountford.</i>
<i>Pert</i> , Lady <i>Fulbank's</i> Woman.		
Gammer <i>Grime</i> , Landlady to <i>Gayman</i> , a Smith's Wife in <i>Alfatia</i> .	}	<i>Mrs. Powel.</i>


A Parson, Fiddlers, Dancers, and Singers.

The Scene. L O N D O N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, at break of Day.

Enter Bellmour disguis'd in a travelling Habit.

Bel. URE 'tis the day that gleams in yonder East,
The day that all but Lovers blest by Shade
Pay chearful Homage to :
Lovers ! and those pursu'd like guilty me

By rigid Laws, which put no difference
Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,
Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.
—This is *Leticia's* Father's House—— [*Looking about.*
And that the dear Balcony
That has so oft been conscious of our Loves ;
From whence she has sent me down a thousand Sighs,
A thousand looks of Love, a thousand Vows,
O thou dear witness of those charming Hours,
How do I bless thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee
After a tedious Age of six Months Banishment.

Enter several with Musick.

Fil. But hark ye, Mr. *Gingle*, is it proper to play before the Wedding ?

Gin. Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first night, the Bride's sleepy, the Bridegroom tir'd, and both so out of humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

[*They play and sing.*
Enter

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Enter Phillis in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.

RISE, Cloris, charming Maid arise !
*And baffle breaking Day,
 Shew the adoring World thy Eyes
 Are more surprizing gay ;
 The Gods of Love are smiling round,
 And lead the Bridegroom on,
 And Hymen has the Altar crown'd.
 While all thy sighing Lovers are undone.*

*To see thee pass they through the Plain ;
 The Groves with Flowers are strown,
 And every young and envying Swain
 Wishes the hour his own.
 Rise then, and let the God of Day,
 When thou dost to the Lover yield,
 Behold more Treasure given away
 Than he in his vast Circle e'er beheld.*

Bel. Hah, Phillis, Leticia's Woman !

*Ging. Fie, Mrs. Phillis, do you take us for Fiddlers that
 play for Hire ? I came to compliment Mrs. Leticia on her
 Wedding-Morning because she is my Scholar.*

Phil. She sends it only to drink her Health.

Ging. Come, Lads, let's to the Tavern then—

[Ex. Musick]

Bel. Hah ! said he Leticia ?

*Sure I shall turn to Marble at this News :
 I harden, and cold Damps pass thro my senseless Pores.
 —Hah, who's here ?*

Enter Gayman wrapt in his Cloak.

*Gay. 'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient.
 And I must see Leticia.*

[Goes to the door.]

*Bel. Death and the Devil—the Bridegroom !
 Stay, Sir, by Heaven you pass not this way.*

*[Goes to the door as he is knocking, pushes him
 away, and draws.]*

Gay.

An Alderman's Bargain. 169

Gay. Hah ! what art thou that durst forbid me Entrance ?

—Stand off.

[*They fight a little, and closing view each other.*]

Bel. *Gayman !*

Gay. My dearest *Bellmour !*

Bel. Oh thou false Friend, thou treacherous base Deceiver !

Gay. Hah, this to me, dear *Harry* ?

Bel. Whither is Honour, Truth and Friendship fled ?

Gay. Why there ne'er was such a Virtue,
Tis all a Poet's Dream.

Bel. I thank you, Sir.

Gay. I'm sorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could deserve it : put up your Sword——an honest man wou'd say how he's offended, before he rashly draws.

Bel. Are you not going to be married, Sir ?

Gay. No, Sir, as long as any Man in *London* is so, that has but a handsom Wife, Sir.

Bel. Are not you in love, Sir ?

Gay. Most damnably,——and wou'd fain lie with the dear jilting Gipsy.

Bel. Hah, who would you lie with, Sir ?

Gay. You catechise me roundly——'tis not fair to name, but I am no starter, *Harry* ; just as you left me, you find me. I am for the faithless *Julia* still, the old Alderman's Wife.—'Twas high time the City should lose their Charter, when their Wives turn honest : But pray, Sir, answer me a Question or two.

Bel. Answer me first, what makes you here this Morning ?

Gay. Faith to do you service. Your damn'd little Jade of a Mistress has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and Lying in abundance, and is——

Bel. To be married !

[*Sighing.*]
Gay. Even so, God save the Mark ; and she'll be a fair one for many an Arrow besides her Husband's, tho he an old *Finsbury* Hero this threecore Years.

Bel. Who mean you ?

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Gay. Why thy Cuckold that shall be, if thou be'st wife.

Bel. Away ;

Who is this Man? thou dalliest with me.

Gay. Why an old Knight, and Alderman here o'oth' City, Sir *Feeble Fainwoud*, a jolly old Fellow, whose Activity is all got into his Tongue, a very excellent Teazer; but neither Youth nor Beauty can grind his Dudgeon to an Edge.

Bel. Fie, what Stuff's here !

Gay. Very excellent Stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it.

Bel. You banter me—but in plain *English* tell me, What made you here thus early, Ent'ring yon House with such Authority?

Gay. Why your Mistress *Leticia*, your contracted Wife, is this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwoud*, induc'd to't I suppose by the great Jointure he makes her, and the improbability of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel—Do I speak *English* now, Sir?

Bel. Too well, would I had never heard thee.

Gay. Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between—the civil Pimp, or so—you left her in charge with me at your Departure.

Bel. I did so.

Gay. I saw her every day ; and every day she paid the Tribute of a shower of Tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows, young *Belmour* : Till faith at last, for Reasons manifold, I slackt my daily Visits.

Bel. And left her to Temptation——was that well done?

Gay. Now must I afflict you and my self with a long tale of Causes why ;

Or be charg'd with want of Friendship.

Bel. You will do well to clear that Point to me.

Gay. I see you're peevish, and you shall be humour'd.—You know my *Julia* play'd me e'en such another Prank as your false one is going to play you, and married old Sir *Cautious Fulbank* here i'th' City ; at which
you

you know I storm'd, and sav'd, and swor'd, as thou wo't now, and to as little purpose. There was but one way left, and that was cuckolding him.

Bel. Well, that Design I left thee hot upon.

Gay. And hotly have pursu'd it: Swore, wept, vow'd, wrote, upbraided, prayed and railed; then treated lavishly, and presented high—till, between you and I, *Harry*, I have presented the best part of Eight hundred a year into her Husband's hands, in Mortgage.

Bel. This is the Course you'd have me steer, I thank you.

Gay. No, no, Pox on't, all Women are not Jilts. Some are honest, and will give as well as take; or else there would not be so many broke i'th' City. In fine, Sir, I have been in Tribulation, that is to say, Moneyless, for six tedious Weeks, without either Clothes, or Equipage to appear withal; and so not only my own Love-affair lay neglected—but thine too—and I am forced to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a dying Uncle—from whom, if he were indeed dead, I expect two thousand a Year.

Bel. But what's all this to being here this Morning?

Gay. Thus have I lain conceal'd like a Winter-Fly, hoping for some blest Sunshine to warm me into life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this silent Hour, to upbraid the fickle Maid.

Bel. Didst thou?—pursue thy kind Design. Get me to see her; and sure no Woman, even possess with a new Passion,

Grown confident even to Prostitution,
But when she sees the Man to whom she's sworn so very
—very much, will find Remorse and Shame.

Gay. For your sake, tho the Day be broke upon us,
And I'm undone, if seen—I'll venture in—

[*Throws his Cloke over.*

Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, Sir Cautious Fulbank, Bear-jest and Noisey. [*Pas over the Stage, and go in.*

Hah—see the Bridegroom!

And with him my Destin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank.*

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—Hah, what ail'st thou Man

Bel. The Bridegroom!

Like *Gorgon's* Head he's turn'd me into Stone.

Gay. *Gorgon's* Head—a Cuckold's Head—'twas made to graft upon.

Bel. By Heaven I'll seize her even at the Altar, And bear her thence in Triumph.

Gay. Ay, and be born to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hanged in Triumph—'twill be cold Comfort, celebrating your Nuptials in the Prefs-Yard, and be wak'd next Morning, like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play—Will you please to rise and be hanged a little, Sir?

Bel. What wouldst thou have to do?

Gay. As many an honest Man has done before thee—Cuckold him—cuckold him.

Bel. What—and let him marry her! She that's mine by sacred Vows already! By Heaven it would be flat Adultery in her!

Gay. She'll learn the trick, and practise it the better with thee.

Bel. Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lie with him!—

Here will I stand and see this shameful Woman, See if she dares pass by me to this Wickedness.

Gay. Hark ye, *Harry*—in earnest have a care of betraying your self; and do not venture sweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.

Bel. You counsel well—but yet to see her married! How every thought of that shocks all my Resolution!—But hang it, I'll be resolute and saucy, Despise a Woman who can use me ill, And think my self above her.

Gay. Why now thou art thy self—a Man again. But see they're coming forth, now stand your ground.

Enter Sir Feeble, Sir Cautious, Bearjeff, Noisey, Leticia
sad, Diana, Phillis. [*Pass over the Stage.*]

Bel. 'Tis she; support me, *Charles*, or I shall sink to Earth,

—Methought in passing by she cast a scornful glance at me;

Such

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Such charming Pride I've seen upon her Eyes,
When our Love-Quarrels arm'd 'em with Disdain—
—I'll after 'em, if I live she shall not 'scape me.

Offers to go, Gay. holds him.

Gay. Hold, remember you're proscribed,
And die if you are taken.

Bel. I've done, and I will live, but he shall ne'er enjoy
her.

—Who's yonder, *Ralph*, my Trusty Confident?

Enter Ralph.

Now tho I perish I must speak to him.

—Friend, what Wedding's this?

Ralph. One that was never made in Heaven, Sir;

'Tis Alderman *Fainwood*, and Mrs. *Leticia Bredwell*.

Bel. Bredwell—I have heard of her,—she was Mis-
tress—

Ral. To fine Mr. *Belmour*, Sir,—ay there was a Gen-
tleman

—But rest his Soul—he's hang'd, Sir.

[Weeps.]

Bel. How! hang'd?

Ral. Hang'd, Sir, hang'd—at the *Hague* in *Hol-
land*.

Gay. I heard some such News, but did not credit it.

Bel. For what, said they, was he hang'd?

Ral. Why e'en for High Treason, Sir, he killed one
of their Kings.

Gay. *Holland's* a Commonwealth, and is not rul'd by
Kings.

Ral. Not by one, Sir, but by a great many; this was
a Cheesemonger—they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy,
went to Snicker Snee; Mr. *Belmour* cut his Throat, and
was hang'd for't, that's all, Sir.

Bel. And did the young Lady believe this?

Ral. Yes, and took on most heavily—the Doc-
tors gave her over—and there was the Devil to do
to get her to consent to this Marriage—but her For-
tune was small, and the hope of a Ladyship, and a Gold
Chain at the Spittal Sermon, did the Business—and so your
Servant, Sir.

[Ex. Ralph.]

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Bel. So, here's a hopeful Account of my sweet self now.

Enter Post-man with Letters.

Post. Pray, Sir, which is Sir *Feeble Fainwoud's*?

Bel. What wou'd you with him, Friend?

Post. I have a letter here from the *Hague* for him.

Bel. From the *Hague*! Now have I a curiosity to see it—I am his Servant—give it me——

[Gives it him, and Exit.]

—Perhaps here may be the second part of my Tragedy, I'm full of Mischief, *Charles*—and have a mind to see this Fellow's Secrets. For from this hour I'll be his evil Genius, haunt him at Bed and Board; he shall not sleep nor eat; disturb him at his Prayers, in his Embraces; and teaze him into Madnefs.

Help me Invention, Malice, Love, and Wit:

[Opening the Letter.]

Ye Gods, and little Fiends, instruct my Mischief.

Reads.

Dear Brother,

According to your desire I have sent for my Son from *St. Omer's*, whom I have sent to wait on you in England; he is a very good Accountant, and fit for Business, and much pleas'd he shall see that Uncle to whom he's so oblig'd, and which is so gratefully acknowledged by—— Dear Brother, your affectionate Brother,

Francis Fainwoud.

—Hum——hark ye, *Charles*, do you know who I am now?

Gay. Why, I hope a very honest Friend of mine, *Harry Belmour*.

Bel. No, Sir, you are mistaken in your Man.

Gay. It may be so.

Bel. I am, d'ye see *Charles*, this very individual, numerical young Mr.—what ye call 'um Fainwoud, just come from *St. Omers* into England—to my Uncle the Alderman.

I

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I am, *Charles*, this very Man.

Gay. I know you are, and will swear't upon occasion.

Bel. This lucky Thought has almost calm'd my mind.
And if I don't fit you, my dear Uncle,
May I never lie with my Aunt.

Gay. Ah Rogue—but prithee what care have you taken about your Pardon? 'twere good you should secure that.

Bel. There's the Devil, *Charles*,—had I but that—but that seldom fails; but yet in vain, I being the first Transgressor since the Act against Duelling.

But I impatient to see this dear delight of my Soul, and hearing from none of you this fix weeks, came from *Brussels* in this disguise—for the *Hague* I have not seen, tho hang'd there—but come—let's away, and compleat me a right *St. Omer's Spark*, that I may present my self as soon as they come from Church. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sir Cautious Fulbank's House.*

Enter *Lady Fulbank*, *Pert* and *Bredwel*. *Bredwel* gives her a Letter.

Lady Fulbank reads.

DID my *Julia* know how I languish in this cruel Separation, she would afford me her pity, and write oftner. If only the Expectation of two thousand a year kept me from you, ah! *Julia*, how easily would I abandon that Trifle for your more valued sight; but that I know a Fortune will render me more agreeable to the charming *Julia*, I should quit all my Interest here, to throw myself at her Feet, to make her sensible how I am intirely her Adorer,

Charles Gayman.

—Faith *Charles* you lie—you are as welcome to me now, Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining,

H 4

As

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As if the Universe were thine.

Pert. That, Madam, is a noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrific'd to his Passion for your Ladyship.

—'Tis all laid out on Love.

L. Ful. I prize my Honour more than Life, Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me, Than be guilty of his Undoing.

Pert. And I think the Sin were less.

L. Ful. I must confess, such Jewels, Rings and Presents as he made me, must needs decay his Fortune.

Bred. Ay, Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladyship. Then, Madam, what Expences his Despair have run him on—

As Drinking and Gaming, to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

L. Ful. And put in Wenching too.—

Bred. No, assure your self, Madam.—

L. Ful. Of that I would be better satisfied—and you too must assist me, as e'er you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you *Diana*. [To *Bredwel*.

Bred. Madam, I'll die to serve you.

Pert. Nor will I be behind in my Duty.

L. Ful. Oh how fatal are forc'd Marriages! How many Ruins one such Match pulls on! Had I but kept my Sacred Vows to *Gayman*, How happy had I been—how prosperous he! Whilst now I languish in a loath'd embrace, Fine out my Life with Age—Consumptions, Coughs. —But dost thou fear that *Gayman* is declining?

Bred. You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses— Therefore I would not grieve you, for I know You love this best—but most unhappy Man.

L. Ful. You shall not grieve me—prithee on.

Bred. My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap* his Scrivener, to send to one Mr. *Wasteall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year—and who has since engaged five or six hundred more to my Master: but if this first be not redeem'd, he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a wise Man ought.

L. Ful.

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L. Ful. That is to say, a Knave, according to his Notion of a wife Man.

Bred. Mr. *Crap*, being busy with a borrowing Lord, sent me to Mr. *Wasteall*, whose Lodging is in a nasty Place called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smith's.

L. Ful. But what's all this to *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, this *Wasteall* was Mr. *Gayman*.

L. Ful. *Gayman*! Saw'st thou *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yesterday.

L. Ful. When came he to Town?

Bred. Madam, he has not been out of it.

L. Ful. Not at his Uncle's in *Northamptonshire*?

Bred. Your Ladyship was wont to credit me.

L. Ful. Forgive me—you went to a Black-Smith's—

Bred. Yes, Madam; and at the door encountered the beastly thing he calls a Landlady; who lookt as if she had been of her own Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I askt for Mr. *Wasteall*, and she began to open—and did so rail at him, that what with her *Billingsgate*, and her Husband's hammers, I was both deaf and dumb—at last the hammers ceas'd, and she grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wasteall*; but he not answering—I was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs: at last I scal'd the top, and enter'd the enchanted Castle; there did I find him, spite of the noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

L. Ful. Whom foundst thou? *Gayman*?

Bred. He Madam, whom I wak'd—and seeing me, Heavens what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own Surprise could equal. Asham'd—he wou'd have turn'd away;

But when he saw, by my dejected Eyes, I knew him, He sigh'd, and blusht, and heard me tell my business: Then beg'd I wou'd be secret; for he vow'd his whole Repose and Life depended on my silence. Nor had I told it now, But that your Ladyship may find some speedy means to draw him from this desperate Condition.

L. Ful. Heavens, is't possible?

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Bred. He's driven to the last degree of Poverty—
Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam!

L. Ful. What were they?

Bred. 'Tis a pretty convenient Tub, Madam. He may lie along in't, there's just room for an old join'd Stool besides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeness of a Pantry Bin, or a Usurer's Trunk; there had been Dornex Curtains to't in the days of Yore: but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his Eyes from the Light, but my Landlady's Blue Apron, ty'd by the strings before the Window, in which stood a broken six-penny Looking-Glass, that shew'd as many Faces as the Scene in *Henry* the Eighth, which could but just stand upright, and then the Comb-Cafe fill'd it.

L. Ful. What a leud Description hast thou made of his Chamber?

Bred. Then for his Equipage, 'tis banisht to one small Monsieur, who (faucy with his Master's Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Footman.

L. Ful. But what said he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

Bred. He sigh'd and cry'd, Why farewell dirty Acres;
It shall not trouble me, since 'twas all for Love!

L. Ful. How much redeems it?

Bred. Madam, five hundred Pounds.

L. Ful. Enough—you shall in some disguise convey this Money to him, as from an unknown hand: I wou'd not have him think it comes from me, for all the World: That Nicety and Virtue I've profess'd, I am resolv'd to keep.

Pert. If I were your Ladyship, I wou'd make use of Sir *Cautious's* Cash: pay him in his own Coin.

Bred. Your Ladyship wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentleman has been us'd by my unmerciful Master.

L. Ful. I have a Key already to his Counting-House; it being lost, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

Bred. Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Master being gone to give my Sister *Leticia* at Church.

L. Ful.

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L. Ful. 'Tis so, and I'll go and commit the Theft, whilst you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to dinner with your Sister the Bride. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The House of Sir Feeble.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, Sir Cautious, Bearjest, Diana, Noisey. Sir Feeble sings and salutes 'em.

Sir Feeb. Welcome *Joan Sanderfon*, welcome, welcome. *[Kisses the Bride.]*

Ods bobs, and so thou art Sweet-heart. *[So to the rest.]*

Bear. Methinks my Lady Bride is very melancholy.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, Women that are discreet, are always thus upon their Wedding-day.

Sir Feeb. Always by day-light, *Sir Cautious.*

*But when bright Phœbus does retire,
To Thetis' Bed to quench his fire,
And do the thing we need not name,
We Mortals by his influence do the same.
Then thou the blushing Maid lays by
Her simpering, and her Modesty;
And round the Lover clasps and twines
Like Ivy, or the circling Vines.*

Sir Feeb. Here *Ralph*, the Bottle Rogue, of Sack ye Rascal; hadst thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou wou'dst have met us at the door with it—Ods bobs Sweet-heart thy health.

Bear. Away with it, to the Bride's Haunce in Kelder.

Sir Feeb. Got so, go to Rogue, go to, that shall be, Knave, that shall be the morrow morning; he—ods bobs, we'll do't Sweet heart; here's to't. *[Drinks again.]*

Let. I die but to imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

Sir Feeb. Hah—hum—how's this? Tears upon the Wedding-day? Why, why—you Baggage you, ye little Ting, Fools-face—away you Rogue, you're naughty, you're naughty.

[Patting and playing, and following her.]
Look—

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Look——look——look now,——bust it——bust it——bust it—and Friends ; did'ums, did'ums beat its none silly Baby—away you little Hufsey, away, and pledge me——

[She drinks a little.

Sir *Cau.* A wife discreet Lady, I'll warrant her ; my Lady would prodigally have took it off all.

Sir *Feeb.* Dear's its nown dear Fubs ; bust again, bust again, away, away—ods bobs, I long for Night——look, look Sir *Cautious*, what an Eye's there !

Sir *Cau.* Ay, so there is, Brother, and a modest Eye too.

Sir *Feeb.* Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph*—call old *Sufan* hither—Come Mr. *Bearjest*, put the Glafs about. Ods bobs, when I was a young Fellow, I would not let the young Wenches look pale and wan——but would rouse 'em, and touse 'em, and blowze 'em, till I put a colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John*, affacks——Nay, I can make a shift still, and Pupleys shall not be jcalous.

Enter Sufan, Sir Feeble whispers her, she goes out.

Let. Indeed not I ; Sir. I shall be all Obedience.

Sir *Cau.* A most judicious Lady ; would my *Julia* had a little of her Modesty ; but my Lady's a Wit.

Enter Sufan, with a Box.

Sir *Feeb.* Look here my little Puskin, here's fine Play-things for its nown little Coxcomb—go—get you gone—get you gone, and off with these St. *Martin's* Tramperry, these Play-house-Glafs Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants, and all this false Ware ; ods bobs I'll have no Counterfett Geer about thee, not I. See—these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks, and these as true as my Heart, Girl. Go, put 'em on, and be fine.

[Gives 'em her.

Let. Believe me, Sir, I shall not merit this kindness.

Sir *Feeb.* Go to——More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony—give the old Fool a hearty bust, and pay him that way——he ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up——and catch ye and love ye—adod I will—get ye gone——get ye gone.

Let.

Let. Heavens what a nauseous thing is an old Man turn'd Lover ! [*Ex. Leticia and Diana.*]

Sir Cau. How, steal up, *Sir Feeble*——I hope not so ; I hold it most indecent before the lawful hour.

Sir Feeb. Lawful hour ! why I hope all hours are lawful with a Man's own Wife.

Sir Cau. But wife Men have respect to Times and Seasons.

Sir Feeb. Wife young Men, *Sir Cautious* ; but wife old Men must nick their Inclinations ; for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for it is not as 'twas wont to be——

[*Singing and Dancing.*]

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sir Feeb. Hum——I hope it is not that same *Belmour* come to forbid the Banes——if it be, he comes too late——therefore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman. [*Exit Ralph.*]

Bea. Pray Sir use mine, it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you, Sir.

Sir Feeb. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Ralph and Belmour disguis'd, gives him a Letter he reads.

How——my Nephew !

Francis Fainwou'd !

[*Embraces him.*]

Bel. I am glad he has told me my Christian name.

Sir Feeb. *Sir Cautious*, know my Nephew——'tis a young *St. Omers* Scholar——but none of the Witnesses.

Sir Cau. Marry, Sir, and the wiser he ; for they got nothing by't.

Bea. Sir, I love and honour you, because you are a Traveller.

Sir Feeb. A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwou'd* as the Devil to the Collier ; but *Francis*, you are come into a very leud Town, *Francis*, for Whoring, and Plotting, and Roaring, and Drinking ; but you must go to Church, *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Cash,
Francis,

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Francis,———what, you can keep Merchants Books!

Bel. That's been my study, Sir.

Sir Feeb. And you will not be proud, but will be commanded by me, *Francis*?

Bel. I desire not to be favour'd as a Kinsman, Sir, but as your humblest Servant.

Sir Feeb. Why, thou'rt an honest Fellow, *Francis*,—and thou'rt heartily welcome——and I'll make thee fortunate. But come, *Sir Cautious*, let you and I take a turn i'th' Garden, and get a right understanding between your Nephew Mr. *Bearjest*, and my Daughter *Dye*.

Sir Cau. Prudently thought on, Sir, I'll wait on you.—

[*Ex. Sir Feeble, and Sir Cautious.*]

Bea. You are a Traveller, I understand.

Bel. I have seen a little part of the whole World, Sir.

Bea. So have I, Sir, I thank my Stars, and have performed most of my Travels on Foot, Sir.

Bel. You did not travel far then I presume, Sir?

Bea. No, Sir, it was for my diversion indeed; but I assure you, I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot, Sir.

Bel. Sure Sir, you go by shipping into *Ireland*?

Bea. That's all one, Sir, I was still a-foot, ever walking on the Deck.

Bel. Was that your farthest Travel, Sir?

Bea. Farthest——why that's the End of the World—and sure a Man can go no farther.

Bel. Sure there can be nothing worth a Man's Curiosity?

Bea. No, Sir, I'll assure you, there are the Wonders of the World, Sir: I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which since the Creation was never capable of receiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle the King of *France* was to ride there with a vast Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thousand Men.

Bel. This is a swinging Wonder——but are there store of Mad-men there, Sir?

Bea. That's another Rarity to see a Man run out of his Wits.

Noi. Marry, Sir, the wiser they I say.

Bea. Pray Sir, what store of Miracles have you at *St. Omers*!

Bel.

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Bel. None, Sir, since that of the wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there at the same Instant of time.

Bea. How, Sir? why that's impossible.

Bel. That was the Wonder, Sir, because 'twas impossible.

Noi. But 'twas a greater, Sir, that 'twas believed.

Enter L. Fulb. and Pert, Sir Cau. and Sir Feeb.

Sir Feeb. Enough, Enough, Sir *Cautious*, we apprehend one another. Mr. *Bearjest*, your Uncle here and I have struck the Bargain, the *Wench* is yours with three thousand Pound present, and something more after Death, which your Uncle likes well.

Bea. Does he so, Sir? I'm beholden to him; then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir Feeb. How, Sir, not like my Daughter *Dye*?

Bea. Oh Lord, Sir,—die or live, 'tis all one for that, Sir,—I'll stand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

Pert. Will you so, Sir? you'll have very good luck if you do.

Bea. Prithee, hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. Ful. Sir, I beg your pardon for not waiting on you to Church—I knew you would be private.

Enter Let. fine in Jewels.

Sir Feeb. You honour us too highly now, Madam.

[Presents his Wife, who salutes her.]

L. Ful. Give you Joy, my dear *Leticia*! I find, Sir, you were resolv'd for Youth, Wit and Beauty.

Sir Feeb. Ay, ay Madam, to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb: but *Lette*,—Rogue *Lette*—thou wo't not make me free o'th' City a second time, wo't thou entice the Rogues with the Twire and the wanton Leer—the amorous Simper that cries, come kifs me—then the pretty round Lips are pouted out—he Rogue, how I long to be at 'em!—well, she shall never go to Church more, that she shall not.

L. Ful. How, Sir, not to Church, the chiefest Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir Feeb. That's all one, Madam, that tricking and dressing, and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to

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to Heaven, but to the young Knaves that are lick'd and comb'd and are minding you more than the Parson—ods bobs there are more Cuckolds defin'd in the Church, than are made out of it.

Sir Cau. Ha, ha, ha, he tickles ye' i'faith, Ladies.

[To his Lady.]

Bel. Not one chance look this way—and yet
I can forgive her lovely Eyes,
Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony;
And yet methinks some sympathy in Love
Might this way glance their Beams—I cannot hold—
—Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?

Sir Feeb. Oh, *Francis*! Come hither, *Francis*.

Lette, here's a young Rogue has a mind to kiss thee.

[Puts them together, she starts back.]

—Nay start not, he's my own Fleth and Blood,
My Nephew—Baby—look, look how the young
Rogues stare at one another; like will to like, I see
that.

Let. There's something in his Face so like my *Belmour*,
it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my Heart defenceless.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Sir Feeb. Come, come—let's in then—Gentlemen
and Ladies,

And share to day my Pleasures and Delight,

But—

Adds bobs they must be all mine own at Night.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Gayman's Lodging.

Enter Gayman in a Night-Cap, and an old Campaign Coat tied about him, very melancholy.

Gay. CURSE on my Birth! Curse on my faithless Fortune!

Curse on my Stars, and curse be all—but Love!

That dear, that charming Sin, tho t'have pull'd

Innumerable Mischiefs on my head,

I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.

No let me die despis'd, upbraided, poor:

Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me—

But let me hold thee, thou soft smiling God,

Close to my heart while Life continues there.

Till the last pantings of my vital Blood,

Nay the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

Enter Rag.

—How now, *Rag*, what's a Clock?

Rag. My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

Gay. Why you gormandizing Vermin you, what have you done with the Three pence I gave you a fortnight ago.

Rag. Alas, Sir, that's all gone long since.

Gay. You gutling Rascal, you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Footmen, that have not only gotten their own Living, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

Rag. Ay, till they came to the Gallows, Sir.

Gay. Very well, Sirrah, they died in an honourable Calling—but hark ye *Rag*,—I have business, very earnest business abroad this Evening; now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender—with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat, and so forth.

Rag.

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Rag. Faith Master, I must deal in the black Art then, for no human means will do't—and now I talk of the black Art, Master, try your Power once more with my Landlady.

Gay. Oh! name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach—a sight of her is a Vomit; but he's a bold Hero that dares venture on her for a kiss, and all beyond that sure is Hell it self—yet there's my last, last Refuge—and I must to this Wedding—I know not what, but something whispers me, this Night I shall be happy—and without *Julia* 'tis impossible!

Rag. *Julia*, who's that? my Lady *Fulbank*, Sir?

Gay. Peace Sirrah—and call—~~a~~—no—Pox on't come back—and yet—yes—call my fullsome Landlady. [*Exit. Rag.*]

Sir *Cautious* knows me not by Name or Person. And I will to this Wedding, I'm sure of seeing *Julia* there. And what may come of that—but here's old Nasty coming.

I smell her up—hah, my dear Landlady.

Enter Rag and Landlady.

Quite out of breath—a Chair there for my Landlady.

Rag. Here's ne'er a one, Sir.

Land. More of your Money and less of your Civility, good Mr. *Wasteall*.

Gay. Dear Landlady—

Land. Dear me no Dears, Sir, but let me have my Money—Eight Weeks Rent last Friday; besides Taverns, Ale-houses, Chandlers, Landresses Scores, and ready Money out of my Purse; you know it, Sir.

Gay. Ay, but your Husband don't; speak softly.

Land. My Husband! what do you think to fright me with my Husband?—I'd have you to know I'm an honest Woman, and care not this—for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have for my kindness, for patching, borrowing and shifting for you; 'twas but last Week I pawn'd my best Petticoat, as I hope to wear it again, it cost me six and twenty shillings besides Making; then this Morning my new *Norwich* Mantua followed, and two posset Spoons, I had the whole dozen when you came first; but they

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they dropt, and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

Gay. Hear me, good Landlady.

Land. Then I've past my word at the *George Tavern*, for forty Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale, besides seven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for Washing; and do you fob me off with my Husband?

Gay. Here, *Rag*, run and fetch her a Pint of Sack—there's no other way of quenching the Fire in her flabber Chops. [Exit *Rag*.]

—But my dear Landlady, have a little Patience.

Land. Patience! I scorn your Words, Sir—is this a place to trust in? tell me of Patience, that us'd to have my money before hand; come, come, pay me quickly—~~or~~ old *Gregory Grimes* house shall be too hot to hold you.

Gay. Is't come to this, can I not be heard?

Land. No, Sir, you had good Clothes when you came first, but they dwindled daily, till they dwindled to this old Campaign—with tan'd coloured Lining—once red—but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloke to sculk in a Nights, and a pair of pifs-burn'd shammy Breeches. Nay, your very Badge of Manhood's gone too.

Gay. How, Landlady! nay then i'faith no wonder if you rail so.

Land. Your Silver Sword I mean—transmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt—this old Sir *Guy of Warwick*—which will sell for nothing but old Iron. In fine, I'll have my Money, Sir, or, i'faith *Alfatia* shall not shelter you.

Enter Rag.

Gay. Well, Landlady—if we must part—let's drink at parting; here Landlady, here's to the Fool—that shall love you better than I have done. [Sighing drinks.]

Land. Rot your Wine—dy'e think to pacify me with Wine, Sir?

[*She refusing to drink, he holds open her Jaws, Rag throws a Glass of Wine into her Mouth.*]

—What will you force me?—no—give me another Glass, I scorn to be so uncivil to be forced, my service to you, Sir—this shan't do, Sir.

[*She drinks, he embracing her sings.*
Ah

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*Ah Cloris, 'tis in vain you scold,
Whilst your Eyes kindle such a Fire.
Your Railing cannot make me cold,
So fast as they a warmth inspire.*

Land. Well, Sir, you have no reason to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly understood.

[*Weeps.*]

Gay. I know you are the best of Landladies, As such I drink your Health—— [*Drinks.*]
But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation——he——'tis not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too. [*She drinks.*]

Land. I am a little hasty sometimes, but you know my good Nature.

Gay. I do, and therefore trust my little wants with you.

I shall be rich again——and then my dearest Landlady——

Land. Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go thro me, if I wou'd not go, as they say, thro Fire and Water——by night or by day for you. [*She drinks.*]

Gay. And as this is Wine I do believe thee. [*He drinks.*]

Land. Well——you have no money in your Pocket now, I'll warrant you——here——here's ten Shillings for you old Gregory knows not of.

[*Opens a great greasy Purse.*]

Gay. I cannot in Conscience take it, good Faith I cannot,—besides, the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.

Land. Nay pray no more of that; forget it, forget it. I own I was to blame——here, Sir, you shall take it.

Gay. Ay, ——but what shou'd I do with Money in these damn'd Breeches '——No put it up——I can't appear abroad thus——no I'll stay at home, and lose my business.

Land. Why, is there is no way to redeem one of your Suits?

Gay. None——none——I'll e'en lay me down and die.

Land.

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Land. Die—marry Heavens forbid—I would not for the World—let me see—hum—what does it lie for?

Gay. Alas! dear Landlady a Sum—a Sum.

Land. Well, say no more, I'll lay about me.

Gay. By this kifs but you shall not—*Assafetida* by this Light.

Land. Shall not? that's a good one i'faith; shall you rule, or I?

Gay. But shou'd your Husband know it?—

Land. Husband—marry come up, Husbands know Wives secrets? No sure, the World's not so bad yet—where do your things lie? and for what?

Gay. Five Pound equips me—*Rag* can conduct you—but I say you shall not go, I've sworn.

Land. Meddle with your matters—let me see, the Caudle Cup that *Molly's* Grandmother left her, will pawn for about that sum—I'll sneak it out—well, Sir, you shall have your things presently—trouble not your head, but expect me. [*Ex. Landlady and Rag.*]

Gay. Was ever man put to such beastly shifts? S'death how she stunk—my senses are most luxuriously regald—there's my perpetual Musick too—

Knocking of Hammers on an Anvil.

The ringing of Bells is an Afs to't.

Enter Rag.

Rag. Sir there's one in a Coach below wou'd speak to you.

Gay. With me, and in a Coach! who can it be?

Rag. The Devil, I think, for he has a strange Coun-
tenance.

Gay. The Devil! shew your self a Rascal of Parts, Sirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

Rag. Who, the Devil, Sir?

Gay. Ay, the Devil, Sir, if you mean to thrive.

[*Exit. Rag.*]

Who can this be—but see he comes to inform me—
withdraw.

Enter Bredwel dress'd like a Devil.

Bred. I come to bring you this—

[*Gives him a Letter.*
Gayman]

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Gayman reads.

R *Receive what Love and Fortune present you with,
be grateful and be silent, or 'twill vanish like a
dream, and leave you more wretched than it found You.*

[Adieu.

—hah—

[Gives him a bag of Money.

Bred. Nay view it, Sir, 'tis all substantial Gold.

Gay. Now dare not I ask one civil question for fear it
vanish all—

[Aside.

But I may ask, how 'tis I ought to pay for this great
Bounty.

Bred. Sir, all the Pay is Secrecy—

Gay. And is this all that is required, Sir?

Bred. No, you're invited to the Shades below.

Gay. Hum, Shades below!—I am not prepared for
such a Journey, Sir.

Bred. If you have Courage, Youth or Love, you'll
follow me:

When Night's black Curtain's drawn around the World,
And mortal Eyes are safely lockt in sleep,

[In feign'd Heroick Tone.

And no bold Spy dares view when Gods carefs,

Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliss.

—Durst thou not trust me?

Gay. Yes sure, on such substantial security.

[Hugs the Bag.

Bred. Just when the Day is vanish'd into Night,

And only twinkling Stars inform the World,

Near to the Corner of the silent Wall,

In Fields of *Lincolns-Inn*, thy Spirit shall meet thee.

—Farewel.

[Goes out.

Gay. Hum—I am awake sure, and this is Gold I
grasp.

I could not see this Devil's cloven Foot;

Nor am I such a Coxcomb to believe,

But he was as substantial as his Gold.

Spirits, Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Furies, Fiends and Devils,
I've

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I've often heard old Wives fright Fools and Children with,
Which, once arriv'd to common Sense, they laugh at;
—No, I am for things possible and natural:
Some Female Devil, old and damn'd to ugliness,
And past all hopes of Courtship and Address,
Full of another Devil call'd Desire,
Has seen this Face——this Shape——this Youth,
And thinks it's worth her hire. It must be so:
I must toil on in the damn'd dirty Road,
And sure such Pay will make the Journey easy;
And for the price of the dull drudging Night,
All Day I'll purchase new and fresh Delight. [Exit,

SCENE II. *Sir Feeble's House.*

Enter Leticia, pursu'd by Phillis.

Phil. Why, Madam, do you leave the Garden,
For this retreat to Melancholy?

Let. Because it sutes my Fortune and my Humour;
And even thy Presence wou'd afflict me now.

Phil. Madam, I was sent after you; my Lady *Futbank*
has challeng'd Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and stakes a Ring
of fifty Pound against his new Chariot.

Let. Tell him I wish him Luck in every thing,
But in his Love to me——
Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden. [Ex. *Phillis*.]

——Blest be this kind Retreat, this lone Occasion,
That lends a short Cessation to my Torments,
And gives me leave to vent my Sighs and Tears. [Weeps.]

Enter Belmour at a distance behind her.

Bel. And doubly blest be all the Powers of Love,
That gave me this dear Opportunity.

Let. Where were you, all ye pitying Gods of Love?
That once seem'd pleas'd at *Belmour's* Flame and mine,
And smiling join'd our Hearts, our sacred Vows,
And spread your Wings, and held your Torches high.

Bel. Oh——

[*She starts, and pauses.*]

Let. Where were you now? When this unequal Mar-
riage

Gave

192 *The LUCKY CHANCES, or,*

Gave me from all my Joys, gave me from *Belmour*;
Your Wings were flag'd, your Torches bent to Earth,
And all your little Bonnets veil'd your Eyes;
You saw not, or were deaf and pitiless.

Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!

Let. Hah, 'tis there again; that very Voice was *Belmour's*:

Where art thou, Oh thou lovely charming Shade?
For sure thou canst not take a Shape to fright me.
——What art thou?—speak!

[Not looking behind her yet for fear]

Bel. Thy constant true Adorer,
Who all this fatal Day has haunted thee
To ease his tortur'd Soul. *[Approaching her.]*

Let. My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice,
But Oh my Eyes dare not encounter thee.

[Speaking with signs of fear.]

Bel. Is it because thou'st broken all thy Vows?
—Take to thee Courage, and behold thy Slaughters.

Let. Yes, tho the Sight wou'd blast me, I wou'd view it. *[Turns]*

——'Tis he—'tis very *Belmour*! or so like ——
I cannot doubt but thou deserv'st this Welcome.

[Embraces him.]

Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!

Let. I'm sure I grasp not Air; thou art no Fantom:
Thy Arms return not empty to my Bosom,
But meet a solid Treasure.

Bel. A Treasure thou so easily threw'st away;
A Riddle simple Love ne'er understood.

Let. Alas, I heard, my *Belmour*, thou wert dead.

Bel. And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?

Let. I will not justify my hated Crime:
But Oh! remember I was poor and helpless,
And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon.

[Belmour weeps.]

Bel. And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage——did it?

Let. 'Tis not a Marriage, since my *Belmour* lives;
The Consummation were Adultery.

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I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

Bel. No, by those Powers that heard our mutual Vows,
Those Vows that tie us faster than dull Priests.

Let. But oh my *Belmour*, thy sad Circumstances
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim:

Thou art proscribed, and diest if thou art seen.

Bel. Alas!

Let. Yet I wou'd wander with thee o'er the World,
And share thy humblest Fortune with thy Love.

Bel. Is't possible, *Leticia*, thou wou'dst fly
To foreign Shores with me?

Let. Can *Belmour* doubt the Soul he knows so well?

Bel. Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence,
and may extend his Mercy:

Mean time I'll make provision for our Flight.

Let. But how 'twixt this and that can I defend my self
from the loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, that I may
come a spotless Maid to thee?

Bel. Thy native Modesty and my Industry
Shall well enough secure us.

Feign your nice Virgin-Cautions all the day;
Then trust at night to my Conduct to preserve thee.

—And wilt thou yet be mine? Oh swear a-new,

Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul;

For mine's so sick with this Day's fatal Business,

It needs a Cordial of that mighty strength;

Swear—swear, so as if thou break'st—

Thou mayst be—any thing—but damn'd, *Leticia*.

Let. Thus then, and hear me, Heaven!

[*Kneels.*

Bel. And thus—I'll listen to thee.

[*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Feeble, L. Fulbank, Sir Cautious.

Sir Feeb. *Lette, Lette, Lette*, where are you little
Rogue, *Lette*?

—Hah—hum—what's here—

[*Bel. snatches her to his Bosom, as if she fainted.*

Bel. Oh Heavens, she's gone, she's gone!

Sir Feeb. Gone—whither is she gone?—it seems she
had the Wit to take good Company with her—

[*The Women go to her, take her up.*

Bel. She's gone to Heaven, Sir, for ought I know.

3-13 V O L. III.

I

Sir Can.

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Sir Cau. She was resolv'd to go in a young Fellow's Arms, I see.

Sir Feeb. Go to, *Francis*—go to.

L. Ful. Stand back, Sir, she recovers.

Bel. Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor,
—Shou'd I have left her so——if I had known your mind——

Sir Feeb. Was it so——was it so?——Got so, by no means, *Francis*.——

Let. Pardon him, Sir, for surely I had died,
But for his timely coming.

Sir Feeb. Alas, poor Pupsey,——was it sick——look here——here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come burs, and it shall have it——oh how I long for Night.

Ralph, are the Fiddlers ready?

Ral. They are tuning in the Hall, Sir.

Sir Feeb. That's well, they know my mind. I hate that same twang, twang, twang, fum, fum, tweedle, tweedle, then scue go the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on an edge; then snap, says a small Gut, and there we are at a loss again. I long to be in bed with a——hey tredodde, tredodde, tredodde,——with a hey tredool, tredodde, tredo——

[*Dancing and playing on his Stick like a Flute,*

Sir Cau. A prudent Man would reserve himself——Good-facks I danc'd so on my Wedding-day, that when I came to Bed, to my shame be it spoken, I fell fast asleep, and slept till morning.

L. Ful. Where was your Wisdom then, Sir *Cautious*? But I know what a wife Woman ought to have done.

Sir Feeb. Odsbobs that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood—I shall have my young Hussy set a-gog too; she'll hear there are better things in the World than she has at home, and then odsbobs, and then they'll ha't, adod they will, Sir *Cautious*. Ever while you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unless a Man be as brisk as his Neighbours.

Sir Cau. A wife Man will keep 'em from bawdy Christ-nings then, and Gossipings.

Sir Feeb. Christnings and Gossipings! why they are the very Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing-Schools do our Daughters.

Sir Cau.

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Sir Cau. Ay, when the overjoy'd good Man invites 'em all against that time Twelve-month : Oh he's a dear Man, cries one—I must marry, cries another, here's a Man indeed—my Husband—God help him——

Sir Feeb. Then he falls to telling of her Grievance, till (half maudlin) she weeps again : Just my Condition, cries a third : so the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right side outwards ; adsbobs, we are, *Sir Cautious.*

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redrest, *Sir Feeble* ; the grave and sober part o'th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd,——

Ay, and cuckolded too for ought I know.

L. Ful. Wise Men knowing this, should not expose their Infirmities, by marrying us young Wenches ; who, without Instruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

Enter Fiddles playing, Mr. Bearjest and Diana dancing ; Bredwel, Noisey, &c.

L. Ful. So, Cousin, I see you have found the way to *Mrs. Dy's* Heart.

Bea. Who, I, my dear Lady Aunt ? I never knew but one way to a Woman's Heart, and that road I have not yet travelled ; for my Uncle, who is a wise Man, says Matrimony is a sort of a——kind of a——as it were, d'ye see, of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other : and Madam—I am, as it were—a bold Adventurer.

Di. And are you sure, Sir, you will venture on me ?

Bear. Sure——I thank you for that——as if I could not believe my Uncle ; For in this case a young Heir has no more to do, but to come and see, fettle, marry, and use you scurvily.

Di. How, Sir, scurvily ?

Bear. Very scurvily, that is to say, be always fashionably drunk, despise the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign absolutely——keep a Seraglio of Women, and let my Bastard Issue inherit ; be seen once a Quarter, or so, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two several ways in the gilt Coach like *Janus*, or a *Spread-Eagle*.

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Di. And do you expect I shou'd be honest the while?

Bear. Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that Wonder in all my Travels.

L. Ful. How, Sir, not an honest Woman?

Bear. Except my Lady Aunt—Nay, as I am a Gentleman and the first of my Family—you shall pardon me, here—cuff me, cuff me soundly. [*Kneels to her.*]

Enter Gayman richly dress'd.

Gay. This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing—Now tho I should lose my Assignment with my Devil, I can't not hold from seeing *Julia* to night : hah—there, and with a Fop at her Feet.—Oh Vanity of Woman ! [*Softly pulls her.*]

L. Ful. Oh Sir, you're welcome from *Northamptonshire.*

Gay. Hum—surely she knows the Cheat. [*Aside.*]

L. Ful. You are so gay, you save me, Sir, the labour of asking if your Uncle be alive.

Gay. Pray Heaven she have not found my Circumstances ! [*Aside.*]

But if she have, Confidence must assist me—

—And, Madam, you're too gay for me to inquire

Whether you are that *Julia* which I left you ?

L. Ful. Oh, doubtless, Sir—

Gay. But why the Devil do I ask—Yes, you are still the same ; one of those hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool and Fiddle ; Crouds of Fops ; had rather be publickly, tho dully flatter'd, than privately ador'd : you love to pass for the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

L. Ful. Rail on, till you have made me think my Virtue at so low Ebb, it should submit to you.

Gay. What—I'm not discreet enough ; I'll babble all in my next high Debauch, Boast of your Favours, and describe your Charms To every wishing Fool.

L. Ful. Or make most filthy Verses of me— Under the name of *Cloris*—you *Philander*, Who in leud Rhimes confess the dear Appointment ; What Hour, and where, how silent was the Night,

How

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How full of Love your Eyes, and wishing mine.
Faith no ; if you can afford me a Lease of your Love,
Till the old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked
World,
I'm for the Bargain.

Sir *Cau.* Hum———what's here, a young Spark at my
Wife ? [Goes about 'em.]

Gay. Unreasonable *Julia*, is that all,
My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows must hope ?
Set me an Age———say when you will be kind,
And I will languish out in starving Wish :
But thus to gape for Legacies of Love,
Till Youth be past Enjoyment,
The Devil I will as soon———farewel. [Offers to go.]

L. *Ful.* Stay, I conjure you stay.

Gay. And lose my Assignment with my Devil. [Aside.]

Sir *Cau.* 'Tis so, ay, ay, 'tis so—and wife Men will
perceive it ; 'tis here———here in my forehead, it more
than buds ; it sprouts, it flourishes.

Sir *Feeb.* So, that young Gentleman has nettled him,
stung him to the quick : I hope he'll chain her up—the
Gad-Bee's in his Quonundrum———in Charity I'll relieve
him———Come my Lady *Fulbank*, the Night grows old
upon our hands ; to dancing, to jiggiting———Come,
shall I lead your Ladyship ?

L. *Ful.* No, Sir, you see I am better provided———
[Takes Gayman's hand.]

Sir *Cau.* Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young
handsome Dog. [They dance all.]

Sir *Feeb.* Very well, very well, now the Posset ; and
then———ods bobs, and then———

Di. And then we'll have t'other Dance.

Sir *Feeb.* Away Girls, away, and steal the Bride to Bed ;
they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights ; and
what with the tedious Ceremonies of dressing and undres-
sing, the smutty Lectures of the Women, by way of In-
struction, and the little Stratagems of the young Wenches
———ods bobs, a Man's cozen'd of half his Night :
Come Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then———we'll to the
Stocking. [Exeunt all but L. Ful. Brod. who are talk-
ing, and Gayman.]

198 *The LUCKY CHANCE; or,*

L. Ful. But dost thou think he'll come?

Bred. I do believe so, Madam—

L. Ful. Be sure you contrive so, he may not know whether, or to whom he comes.

Bred. I warrant you, Madam, for our Parts.

[Exit Bredwel, stealing out Gayman.]

L. Ful. How now, what departing?

Gay. You are going to the Bride-Chamber.

L. Ful. No matter, you shall stay—

Gay. I hate to have you in a Crowd.

L. Ful. Can you deny me—will you not give me one lone hour i'th' Garden?

Gay. Where we shall only tantalize each other with dull kissing, and part with the same Appetite we met—No, Madam; besides, I have business—

L. Ful. Some Assignment—is it so indeed?

Gay. Away, you cannot think me such a Traitor; 'tis most important business—

L. Ful. Oh 'tis too late for business—let to morrow serve.

Gay. By no means—the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

L. Ful. Rise the earlier then—

Gay. —But, Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerously—sick—and should he die—

L. Ful. 'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope, Sir?

Gay. Hum—

L. Ful. The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to morrow?

Gay. Ay—a—he goes—in a Litter—'tis his Fancy Madam—Change of Air may recover him.

L. Ful. So may your change of Mistress do me, Sir—farewel. *[Goes out.]*

Gay. Stay *Julia*—Devil be damn'd—for you shall tempt no more, I'll love and be undone—but she is gone—

And if I stay, the most that I shall gain

Is but a reconciling Look, or Kifs,

No, my kind Goblin—

*I'll keep my Word with thee, as the least Evil;
A tantalising Woman's worse than Devil.*

ACT

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Feeble's House.

The Second Song before the Entry.

A S O N G made by Mr. Cheek.

N O more Lucinda, ah ! expose no more
To the admiring World those conquering Charms :
In vain all day unhappy Men adore,
What the kind Night gives to my longing Arms.
Their vain Attempts can ne'er successful prove,
Whilst I so well maintain the Fort of Love.

Yet to the World with so bewitching Arts,
Your dazzling Beauty you around display,
And triumph in the Spoils of broken Hearts,
That sink beneath your feet, and croud your Way.
Ah ! suffer now your Cruelty to cease,
And to a fruitless War prefer a Peace.

Enter Ralph with Light, Sir Feeble, and Belmour sad.

Sir Feeb. S O, so, they're gone—Come, *Francis*, you
shall have the Honour of undressing me for
the Encounter ; but twill be a sweet one, *Francis*.

Bel. Hell take him, how he teazes me !

[Undressing all the while.]

Sir Feeb. But is the young Rogue laid, *Francis*—is
he stoln to Bed ? What Tricks the young Baggages have
to whet a man's Appetite ?

Bel. Ay, Sir—Pox on him—he will raise my
Anger up to Madnefs, and I shall kill him to prevent his
going to Bed to her. *[Aside.]*

200 *The LUCKY CHANCE, or,*

Sir Feeb. A pife of thofe Bandstrings—the more hafte the lefs fpeed.

Bel. Be it fo in all things, I befeech thee, *Venus.*

Sir Feeb. Thy aid a little, *Francis*——oh, oh——thou choak'ft me, 'sbobs, what doft mean?

Bel. You had fo hamper'd 'em, Sir——the Devil's very mifchievous in me. [Pinches him by the Throat, *Aside.*

Sir Feeb. Come, come, quick, good *Francis*, adod I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton——nimble, good *Francis*, untrufs, untrufs. [*Aside.*

Bel. Cramps feize ye——what fhall I do? the near Approach diftracts me. [*Aside.*

Sir Feeb. So, fo, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well *Francis*, how doft think I got the young Jade my Wife?

Bel. With five hundred pound a year Jointure, Sir.

Sir Feeb. No, that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in love with a young Fellow they call *Belmour*, a handfome young Rascal he was, they fay, that's truth on't; and a pretty Eftate: but happening to kill a Man he was forced to fly.

Bel. That was great pity, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Pity! hang him, Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deferve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honeft for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongft 'em, under being undone, with Prefenting, and the Devil and all. But what doft think I did? being damnably in love——I feign'd a Letter as from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this fame *Belmour*'s being hang'd.

Bel. Is't poffible, Sir, you cou'd devife fuch News?

Sir Feeb. Poffible Man! I did it, I did it; fhe swooned at the News, fhut her felf up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I prefented high: fhe figh'd and wept, and fwore fhe'd never marry: ftill I prefented; fhe hated, loathed, fpit upon me; ftill adod I prefented, till I prefented my felf effectually in Church to her; for fhe at laft wifely confidered her Vows were cancell'd, fince *Belmour* was hang'd.

Bel.

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Bel. Faith, Sir, this was very cruel, to take away his Fame, and then his Mistress.

Sir Feeb. Cruel! thou'rt an Ass, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, cuckold us, and take away our Wives:—so, so, my Cap, *Francis.*

Bel. And do you think this Marriage lawful, Sir?

Sir Feeb. Lawful! it shall be when I've had Livery and Seisin of her Body—and that shall be presently, Rogue—quick—besides, this *Belmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England.*

Bel. If he gets his Pardon, Sir—

Sir Feeb. Pardon! no, no, I have took care for that, for I have, you must know, got his Pardon already.

Bel. How, Sir! got his Pardon, that's some amends for robbing him of his Wife.

Sir Feeb. Hold, honest *Francis*: What, dost think ~~was~~ in kindness to him? No you Fool, I got his Pardon my self, that no body else should have it, so that if he gets any body to speak to his Majesty for it, his Majesty cries he has granted it; but for want of my appearance, he's defunct, trust up, hang'd, *Francis.*

Bel. This is the most excellent Revenge I ever heard of.

Sir Feeb. Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

Bel. But have you got his Pardon?—

Sir Feeb. I've don't, I've don't; Pox on him, it cost me five hundred pounds tho: Here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening. *[Gives it him.]*

Bel. This was a lucky hit—and if it scape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed. *[Aside.]*

Sir Feeb. So, put it into my Cabinet,—safe, *Francis,* safe.

Bel. Safe, I'll warrant you, Sir.

Sir Feeb. My Gown, quick, quick,—t'other Sleeve, Man—so now my Night-cap; well, I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms. *[Exit, Sir Feeble.]*

Bel. He's gone, quickly oh Love inspire me!

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Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Master, Sir *Cautious Fulbank*, left his Watch on the little Parlor-Table to night, and bid me call for't.

Bel. Hah—the Bridegroom has it, Sir, who is just gone to Bed, it shall be sent him in the Morning.

Foot. 'Tis very well, Sir—your Servant—

[Exit Footman.]

Bel. Let me see—here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him—but his sending has inspir'd me with a sudden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to secure the poor trembling *Leticia*—who, I am sure, is dying with her Fears.

[Exit Belmour.]

SCENE changes to the Bed-chamber; *Leticia undressing by the Women at the Table.*

Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.

Sir Feeb. What's here? what's here? the prating Women still. Ods bobs, what not in Bed yet? for shame of Love, *Leticia*.

Let. For shame of Modesty, Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.

Sir Feeb. What the Women! why they must see you laid, 'tis the fashion.

Let. What, with a Man? I wou'd not for the World.

Oh Belmour, where art thou with all thy promised aid?

[Aside.]

De. Nay, Madam, we shou'd see you laid indeed.

Let. First in my Grave, *Diana*.

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs here's a Compact amongst the Women—High Treason against the Bridegroom—therefore Ladies, withdraw, or adod I'll lock you all in.

[Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.]

So, so, now we're alone, *Leticia*—off with this foolish Modesty, and Night Gown, and slide into my Arms.

[She runs from him.]

H'e

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H'e my little Puskin——what fly me, my coy *Daphne*,
[*He pursues her. Knocking.*]

Hah——who's that knocks——who's there?——

Bel. 'Tis I, Sir, 'tis I, open the door presently.

Sir Feeb. Why, what's the matter, is the House o-fire?

Bel. Worse, Sir, worse——

[*He opens the door, Belmour enters with the Watch in his hand.*]

Let. 'Tis *Belmour's* Voice!

Bel. Oh, Sir, do you know this Watch?

Sir Feeb. This Watch!

Bel. Ay, Sir, this Watch?

Sir Feeb. This Watch!——why prithee, why dost tell me of a Watch? 'tis Sir *Cautious Fulbank's* Watch; what then, what a Fox dost trouble me Watches?

[*Offers to put him out, he returns.*]

Bel. 'Tis indeed his Watch, Sir, and by this Token he has sent for you, to come immediately to his House, Sir.

Sir Feeb. What a Devil art mad, *Francis*? or is his Worship mad, or does he think me mad?—go, prithee tell him I'll come to morrow. [Goes to put him out.]

Bel. To morrow, Sir! why all our Throats may be cut before we go to him to morrow.

Sir Feeb. What sayst thou, Throat cut?

Bel. Why the City's up in Arms, Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Hah——Plot—the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*!——hum——why let 'em meet, I'll not lose this Night to save the Nation.

Let. Wou'd you to bed, Sir, when the weighty Affairs of State require your Presence?

Sir Feeb.——Hum——met at *Guild-Hall*;——my Clothes, my Gown again, *Francis*, I'll out——out! what, upon my Wedding-night? No——I'll in.

[*Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.*]

Let. For shame, Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?

Sir Feeb. Ay, that's true, that's true; come truss again, *Francis*, truss again——yet now I think on't, *Francis*, prithee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Wedding-

204 *The LUCKY CHANCE; or*

ding-night, d'ye see, *Francis* ; and let some body give my Voice for—

Bal. What, Sir ?

Sir Feeb. Adod I cannot tell ; up in Arms, say you ! why, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear ; mun, I'll to Bed—go—

Let. And shall his Majesty's Service and Safety lie unregarded for a slight Woman, Sir ?

Sir Feeb. Hum, his Majesty !—come, haste, *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em arm ; each Man shoulder his Musket, and advance his Pike—and bring my Artillery Implements quick—and let's away : Pupsley—b'u'y Pupsley, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be—let's away : I shall grow fond, and forget the business of the Nation—Come, follow me, *Francis*.—

[*Exit Sir Feeble, Belmour runs to Leticia.*]

Bel. Now my *Leticia*, if thou e'er didst love,
H'ever thou design'st to make me blest—
Without delay fly this adulterous Bed.

Sir Feeb. Why, *Francis*, where are you, Knave ?

Bel. I must be gone, lest he suspect us—I'll lose him, and return to thee immediately—get thy self ready.—

Let. I will not fail, my Love.

[*Exit Belmour.*]

*Old Man forgive me—thou the Aggressor art,
Who rudely forc'd the Hand without the Heart.
She cannot from the Paths of Honour rove,
Whose Guide's Religion, and whose End is Love.*

Exit.

SCENE

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SCENE changes to a Wash-house, or
Out-House.

Enter with a Dark-lanthorn Bredwel disguis'd like a Devil, leading Gayman.

Bred. Stay here till I give notice of your coming.

[Exit Bredwel, leaves his Dark-Lanthorn.

Gay. Kind Light, a little of your aid—now must I be peeping, tho my Curiosity should lose me all—bah—Zouns, what here—a Hovel or a Hog-sty? hum, see the Wickedness of Man, that I should find no time to swear in, but just when I'm in the Devil's Clutches.

Enter Pert, as an old Woman, with a Staff.

Old W. Good Even to you, fair Sir.

Gay. Ha—defend me! if this be she, I must rival the Devil, that's certain.

Old W. Come young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

Gay. He must be as hot as *Vesuvius* that does—I shall never earn my Morning's Present.

Old W. What, do you fear a longing Woman, Sir?

Gay. The Devil I do—this is a damn'd Preparation to Love.

Old W. Why stand you gazing, Sir? A Woman's Passion is like the Tide, it stays for no man when the hour is come—

Gay. I'm sorry I have took it at its turning; I'm sure mine's ebbing out as fast.

Old W. Will you not speak, Sir—will you not on?

Gay. I wou'd fain ask—a civil Question or two first.

Old W. You know too much Curiosity lost Paradise.

Gay. Why there's it now.

Old W. Fortune and Love invite you, if you dare follow me.

Gay. This is the first thing in Petticoats that ever dar'd me in vain. Where I but sure she were but human now—for sundry Considerations she might down—but I will on—

[She goes, he follows; both go out.]

SCENE,

256 *The LUCKY CHANCE; or,*

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Apartment of*
L. Fulbank.

Enter Old Woman follow'd by Gayman in the dark.

[Soft Musick plays, she leaves him.]
Gay. — Hah, Musick — and Excellent!

SONG.

O H! Love, that stronger art than Wine,
Pleasing Delusion, Witchery divine,
Wont to be pris'd above all Wealth,
Disease that has more Joys than Health:
Tho we blaspheme thee in our Pain,
And of thy Tyranny complain,
We all are better'd by thy Reign.

What Reason never can bestow,
We to this useful Passion owe.
Love wakes the dull from sluggish ease,
And learns a Clown the Art to please:
Humbles the vain, kindles the cold,
Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold.
'Tis he reforms the Sot from Drink,
And teaches airy Fops to think.

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the Glutton lies, and dead;
Thou new Spirits dost dispense,
And fine'st the gross Delights of Sense,
Virtue's unconquerable Aid,
That against Nature can persuade;
And makes a roving Mind retire
Within the Bounds of just Desire.
Chearer of Age, Youth's kind Unrest,
And half the Heaven of the blest.

Gay.

An Alderman's Bargain. AT 207.

Gay. Ah, Julia, Julia ! if this soft Preparation
Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces ;
What different Motions wou'd surround my Soul,
From what perplex it now ?

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.

[Then two dance alone. All go out but Pert and a Shepherd.

—If these be Devils, they are obliging ones :
I did not care if I ventur'd on that last Female Fiend.

Man sings.

*Cease your Wonder, cease your Griefs,
Whence arrives your happiness.
Cease your Wonder, cease your Pain,
Human Fancy is in vain.*

Chorus. 'Tis enough, you once shall find,
Fortune may to Worth be kind ; [gives him Gold.
And Love can leave off being blind.

Pert sings.

*You, before you enter here
On this sacred Ring must swear, [Puts it on his
By the Figure which is round, Finger, holds
Your Passion constant and profound ; his Hand.
By the Adamantine Stone,
To be fixt to one alone :
By the Lustre, which is true,
Nè'er to break your sacred Vow.
Lastly, by the Gold that's try'd,
For Love all Dangers to abide.*

They all dance about him, while those same two sing.

Man. *Once about him let us move,
To confirm him true to Love.*

(bis.
Pert.

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Pert. *Twice with my slick turning Feet,
Make him silent and discreet.* (bis)
Man. *Thrice about him let us tread,
To keep him ever young in Bed.* (bis)

Gives him another part.

Man. *Forget Aminta's proud Disdain;
Haste here, and sigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*
Pert. *That God repents his former Sights,
And Fortune thus your Faith requites.*

Both. *Forget Aminta's proud Disdain;
Then taste, and sigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.*

[*Exeunt* all Dancers. Looks on himself, and feels about him.

Gay. What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Case——sure I have not liv'd so bad a Life, to gain the dull Reputation of so modest a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour?——that cannot be——this Age affords none so nice: Nor Fiend nor Goddess can she be, for these I saw were Mortal. No——'tis a Woman——I am positive. Not young nor handsome, for then Vanity had made her glory to have been seen. No——since 'tis resolv'd, a Woman——she must be old and ugly, and will not balk my Fancy with her sight, but baits me more with this essential Beauty.

*Well—— be she young or old, Woman or Devil,
She pays, and I'll endeavour to be civil.*

SCENE

SCENE in the same House. The flat
Scene of the Hall.

After a Knocking, enter Bredwel in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in the one Hand, and a Light in the other, in haste.

Bred. Hah, knocking so late at our Gate——

[Opens the door.

Enter Sir Feeble drest, and arm'd Cap-a-pee, with a broad Waste-Belt stuck round with Pistols, a Helmet, Scarf, Buff-coat and half Pike.

Sir Feeb. How now, how now, what's the matter here?

Bred. Matter, what is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out?—Heavens, Sir, what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

Sir Feeb. What makes you in this showing Equipage, Sir?

Bred. I have been dancing among some of my Friends.

Sir Feeb. And I thought to have been fighting with some of my Friends. Where's Sir Cautious, where's Sir Cautious?

Bred. Sir Cautious——Sir, in Bed.

Sir Feeb. Call him, call him——quickly good Edward.

Bred. Sure my Lady's Frolick is betray'd, and he comes to make Mischief. However, I'll go and secure Mr. Gayman. *[Exit Bredwel.*

Enter Sir Cautious and Boy with Light.

Dick. Pray, Sir, go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's still and well.

Sir Cau. This last Night's misfortune of mine, *Dick*, has kept me waking, and methought all night, I heard a kind of a silent Noise. I am still afraid of Thieves; mercy upon me to lose five hundred Guineas at one clap,

Dick.——Hah——bless me! what's yonder? Blow the great Horn, *Dick*——Thieves——Murder, Murder!

Sir Feeb. Why, what a Pox are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I, man.

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Sir *Cau.* I, who am I? Speak——declare——pronounce.

Sir *Feeb.* Your Friend, old *Feeble Fairwood*.

Sir *Cau.* How, Sir *Feeble*! At this late hour, and on his Wedding-Night——why what's the matter, Sir——is it Peace or War with you?

Sir *Feeb.* A Mistake, a Mistake, proceed to the business, good Brother, for time is precious.

Sir *Cau.* Some strange Catastrophe has happened between him and his Wife to Night, and makes him disturb me thus——

——Come, sit good Brother, and to the business as you say——

[*They sit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other; Dick sets down the Light and goes out——both sit gaping and staring, and expelling when either should speak.*]

Sir *Feeb.* As soon as you please, Sir. Lord, how wildly he stares! He's much disturb'd in's mind——Well, Sir, let us be brief——

Sir *Cau.* As brief as you please, Sir——Well, Brother——

Sir *Feeb.* So, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* How strangely he stares and gapes——some deep concern.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——hum——

Sir *Cau.* I listen to you, advance——

Sir *Feeb.* Sir?

Sir *Cau.* A very distracted Countenance——pray Heaven he be not mad, and a young Wife is able to make an old Fellow mad, that's the Truth on't.

Sir *Feeb.* Sure, 'tis something of his Lady——he's so loth to bring it out——I am sorry you are thus disturb'd, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* No disturbance to serve a Friend——

Sir *Feeb.* I think I am your Friend indeed, Sir *Cautious*, or I wou'd not have been here upon my Wedding-Night.

Sir *Cau.* His Wedding-Night——there lies his Grief, poor Heart! Perhaps she has cuckolded him already——

[*Aside.*]

——Well,

An Alderman's Bargain.

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—Well, come Brother—many such things are done—

Sir *Feeb.* Done—hum—come, out with it; Brother—what troubles you to Night?

Sir *Cau.* Troubles me—why, knows he I am robb'd?

[*Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.* I may perhaps restore you to the Rest you've lost.

Sir *Cau.* The Rest; why, have I lost more since? Why know you then who did it?—Oh how I'd be reveng'd upon the Rascal?

Sir *Feeb.* 'Tis—Jealousy, the old Worm that bites—

[*Aside.*

Who is it you suspect?

Sir *Cau.* Alas, I know not whom to suspect, I wou'd I did; but if you cou'd discover him—I wou'd fo swinge him.

Sir *Feeb.* I know him—what, do you take me for a Pimp, Sir? I know him—there's your Watch again, Sir; I'm your Friend, but no Pimp, Sir— (*Rises in rage.*

Sir *Cau.* My Watch; I thank you, Sir—but why Pimp, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Oh a very thriving Calling, Sir—and I have a young Wife to practise with. I know your Rogues.

Sir *Cau.* A young Wife!—'tis so, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's horn-mad upon't. I suspected her being so close in with his Nephew—in a fit with a Pox— (*Aside.*) Come, come, Sir *Feeble*, 'tis many an honest Man's Fortune.

Sir *Feeb.* I grant it, Sir—but to the business, Sir, I came for.

Sir *Cau.* With all my Soul—

[*They sit gaping, and expecting when either should speak. Enter Bredwel and Gayman at the door.*

Bredwel sees them, and puts Gayman back again.

Bred. Hah—Sir *Feeble*, and Sir *Cautious* there—what shall I do? For this way we must pass, and to carry him back wou'd discover my Lady to him, betray all, and spoil the Jest—retire, Sir, your Life depends upon your being unseen.

[*Go out.*
Sir *Feeb.*

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Sir Feeb. Well, Sir, do you not know that I am married, Sir? and this my Wedding Night?

Sir Cau. Very good, Sir.

Sir Feeb. And that I long to be in bed?

Sir Cau. Very well, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Very good, Sir, and very well, Sir—why then what the Devil do I make here, Sir? (*Rises in a rage.*)

Sir Cau. Patience, Brother—and forward.

Sir Feeb. Forward! lend me your hand, good Brother; let's feel your Pulse: how has this Night gone with you?

Sir Cau. Ha, ha, ha—this is the oddest Quonudrum—sure he's mad—and yet now I think on't, I have not slept to night, nor shall I ever sleep again, till I have found the Villain that robb'd me. (*weeps.*)

Sir Feeb. So, now he weeps—far gone—this Laughing and Weeping is a very bad sign! Come, let me lead you to your Bed. [*Aside.*]

Sir Cred. Mad, stark mad—no, now I'm up 'tis no matter—pray ease your troubled Mind—I am your Friend—out with it—what, was it acted? or but design'd?

Sir Feeb. How, Sir?

Sir Cau. Be not a sham'd, I'm under the same Pre-munire I doubt, little better than a—but let that pass.

Sir Feeb. Have you any Proof?

Sir Cau. Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir Feeb. Of what! why that you're a Cuckold; Sir a Cuckold, if you'll ha't.

Sir Cau. Cuckold! Sir, do ye know what ye say?

Sir Feeb. What I say?

Sir Cau. Ay, what you say, can you make this out?

Sir Feeb. I make it out!

Sir Cau. Ay, Sir,—if you say it, and cannot make it out, you're a—

Sir Feeb. What am I, Sir? What am I?

Sir Cau. A Cuckold as well as my self, Sir; and I'll sue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*; I shall recover swinging Damages with a City-Jury.

Sir Feeb. I know of no such thing, Sir.

Sir Cau. No, Sir?

Sir Feeb.



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Sir *Feeb.* No, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Then what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* I be at, Sir! what wou'd you be at, Sir?

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha—why this is the strangest thing—to see an old Fellow, a Magistrate of the City, the first Night he's married, forsake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to disturb another old Fellow, and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be-cuckold him here—in plain *English*, what's your Bu'ness?

Sir *Feeb.* Why, what the Devil's your Bu'ness, and you go to that?

Sir *Cau.* My Bu'ness, with whom?

Sir *Feeb.* With me, Sir, with me; what a Pox do you think I do here?

Sir *Cau.* 'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know, Sir.

Enter Dick.

Sir *Feeb.* Here, *Dick*, remember I've brought back your Master's Watch; next time he sends for me o'er Night, I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir *Cau.* Ha, ha, ha, I send for you! Go home and sleep Sir—and and ye keep your Wife waking to so little purpose, you'll go near to be haunted with a Vision of Horn.

Sir *Feeb.* Roguery, Knavery, to keep me from my Wife—Look ye, this was the Message I receiv'd.

[Tells him seemingly.]

Enter Bredwel to the Door in a white Sheet like a Ghost, speaking to Gayman who stands within.

Bred. Now, Sir, we are two to two, for this way you must pass or be taken in the Lady's Lodgings—I'll first adventure out to make you pass the safer, and that he may not, if possible, see Sir *Cautious*, whom I shall fright into a Trance, I am sure.

And Sir *Feeble*, the Devil's in't if he know him. *[Aside.]*

Gay. A brave kind Fellow this.

Enter Bredwel stalking on as a Ghost by them.

Sir *Cau.* Oh—undone, undone; help help; I'm dead, I'm dead.

[Falls down on his Face, Sir Feeble stares, and stands still.]

Bred.

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Bred. As I could wish. [*Afide.*]
Come on thou ghastly thing, and follow me.

Enter Gayman like a Ghost, with a Torch.

Sir Cru. Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Gay. Hah! old *Sir Feeble Fainwood*—why where the Devil am I?—'Tis he: and be it where it will, I'll fright the old Dotard for cozening my Friend of his Mistress. [*Stalks on.*]

Sir Feeb. Oh guard me, guard me—all ye Pow'rs!

[*Trembling.*]

Gay. Thou call'st in vain, fond Wretch—for I am *Belmour*,

*Whom first thou robb'st of Fame and Life,
And then what dearer was, his Wife.*

[*Goes out, shaking his Torch at him.*]

Sir Cau. Oh Lord——oh Lord!

Enter L. Fulbank in an undress, and Pert undress.

L. Ful. Heavens, what noise is this?—So he's got safe out I see——hah, what thing art thou?

[*Sees Sir Feeble arm'd.*]

Sir Feeb. Stay, Madam, stay—'tis I, a poor trembling Mortal.

L. Ful. *Sir Feeble Fainwood*!——rise, are you both mad?

Sir Cau. No, no,—Madam, we have seen the Devil.

Sir Feeb. Ay, and he was as tall as the Monument.

Sir Cau. With Eyes like a Beacon—and a Mouth, Heaven blefs us, like *London Bridge* at a full Tide.

Sir Feeb. Ay, and roar'd as loud.

L. Ful. Idle Fancies, what makes you from your Bed? and you, Sir, from your Bride?

Enter Dick with Sack.

Sir Feeb. Oh! that's the business of another day, a mistake only, Madam.

L. Ful. Away, I'm ashamed to see wise Men so weak; the Fantoms of the Night, or your own Shadows, the Whimsies of the Brain for want of Rest, or perhaps *Bred-wel*, your Man—who being wiser than his Master, play'd you this Trick to fright you both to Bed.

Sir Feeb.

Sir Feeb. Hum—adod, and that may be, for the young Knave when he let me in to Night, was drest up for some Wagery——

Sir Cau. Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even so, sure enough, Brother——

Sir Feeb. Ads bobs, but they frighted me at first basely—but I'll home to Pupsey, there may be Roguery, as well as here—Madam, I ask your Pardon, I see we're all mistaken.

L. Ful. Ay, *Sir Feeble*, go home to your Wife.

[*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Belmour at the door, knocks, and enter to him from the House Phillis.

Phil. Oh are you come, Sir? I'll call my Lady down.

Bel. Oh haste, the Minutes fly—leave all behind, And bring *Leticia* only to my Arms. [*A noise of People.*]

—Hah what noise is that? 'Tis coming this way, I tremble with my fears—hah, Death and the Devil, 'Tis he.

Enter Sir Feeble and his Men arm'd, goes to the door, knocks.

Ay, 'tis he, and I'm undone—what shall I do to kill him now? besides, the Sin wou'd put me past all hopes of pardoning.

Sir Feeb. A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus.——

Bel. Hah—see, by Heaven *Leticia*, Oh we are ruin'd!

Sir Feeb. Hum—what's here, two Women?——

[*Stands a little off.*]

Enter Leticia and Phillis softly, undrest, with a Box.

Let. Where are you, my best Wifhes? Lord of my Vows—and Charmer of my Soul? Where are you?

Bel. Oh, Heavens!— [*Draws his Sword half-way.*]

Sir Feeb. Hum, who's here? My Gentlewoman——she's monstrous kind of the fudden. But whom is't meant to? [*Aside.*]

Let. Give me your hand, my Love, my Life, my All

—Alas! where are you?

Sir Feeb.

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Sir Feeb. Hum—no, no, this is not to me—I am filted, cozen'd, cuckolded, and so forth.—

[Groping, she takes hold of Sir Feeb.]

Let. Oh, are you here? indeed you frighted me with your silence—here, take these Jewels, and let us haste away.

Sir Feeb. Hum—are you thereabouts, Mistress? was I sent away with a Sham-Plot for this!—She cannot mean it to me. *[Aside.]*

Let. Will you not speak?—will you not answer me!—do you repent already?—before Enjoyment are you cold and false?

Sir Feeb. Hum, before Enjoyment—that must be me. Before Injoyment—Ay, ay, 'tis I—I see a little Prolonging a Woman's Joy, sets an Edge upon her Appetite.

[Merrily.]

Let. What means my Dear? shall we not haste away?

Sir Feeb. Haste away! there 'tis again—No—'tis not me she means: what, at your Tricks and Intrigues already?—Yes, yes, I am destin'd a Cuckold—

Let. Say, am I not your Wife? can you deny me?

Sir Feeb. Wife! adod 'tis I she means—'tis I she means— *[Merrily.]*

Let. Oh *Belmour*, *Belmour*.

[Sir Feeb. starts back from her hands.]

Sir Feeb. Hum—what's that—*Belmour*!

Let. Hah! *Sir Feeble*!—he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.

Sir Feeb. Oh—I'm glad 'tis no worse—*Belmour* quoth a! I thought the Ghost was come again.

Phil. Why did you not speak, Sir, all this while?—my Lady weeps with your Unkindness.

Sir Feeb. I did but hold my peace, to hear how prettily she prattled Love: But fags you are naught to think of a young Fellow—ads bobs you are now.

Let. I only say—he wou'd not have been so unkind to me.

Sir Feeb. But what makes ye out at this hour, and with these Jewels?

Phil

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Phil. Alas, Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and packt up our things to secure 'em, if there had been a necessity for Flight. For had they come to plundering once, they wou'd have begun with the rich Aldermens Wives, you know, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Ads bobs, and so they would—but there was no Arms, nor Mutiny—where's *Francis*?

Bel. Here Sir.

Sir Feeb. Here, Sir—why, what a story you made of a Meeting in the Hall, and—Arms, and—a—the Devil of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one another's bufiness—

Bel. Such a Message was brought me, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Brought! thou'rt an As, *Francis*—but no more—come, come, let's to bed.—

Let. To Bed, Sir! what by Day-light?—for that's hasting on—I wou'd not for the World—the Night wou'd hide my Blushes—but the Day—wou'd let me see my self in your Embraces.

Sir Feeb. Embraces, in a Fiddlestick; why are we not married?

Let. 'Tis true, Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my Virgin Modesty forbids it. I'll to *Diana's* Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir Feeb. For once you shall prevail; and this dam'd Jant has pretty well mortified me:—a Pox of your Mutiny, *Francis*.—Come, I'll conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe, Rogue.—

*We'll give young Wenches leave to whine and blush,
And fly those Blessings which—ads bobs they wish.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Feeble's House.

Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman fine, gently pulling her back by the hand; and Ralph meets 'em.

L. Ful. **H**OW now, *Ralph*—Let your Lady know
I am come to wait on her. [*Exit. Ralph.*]

Gay. Oh why this needless Visit——
Your Husband's safe, at least till Evening safe.
Why will you not go back,
And give me one soft hour, tho to torment me?

L. Ful. You are at leisure now, I thank you, Sir.
Last Night when I with all Love's Rhetorick pleaded,
And Heaven knows what last Night might have produced,
You were engag'd! False Man, I do believe it,
And I am satisfied you love me not.

[*Walks away in scorn.*]

Gay. Not love you!
Why do I waste my Youth in vain pursuit,
Neglecting Interest, and despising Power?
Unheeding and despising other Beauties.
Why at your feet are all my Fortunes laid,
And why does all my Fate depend on you?

L. Ful. I'll not consider why you play the Fool,
Present me Rings and Bracelets; why pursue me;
Why watch whole Nights before my senseless Door,
And take such Pains to shew your self a Coxcomb.

Gay. Oh! why all this?
By all the Powers above, by this dear Hand,
And by this Ring, which on this Hand I place,
On which I've sworn Fidelity to Love;
I never had a Wish or soft Desire
To any other Woman,
Since *Julia* sway'd the Empire of my Soul.

L. Ful.

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L. *Ful.* Hah, my own Ring I gave him last night.

[*Aside.*

—Your Jewel, Sir, is rich :
Why do you part with things of so much value,
So easily, and so frequently ?

Gay. To strengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

L. *Ful.* And leave your self undone ?

Gay. Impossible, if I am blest with *Julia*.

L. *Ful.* Love's a thin diet, nor will keep out Cold.

You cannot satisfy your dunning Taylor,

To cry—I am in Love !

Tho possible you may your Semstrefs.

Gay. Does ought about me speak such Poverty ?

L. *Ful.* I am sorry that it does not, since to maintain
this Gallantry, 'tis said you use base means, below a Gentleman.

Gay. Who dares but to imagine it is a Rascal, a Slave,
below a beating——what means my *Julia* ?

L. *Ful.* No more dissembling, I know your Land is
gone—I know each Circumstance of all your Wants ;
therefore—as e'er you hope that I should love you ever,
tell me—where 'twas you got this Jewel, Sir.

Gay. Hah—I hope 'tis not stol'n Goods ; [*Aside.*

Why on the sudden all this nice examining ?

L. *Ful.* You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.

Gay. Stay——why—I bought it, Madam——

L. *Ful.* Where had you Money, Sir ? You see I am no
Stranger to your Poverty.

Gay. This is strange——perhaps it is a secret.

L. *Ful.* So is my Love, which shall be kept from you.

[*Offers to go.*

Gay. Stay, *Julia*—your Will shall be obey'd, [*Sighing.*
Tho I had rather die than be obedient,
Because I know you'll hate me when 'tis told.

L. *Ful.* By all my Vows, let it be what it will,
It ne'er shall alter me from loving you.

Gay. I have—of late—been tempted——
With Presents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.

L. *Ful.* Tempted ! by whom ?

Gay. The Devil, for ought I know.

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L. Ful. Defend me Heaven ! the Devil ?

I hope you have not made a Contract with him.

Gay. No, tho in the Shape of Woman it appear'd.

L. Ful. Where met you with it ?

Gay. By Magick Art I was conducted—I know not how,
To an enchanted Palace in the Clouds,
Where I was so attended——

Young dancing, singing Fiends innumerable.

L. Ful. Imagination all !

Gay. But for the amorous Devil, the old *Proserpine*.—

L. Ful. Ay, she——what said she ?——

Gay. Not a word : Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent
Devil——but she was laid in a Pavilion, all form'd of
gilded Clouds, which hung by Geometry, whither I was
conveyed, after much Ceremony, and laid in Bed with
her ; where with much ado, and trembling with my
Fears—I forc'd my Arms about her.

L. Ful. And sure that undeceiv'd him.

[*Afide.*

Gay. But such a Carcase 'twas—deliver me—so shrivel'd, lean, and rough——a Canvas Bag of wooden
Ladies were a better Bed-fellow.

L. Ful. Now tho I know that nothing is more distant
than I from such a Monster—yet this angers me.

Death ! cou'd you love me, and submit to this ?

Gay. 'Twas that first drew me in——

The tempting Hope of Means to conquer you,
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprize :
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,
I am so soft in Love,

For one dear Night to clasp you in my Arms,
I'd lavish all that World——then die with Joy.

L. Ful. 'Slife, after all to seem deform'd, old, ugly——

[*Walking in a fret.*

Gay. I knew you would be angry when you heard it.

[*He pursues her in a submissive posture.*

Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjeft, Noifey and Bredwel.

Sir Cau. How, what's here ?—my Lady with the
Spark that courted her last Night ?——hum—with her
again so soon ?—Well, this Impudence and Importunity
undoes more City-Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

Gay.

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Gay. But, Madam——

L. *Ful.* Oh here's my Husband—you'd best tell him your Story—what makes him here so soon?— [*Angry.*

Sir *Cau.* Me his Story! I hope he will not tell me he's as a mind to cuckold me.

Gay. A Devil on him, what shall I say to him?

L. *Ful.* What, so excellent at Intrigues, and so dull at an Excuse? [*Aside.*

Gay. Yes, Madam, I shall tell him——

Enter Belmour.

L. *Ful.*—Is my Lady at leisure for a Visit, Sir?

Bel. Always to receive your Ladyship. [*She goes out.*

Sir *Cau.* With me, Sir, would you speak?

Gay. With you, Sir, if your name be *Fulbank*.

Sir *Cau.* Plain *Fulbank*! methinks you might have had a Sirreverence under your Girdle, Sir; I am honoured with another Title, Sir— [*Goes talking to the rest.*

Gay. With many, Sir, that very well becomes you——

[*Pulls him a little aside.*

I've something to deliver to your Ear.

Sir *Cau.* So, I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now: I see it in his Eyes. My Ear, Sir! I'd have you to know I scorn any man's secrets, Sir;—for ought I know you may whisper Treason to me, Sir. Pox on him, how handfom he is, I hate the sight of the young Stallion. [*Aside.*

Gay. I would not be so uncivil, Sir, before all this Company.

Sir *Cau.* Uncivil!—Ay, ay, 'tis so, he cannot be content to cuckold, but he must tell me so too.

Gay. But since you will have it, Sir—you are—a Rascal—a most notorious Villain, Sir, d'ye hear—

Sir *Cau.* Yes, yes, I do hear—and am glad 'tis no worse. [*Laughing.*

Gay. Griping as Hell—and as insatiable—worse than a Brokering Jew, not all the Twelve Tribes harbour such a damn'd Extortioner.

Sir *Cau.* Pray under favour, Sir, who are you?

[*Pulling off his Hat.*

Gay. One whom thou hast undone——

K 3

Sir *Cau.*

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Sir Cau. Hum—I'm glad of that however.

Gay. Racking me up to a starving Want and Misery,
Then took advantages to ruin me. *[Aside smiling.]*

Sir Cau. So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife——

Gay. Do not you know one *Wasteall*, Sir? *[Aside smiling.]*

Enter Ralph with Wine, sets it on a Table.

Sir Cau. Wasteall——ha, ha, ha,——if you are any Friend to that poor Fellow——you may return and tell him, Sir,—d'ye hear—that the Mortgage of two hundred pound a Year is this day out, and I'll not bait him an hour, Sir,—ha, ha, ha—what, do you think to hector civil Magistrates?

Guy. Very well, Sir, and is this your Conscience?

Sir Cau. Conscience! what do you tell me of Conscience? Why, what a noise is here——as if the undoing a young Heir were such a Wonder; ods so I've undone a hundred without half this ado.

Gay. I do believe thee—and am come to tell you—I'll be none of that Number—for this Minute I'll go and redeem it——and free my self from the Hell of your Indentures.

Sir Cau. How, redeem it! sure the Devil must help him then.—Stay, Sir——stay——Lord, Sir, what need you put your self to that trouble? your Land is in safe hands, Sir; come, come, sit down—and let us take a Glafs of Wine together, Sir——

Bel. Sir, my service to you.

[Drinks to him.]

Gay. Your Servant, Sir. Wou'd I cou'd come to speak to *Belmour*, which I dare not do in publick, lest I betray him. I long to be resolv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was last night——if it were he——by which I might find out my invisible Mistrefs.

Noi. Noble Mr. *Wasteall*——

[Salutes him, so does Bearjeff.]

Bel. Will you please to sit, Sir?

Gay. I have a little business, Sir—but anon I'll wait on you—your Servant, Gentlemen—I'll to *Crap* the Scrivener's.

[Goes out.]

Sir Cau.

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Sir *Cau.* Do you know this *Wasteall*, Sir?—

[To Noifey.

Noi. Know him, Sir! ay, too well—

Bear. The World's well mended with him, Captain, since I lost my Money to him and you at the *George* in *White-Fryers*.

Noi. Ay, poor Fellow—he's sometimes up, and sometimes down, as the Dice favour him—

Bear. Faith and that's pity; but how he came so fine o'th' sudden? 'Twas but last week he borrowed eighteen pence of me on his Waste-Belt to pay his Dinner at an Ordinary.

Bel. Were you so cruel, Sir, to take it?

Noi. We are not all one Man's Children; faith, Sir, we are here to day, and gone to morrow—

Sir *Cau.* I say 'twas done like a wise Man, Sir; but under favour, Gentlemen, this *Wasteall* is a Rascal—

Noi. A very Rascal, Sir, and a most dangerous Fellow—he cullies in your Prentices and Cashiers to play—which ruins so many o'th' young Fry i'th' City—

Sir *Cau.* Hum—does he so—d'ye hear that, *Edward*?

Noi. Then he keeps a private Press, and prints your *Amsterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, and makes 'em too, I'll warrant him; a dangerous Fellow—

Noi. Sometimes he begs for a lame Soldier with a wooden Leg.

Bear. Sometimes, as a blind Man, sells Switches in *New-Market* Road.

Noi. At other times he runs the Country like a Gipsy—tells Fortunes and robs Hedges, when he's out of Linen.

Sir *Cau.* Tells Fortunes too!—nay, I thought he dealt with the Devil—Well, Gentlemen, you are all wide o' this Matter—for to tell you the Truth—he deals with the Devil, Gentlemen—otherwise he could never have redeem'd his Land.

Bel. How, Sir, the Devil!

Sir *Cau.* I say the Devil: Heaven blefs every wise Man from the Devil.

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Bear. The Devil, sha! there's no such Animal in Nature: I rather think he pads.

Noi. Oh Sir, he has not Courage for that—but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

Sir Cau. Lock! my Study-Lock was pickt—I begin to suspect him—

Bear. I saw him once open a Lock with the Bone of a Breast of Mutton, and Break an Iron Bar asunder with the Eye of a Needle.

Sir Cau. Prodigious!—well I say the Devil still.

Enter Sir Feeble.

Sir Feeb. Who's this talks of the Devil?—a Fox of the Devil,

I say, this last night's Devil has so haunted me—

Sir Cau. Why have you seen it since, Brother?

Sir Feeb. In Imagination, Sir.

Bel. How, Sir, a Devil?

Sir Feeb. Ay, or a Ghost.

Bel. Where, good Sir?

Bear. Ay, where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to see a Ghost—

Bel. Sure, Sir, 'twas Fancy.

Sir Feeb. If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a strong one; and Ghosts and Fancy are all one if they can deceive. I tell you—if ever I thought in my Life—I thought I saw a Ghost—Ay and a damnable impudent Ghost—too; he said he was a—Fellow here—they call *Belmour*.

Bel. How, Sir!

Bear. Well, I wou'd give the world to see the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, such an one as *Wasteall's* Acquaintance is—

Sir Cau. He can show him too soon, it may be. I'm sure as civil as he is, he helps him to steal my Gold, I doubt—and to be sure—Gentlemen, you say he's a Gamester—I desire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propose to sport a Dye, or so—and we'll fall to play for a Teaster, or the like—and if he sets any Money, I shall go near to know my own Gold, by some remarkable Pieces amongst it; and if he have it, I'll hang him; and then all his six hundred a Year will be my own, which I have in Mortgage. *Bear.*

Bear. Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him—
mean time, Sir, I have brought my Musick, to entertain
my Mistress with a Song.

Sir Feeb. Take your own methods, Sir——they are
at leisure——while we go drink their Healths within.
Adod I long for night, we are not half in kelter, this
damn'd Ghost will not out of my Head yet.

[*Exeunt all but Belmour.*

Bel. Hah—a Ghost ! what can he mean ? A Ghost, and
Belmour's !

—Sure my good Angel, or my Genius,
In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*—
But see *Leticia* comes, but still attended—

Enter Leticia, Lady Fulbank, Diana.

——Remember——oh remember to be true ?

[*Aside to her, passing by goes out.*

L. Ful. I was sick to know with what Christian Pa-
tience you bore the Martyrdom of this Night.

Let. As those condemn'd bear the last Hour of Life.

A short Reprieve I had——and by a kind Mistake,

Diana only was my Bedfellow——

[*Weeps.*

Dia. I wish for your Repose you ne'er had seen my
Father.

[*Weeps.*

Let. And so do I, I fear he has undone me——

Dia. And me, in breaking of his word with *Bred-
wel*——

L. Ful.——So——as *Trincolo* says, wou'd you were
both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Hus-
band. For I have e'en no better luck than either of
you——

——Let our two Fates warn your approaching one :
I love young *Bredwel*, and must plead for him.

Dia. I know his Virtue justifies my Choice :

But Pride and Modesty forbids I shou'd unlov'd pursue
him.

Let. Wrong not my Brother so, who dies for you——

Dia. Cou'd he so easily see me given away,
Without a Sigh at parting ?

For all the day a Calm was in his Eyes,

And unconcern'd he look'd and talk'd to me ;

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In dancing never prest my willing Hand,
Nor with a scornful Glance reproach'd my Falseness.

Let. Believe me, that Dissembling was his Master-piece.

Dia. Why should he fear, did not my Father promise him?

Let. Ay, that was in his wooing time to me:

But now 'tis all forgotten—— [*Musick at the door.*]

After which enter Bearjest and Bredwel.

L. Ful. How now, Cousin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?

Bear. Ay, Madam, I have not travel'd for nothing——

L. Ful. I find my Cousin is resolv'd to conquer, he assails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his success, Madam.—— [*Ex. Leticia and L. Fulbank.*]

Bear. Oh Lord, Madam, you oblige——look Ned, you had a mind to have a full view of my Mistress, Sir, and——here she is. [*He stands gazing.*]

Go, salute her——look how he stands now; what a sneaking thing is a Fellow who has never travel'd and seen the World!——Madam——this is a very honest Friend of mine, for all he looks so simply.

Dia. Come, he speaks for you, Sir.

Bear. He Madam! tho he be but a Banker's Prentice, Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th' City——he has made love in Dancing-Schools, and to Ladies of Quality in the middle Gallery, and shall joke ye——and repartee with any Fore-man within the Walls——prithee to her——and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Crevat.

Dia. He looks as if he cou'd not speak to me.

Bear. Not speak to you! yes, Gad Madam, and do any thing to you too.

Dia. Are you his Advocate, Sir?

[*In scorn.*]

Bear. For want of a better——

[*Stands behind him, pushing him on.*]

Bred. An Advocate for Love I am,
And bring you such a Message from a Heart——

Bear. Meaning mine, dear Madam.

Bred. That when you hear it, you will pity it.

Bear. Or the Devil's in her——

Dia.

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Dia. Sir, I have many Reasons to believe,
It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person.

Bear. There is something in that, I must confess.

[*Behind him.*]

But say what you will, *Ned*.

Bred. May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love
Fall on me if it be.

Bear. That's well enough—

Bred. No, were you born an humble Village-Maid,
That fed a Flock upon the neighbouring Plain;
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,
By Heaven I wou'd adore you—love you—wed you—
Tho the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial.

[*Bear. looks on him.*]

—this—I wou'd do, were I my Friend the Squire.

[*Recollecting.*]

Bear. Ay, if you were me—you might do what you
pleas'd; but I'm of another mind.

Dia. Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom In-
terest sways, not Honour; and whatsoever Promises
he's made you, he means to break 'em all, and I am
destin'd to another.

Bear. How, another—his Name, his Name, Madam—
here's *Ned* and I fear ne'er a single Man i'th' Nation;
What is he——what is he?——

Dia. A Fop, a Fool, a beaten Ass—a Blockhead.

Bear. What a damn'd shame's this, that Women shou'd
be sacrificed to Fools, and Fops must run away with
Heiresses——whilst we Men of Wit and Parts dress and
dance, and cock and travel for nothing but to be tame
Keepers.

Dia. But I, by Heaven, will never be that Victim:
But where my Soul is vow'd, 'tis fix'd for ever.

Bred. Are you resolv'd, are you confirm'd in this?
Oh my *Diana*, speak it o'er again.

Runs to her, and embraces her.

Bless me, and make me happier than a Monarch.

Bear. Hold, hold, dear *Ned*—that's my part, I take it.

Bred. Your Pardon, Sir, I had forgot my self.

—But time is short—what's to be done in this?

Bear.

Bear. Done! I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword, d'ye see, not that I care this—but I'll not be sob'd off—what, do they take me for a Fool—an Ass?

Bred. Madam, dare you run the risk of your Father's Displeasure, and run away with the Man you love?

Dia. With all my Soul—

Bear. That's hearty—and we'll do't—*Ned* and I here—and I love an Amour with an Adventure inty like *Amadis de Gaul*—Harkye, *Ned*, get a Coach and six ready to night when 'tis dark, at the back Gate—

Bred. And I'll get a Parson ready in my Lodgings, to which I have a Key thro' the Garden, by which we may pass unseen.

Bear. Good—Mun here's Company—

Enter Gayman with his Hat and Money in't, Sir Cautious in a rage, Sir Feeble, Lady Fullbank, Leticia, Captain Noisey, Belmour.

Sir Cau. A hundred Pound lost already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wife Coxcomb—to turn Frigidal at my Years, why I was bewitcht!

Sir Feeb. Shaw, 'twas a Frolick, Sir, I have lost a hundred Pound as well as you. My Lady has lost, and your Lady has lost, and the rest—what, old Cows will kick sometimes, what's a hundred Pound?

Sir Cau. A hundred Pound! why 'tis a sum, Sir—a sum—why what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice!

L. Ful. Why, you made a shift to lose, Sir! And where's the harm of that? We have lost, and he has won; anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir Cau. Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why how came you to win so unmercifully, Sir?

Gay. Oh the Devil will not lose a Gamester of me, you see, Sir.

Sir Cau. The Devil!—mark that, Gentleman—

Bear. The Rogue has damn'd luck sure, he has got a Fly—

Sir Cau. And can you have the Conscience to carry away all our Money, Sir?

Gay.

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Gay. Most assuredly, unless you have the courage to retrieve it. I'll set it at a Throw, or any way: what say you, Gentlemen?

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs you young Fellows are too hard for us every way, and I'm engag'd at an old Game with a new Gamester here, who will require all an old Man's Stock.

L. Feeb. Come, Cousin, will you venture a Guinea? Come, Mr. Bradwel.

Gay. Well, if no body dare venture on me, I'll stand away my Cash— [They all go to play at the Table, but

Sir Cau. Sir Feeb. and Gay.
Sir Cau. Hum—must it all go?—a rare sum, if a Man were but sure the Devil wou'd stand Neuter now—

[*Aside.*
Sir, I wish I had any thing but ready Money to stake: three hundred Pound—a fine Sum!

Gay. You have Moveables, Sir, Goods—Commodities—

Sir Cau. That's all one, Sir; that's Money's worth, Sir: but if I had any thing that were worth nothing—

Gay. You wou'd venture it, I thank you, Sir—I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing—

Sir Cau. Why, fo, Sir?

Gay. Then I wou'd set all this against that Nothing.

Sir Cau. What, set it against my Wife?

Gay. Wife, Sir! ay, your Wife—

Sir Cau. Hum, my Wife against three hundred Pounds! What all my Wife, Sir!

Gay. All your Wife! Why, Sir, some part of her wou'd serve my turn.

Sir Cau. Hum—my Wife, why, if I shou'd lose, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her. [*Aside.*

Gay. Well, I find you are not for the Bargain, and so I put up—

Sir Cau. Hold, Sir—why so hasty—my Wife? no—put up your Money, Sir—what, lose my Wife for three hundred Pounds!

Gay. Lose her, Sir!—why, she shall be never the worse for my wearing, Sir—the old covetous Rogue is considering

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considering on't, I think—What say you to a Night? I'll let it to a Night—there's none need know it, Sir.

Sir *Cau.* Hum—a Night!—three hundred Pounds for a Night! why what a lavish Whore-master's this! We take Money to marry our Wives, but very seldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money—For a Night, say you?—Gad if I should take the Rogue at his word, 'twould be a pure Jest. *[Aside.]*

Sir *Feeb.* Are you not mad, Brother.

Sir *Cau.* No, but I'm wise—and that's as good; let me consider.

Sir *Feeb.* What, whether you shall be a Cuckold or not?

Sir *Cau.* Or lose three hundred Pounds—consider that. A Cuckold!—why, 'tis a word—an empty sound—'tis Breath—'tis Air,—'tis nothing;—but three hundred Pounds—Lord, what will not three hundred Pounds do? You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing, Sir—

Sir *Feeb.* It may be so—but she shall do't discreetly then.

Sir *Cau.* Under favour, you're an Ass, Brother; this is the discreetest way of doing it, I take it.

Sir *Feeb.* But would a wife man expose his Wife?

Sir *Cau.* Why, *Cato* was a wiser Man than I, and he lent his Wife to a young Fellow they call'd *Hortensius*, as story says; and can a wise Man have a better Precedent than *Cato*?

Sir *Feeb.* I say, *Cato* was an Ass, Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir *Cau.* But I am of *Cato's* mind. Well, a single Night you say.

Gay. A single Night—to have—to hold—to possess—and so forth, at discretion.

Sir *Cau.* A Night—I shall have her safe and sound 7th' Morning.

Sir *Feeb.* Safe, no doubt on't—but how sound?

Gay. And for Non-performance, you shall pay me three hundred Pounds, I'll forfeit as much if I tell—

Sir *Cau.* Tell?—why make your three hundred pounds six hundred, and let it be put into the *Cass*, if you will, Man.—But is't a Bargain? *Gay.*

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Gay. Done——Sir *Feeble* shall be witness——
and there stands my Hat.
[*Puts down his Hat of Money, and each of 'em*
takes a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage,
the rest come about 'em.

Sir Cau. He that comes first to One and thirty wins——
[*They throw and count.*

L. Ful. What are you playing for?
Sir Feeb. Nothing, nothing——but a Trial of Skill
between an old Man and a Young——and your Lady-
ship is to be Judge.

L. Ful. I shall be partial, Sir.
Sir Cau. Six and five's Eleven——
[*Throws, and pulls the Hat towards him.*

Gay. Cater Tray——Pox of the Dice——

Sir Cau. Two fives——one and twenty——
[*Sets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*

Gay. Now, Luck——Doublets of fixes——nineteen.

Sir Cau. Five and four——thirty——
[*Draws the Hat to him.*

Sir Feeb. Now if he wins it, I'll swear he has a Fly
indeed——'tis impossible without Doublets of fixes——

Gay. Now Fortune smile——and for the future frown.
[*Throws.*

Sir Cau.——Hum——two fixes——
[*Rises and looks dolefully around.*

L. Ful. How now? what's the matter you look so like
an Ass, what have you lost?

Sir Cau. A Bauble——a Bauble——'tis not for what
I've lost——but because I have not won——

Sir Feeb. You look very simple, Sir——what think you of
-*Cato* now?

Sir Cau. A wife Man may have his failings——

L. Ful. What has my Husband lost?—

Sir Cau. Only a small parcel of Ware that lay dead
upon my hands, Sweet-heart.

Gay. But I shall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant
you.

L. Ful. Well, since 'tis no worse, bring in your fine
Dancer, Cousin, you say you brought to entertain your
Mistress

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Mistress with.

[Bearjeff goes out.

Gay. Sir, you'll take care to see me paid to Night!

Sir Cau. Well, Sir—but my Lady, you must know, Sir, has the common frailties of her Sex, and will refuse what she even longs for, if persuaded to't by me.

Gay. 'Tis not in my Bargain to sollicit her, Sir, you are to procure her—or three hundred pounds, Sir; chuse you whether.

Sir Cau. Procure her! with all my soul, Sir: alas, you mistake my honest meaning, I scorn to be so unjust as not to see you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part—In order to this, Sir—get but your self conveyed in a Chest to my house, with a direction upon't for me; and for the rest—

Gay. I understand you.—

Sir Feeb. Ralph, get supper ready.

Enter Bear. with Dancers; all go out but Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. Well, I must break my Mind, if possible, to my Lady—but if she shou'd be refractory now—and make me pay Three hundred Pounds—why sure she won't have so little Grace—Three hundred Pounds said, is three hundred pounds got—by our account—Could All—

*Who of this City-Privilege are free,
Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;
T'is an thriving Merchant, whose gray Hair adorns,
Before all Ventures wou'd ensure his Horns;
For thus, while he but lets spare Rooms to hire,
His Wife's crack'd Credit keeps his own entire.*

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Sir Cautious his House.

Enter Belmour alone, sad.

Bel. **T**HE Night is come, oh my *Letticia*,
The longing Bridegroom hastens to his Bed;
Whilst she with all the languishment of Love,
And sad Despair, casts her fair Eyes on me,
Which silently implore, I would deliver her;
But how! ay, there's the Question—hah—*[Pausing]*
I'll get my self hid in her Bed-chamber—
And something I will do—may serve us yet—
If all my Arts should fail—I'll have recourse

[Draws a dagger.]

To this—and bear *Letticia* off by force.

But see she comes—

Enter Lady Fulbank, Sir Cautious, Sir Feeble, Letticia,
Bearjest, Noisey, Gayman. Exit Belmour.

Sir Feeb. Lights there, *Ralph*,

And my Lady's Coach there—*[Bearjest goes to Gayman]*

Bear. Well, Sir, remember you have promised to grant
me my diabolical request, in shewing me the Devil—

Gay. I will not fail you, Sir.

L. Ful. Madam, your Servant; I hope you'll see no
more Ghosts, *Sir Feeble.*

Sir Feeb. No more of that, I beseech you, Madam:
Prithen, *Sir Cautious*, take away your Wife—Madam,
your Servant—*[All go out after the Light.]*

Come, *Lette*, *Lette*; hasten Rogue, hasten to thy
Chamber; away, here be the young Wenches coming—

[Puts her out, he goes out.]

Enter Diana, puts on her Hood and Scarf.

Dia. So—they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bred-*
wel—the Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.

Father farewell—if you dislike my course,
Blame the old rigid Customs of your Force.

[Goes out.]

S C E N E,

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, and Phillis.

Let. Ah, *Phillis* ! I am fainting with my Fears,
Hast thou no comfort for me ? [*He undresses to his Gown.*

Sir Feeb. Why what art doing there—fiddle fadling—
adod you young Wenches are so loth to come to—but
when your hands in, you have no mercy upon us poor
Husbands.

Let. Why do you talk so, Sir ?

Sir Feeb. Was it anger'd at the Fool's Prattle ? tum a
me, tum a-me, I'll undress it, effags I will—Roguy.

Let. You are so wanton, Sir, you make me blush—
I will not go to bed, unless you'll promise me—

Sir Feeb. No bargaining, my little Hussy—what you'll
tie my hands behind me, will you ? [*She goes to the Table.*

Let.—What shall I do ?—assist me gentle Maid,
Thy Eyes methinks put on a little hope.

Phil. Take Courage, Madam—you guess right—
be confident.

Sir Feeb. No whispering, Gentlewoman—and putting
Tricks into her head ; that shall cheat me of another
Night—Look on that silly little round Chitty-face—
look on those smiling roguish loving Eyes there—look
—look how they laugh, twire, and tempt—he
Rogue—I'll busf 'em there, and here, and every
where—Ods bobs—away, this is fooling and spoiling of
a Man's stomach, with a bit here, and a bit there—so
Bed—to Bed—

[*As she is at the Toilet, he looks over her shoulder,
and sees her Face in the Glass.*

Let. Go you first, Sir, I will but stay to say my Pray-
ers, which are that Heaven wou'd deliver me. [*Aside.*

Sir Feeb. Say thy Prayers !—What, art thou mad !
Prayers upon thy Wedding-night ! a short Thanksgiving
or so—but Prayers quoth a—'Sbobs you'll have time
enough for that, I doubt—

Let.

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Let. I am aſham'd to undrefs before you, Sir: go to Bed—

Sir Feeb. What, was it aſham'd to ſhew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbies——well, I'll go, I'll go——I cannot think on't, no I cannot—

[*Going towards the Bed, Belmour comes forth from between the Curtains, his Coat off, his Shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Diſguiſe off.*]

Bel. Stand—

Sir Feeb. Ah—

Let. and *Phil.* ſqueak——Oh Heavens!——why, is it Belmour? [Aside to *Phil.*]

Bel. Go not to Bed, I guard this ſacred Place, And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

Sir Feeb. Oh—why do I ſhake!——ſure I'm a Man, what are thou?

Bel. I am the wrong'd, the loſt and murder'd Belmour.

Sir Feeb. O Lord; it is the ſame I ſaw laſt night—Oh!—hold thy dread Vengeance—pity me, and hear me—Oh! a Parſon—a Parſon—what ſhall I do——Oh! where ſhall I hide my ſelf?

Bel. I'th' utmoſt Borders of the Earth I'll find thee—Seas ſhall not hide thee, nor vaſt Mountains guard thee: Even in the depth of Hell I'll find thee out, And laſh thy filthy and adulterous Soul.

Sir Feeb. Oh, I am dead, I'm dead; will no Repentance ſave me? 'twas that young Eye that tempted me to fin: Oh!——

Bel. See, fair Seducer, what thou'ſt made me do; Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my Heart, To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence, When News arriv'd that thou hadſt broke thy Vow.

Sir Feeb. Oh Lord! oh! I'm glad he's dead tho.

Let. Oh hide that fatal Wound, my tender Heart faints with a Sight ſo horrid! [Seems to weep.]

Sir Feeb. So, ſhe'll clear her ſelf, and leave me in the Devil's Clutches.

Bel. You've both offended Heaven, and muſt repent or die.

Sir Feeb.

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Sir Feeb. Ah, I do confess I was an old Fool, bewitcht with Beauty, besotted with Love, and do repent most heartily.

Bel. No, you had rather yet go on in sin :
Thou wou'dst live on, and be a baffled Cuckold.

Sir Feeb. Oh, not for the World, Sir ! I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

Bel. Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to please her, and still be Cucko'd on, believe her, trust her and be Cucko'd still.

Sir Feeb. I see my Folly—and my Age's Dotage—and find the Devil was in me—yet spare my Age—ah ! spare me to repent.

Bel. If thou repent'st, renounce her, fly her sight—Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wou'dst Hell, Those dark eternal Mansions of the dead—Whither I must descend.

Sir Feeb. Oh—wou'd he were gone !

Bel. Fly—be gone—depart, vanish for ever from her to some more safe and innocent Apartment.

Sir Feeb. O that's very hard !

[He goes back trembling, Belmour follows in, with his Dagger up ; both go out.]

Let. Blest be this kind Release, and yet methinks it grieves me to consider how the poor old Man is frighted.

[Belmour re-enters, puts on his Coat.]

Bel.—He's gone, and lock'd himself into his Chamber—

And now, my dear *Leticia*, let us fly—

*Despair till now did my wild Heart invade,
But pitying Love has the rough Storm allay'd.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sir Cautious his Garden.*

Enter two Porters and Rag, bearing Gayman in a Chest ; set it down, he comes forth with a Dark-lantern.

Gay. Set down the Chest behind yon hedge of Roses—and then put on those Shapes I have appointed you—
and

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and be sure you well-savour'dly bang both *Bearjest* and *Nesley*, since they have a mind to see the Devil.

Rag. Oh, Sir, leave 'em to us for that; and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deserve they shou'd beat us. But Sir, we are in Sir *Cautious's* Garden, will he not sue us for a Trespass?

Gay. I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call. [*Exeunt.*]
 —Let me see— I have got no ready stuff to banter with— but no matter, any Gibberish will serve the Fools— 'tis now about the hour of Ten— but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Blessings that my Soul could wish, shall be resign'd to me.

Enter Bredwel.

—Hah! who's there, *Bredwel*.

Bred. Oh, are you come, Sir— and can you be so kind to a poor Youth, to favour his designs, and bless his days?

Gay. Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to secure you your Mistress, and to cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abusing me behind my back so basely.

Bred. 'Twas most unmanly, Sir, and they deserve it— I wonder that they come not.

Gay. How durst you trust her with him?

Bred. Because 'tis dangerous to steal a City-Heiress, and let the Theft be his— so the dear Maid be mine— Hark— sure they come—

Enter Bearjest, runs against Bredwel.

—Who's there, Mr. *Bearjest*?

Bear. Who's that, *Ned*? Well, I have brought my Mistress, hast thou got a Parson ready, and a License?

Bred. Ay, ay, but where's the Lady?

Bear. In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before, to see if the Coast be clear.

Bred. Ay, Sir; but what shall we do? here's Mr. *Gay*—
Man come on purpose to shew you the Devil, as you de-
 r'd.

Bear. Sho! a Fox of the Devil, Man—I can't attend to speak with him now.

Gay. How, Sir! Do you think my Devil of so little Quality, to suffer an Affront unrevenged?

Bear.

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Bear. Sir, I cry his Devilship's Pardon: I did not know his Quality. I protest Sir, I love and honour him, but I am now just going to be married, Sir; and when that Ceremony's past, I'm ready to go to the Devil as soon as you please.

Gay. I have told him your desire of seeing him, and shou'd you baffle him?

Bear. Who I, Sir! Pray let his Worship know, I shall be proud of the Honour of his Acquaintance; but, Sir, my Mistress and the Parson wait in *Ned's* Chamber.

Gay. If all the World wait, Sir, the Prince of Hell will stay for no Man.

Bred. Oh, Sir, rather than the Prince of the Infernals shall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come, Sir.

Bear. Nay, I have a great mind to kiss his Paw, Sir; but I cou'd wish you'd shew him me by day-light, Sir.

Gay. The Prince of Darknefs does abhor the Light. But, Sir, I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you company.

Enter Noifey and Diana.

Bear. I'm much oblig'd to you, Sir; oh Captain—

[Talks to him.]

Bred. Haste Dear; the Parson waits, To finish what the Powers designed above.

Dia. Sure nothing is so bold as Maids in Love.

[They go out.]

Noi. Pisho! he conjure—he can flie as soon.

Gay. Gentlemen, you must be sure to confine your selves to this Circle, and have a care you neither swear, nor pray.

Bear. Pray, Sir! I dare say neither of us were ever that way gifted.

A horrid Noise.

Gay. Cease your Horror, cease your Haste.
And calmly as I saw you last,
Appear! Appear!
By the Pearls and Diamond Rocks,
By thy heavy Money-Box,

By

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would to *By thy shining Petticoat,*
 120 *That hid thy cloven Feet from Note;*
 125 *By the Vail that hid thy Face,*
 200 *Which else had frighten'd humane Race:*
Appear, that I thy Love may see,
 225 *Appear kind Fiends, appear to me.*

[Soft Musick ceases.]

A. Pox of these Rascals, why come they not?

Four enter from the four corners of the Stage, to Musick that plays; they dance, and in the Dance, dance round 'em, and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.

Bear. Oh enough, enough! Good Sir, lay 'em, and I'll pay the Musick—

Gay. I wonder at it—these Spirits are in their Nature kind, and peaceable—but you have basely injur'd some body—confess, and they will be satisfied—

Bear. Oh good Sir, take your *Cerberuses* off— I do confess, the Captain here, and I, have violated your Fame.

Noi. Abus'd you,—and traduc'd you,———and thus we beg your pardon———

Gay. Abus'd me! 'Tis more than I know, Gentlemen.

Bear. But it seems your Friend the Devil does.

Gay. By this time *Bredwel's* married.

—Great *Pantamogan*, hold, for I am satisfied.

[*Ex. Devils.*]

And thus undo my Charm—

[*Takes away the Circle, they run out.*]

So, the Fools are gone, and now to *Julia's* Arms.

[*Going.*]

SCENE *Lady Fulbank's Anti-chamber.*

She discover'd undrest at her Glafs; Sir Cautious undrest.

L. Ful. But why to Night? indeed you're wondrous kind methinks.

Sir Cau. Why, I dont know———a Wedding is a sort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Man's courage.

L. Ful.

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L. Ful. Ay, but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir Cau. I doubt you'll find it to my Grief— [*Aside.*

——But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou canst not for my Complement; no, thou'dst rather have a young Fellow.

L. Ful. I am not us'd to flatter much; if forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you something more agreeable to my Bed, I must confess.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. Ful. Yet you may take my word without an Oath, were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay as *April* Flowers, which all are fond to gather; My Beauties all should wither in the Shade, E'er I'd be worn in a dishonest Bosom.

Sir Cau. Ay, but you're wonderous free methinks, sometimes, which gives shroud suspicions.

L. Ful. What, because I cannot simper, look demure, and justify my Honour, when none questions it?

——Cry fie, and out upon the naughty Women, Because they please themselves——and so wou'd I.

Sir Cau. How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. Ful. Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Virtue, Sir. But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour, To purchase the dull Fame of being honest.

Sir Cau. Ay, but the World, the World——

L. Ful. I value not the Censures of the Croud.

Sir Cau. But I am old.

L. Ful. That's your fault, not mine.

Sir Cau. But being so, if I shou'd be good-natur'd, and give thee leave to love discreetly——

L. Ful. I'd do't without your leave, Sir.

Sir Cau. Do't—what, cuckold me?

L. Ful. No, love discreetly, Sir, love as I ought, love honestly.

Sir Cau. What, in love with any body, but your own Husband?

L. Ful. Yes.

Sir Cau. Yes, quoth a——is that your loving as you ought?

L. Ful.

L. Ful. We cannot help our Inclinations, Sir,
No more than Time, or Light from coming on——
But I can keep my Virtue, Sir, intire.

Sir Cas. What, I'll warrant, this is your first Love,
Gayman?

L. Ful. I'll not deny that Truth, tho even to you.

Sir Cas. Why, in consideration of my Age, and your
Youth, I'd bear a Conscience——provided you do things
wisely.

L. Ful. Do what thing, Sir?

Sir Cas. You know what I mean——

L. Ful. Hah——I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold,
Sir.

Sir Cas. Why—truly in a civil way—or so.

L. Ful. There is but one way, Sir, to make me hate
you;

And that wou'd be tame suffering.

Sir Cas. Nay, and she be thereabouts, there's no dis-
covering.

L. Ful. But leave this fond discourse, and, if you must,
let us to Bed.

Sir Cas. Ay, ay, I did but try your Virtue, mun——
dost think I was in earnest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Chest directed to your Worship.

Sir Cas. Hum, 'tis *Wastall*——now does my heart fail
me——A Chest say you—to me—so late;—I'll warrant
it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle*——some prohibited
Goods that he has stoln the Custom of, and cheated his
Majesty——Well, he's an honest Man, bring it in——

[Exit Servant.]

L. Ful. What, into my Apartment, Sir, a nasty Chest?

Sir Cas. By all means——for if the Searchers come,
they'll never be so uncivil to ransack thy Lodgings; and
we are bound in Christian Charity, to do for one another
——Some rich Commodities, I am sure——and some
fine Knick-knack will fall to thy share, I'll warrant thee
——Pox on him for a young Rogue, how punctual he is!

[Aside.]

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Enter with the Chest.

—Go, my Dear, go to Bed—I'll send Sir *Nicholas* a Receipt for the Chest, and be with thee presently——

[Ex. severally.]

Gayman *peeps out of the Chest, and looks round him wondring.*

Gay. Hah, where am I? By Heaven, my last Night's Vision—'Tis that enchanted Room, and yonder's the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed some Witch, who knowing of my Infidelity—has by Inchantment brought me hither—'tis so—I am betray'd——

[Pauses.]

Hah! or was it *Julia*, that last night gave me that lone Opportunity?—but hark, I hear some coming—

[Shuts himself in.]

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* *Lifting up the Chest-lid.* So, you are come, I see——

[Goes, and locks the door.]

Gay. Hah—he here! nay then, I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that last night gave me the dear Affignation.

[Aside.]

[Sir Cautious peeps into the Bed-Chamber.]

L. *Ful. within.* Come, Sir *Cautious*, I shall fall asleep, and then you'll waken me.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, my Dear, I'm coming—she's in Bed—I'll go put out the Candle and then——

Gay. Ay, I'll warrant you for my part——

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but you may over-act your part, and spoil all——But, Sir, I hope you'll use a Christian Conscience in this business.

Gay. Oh doubt not, Sir, but I shall do you Reason.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Sir, but——

Gay. Good Sir, no more Cautions; you, unlike a fair Gamester, will rook me out of half my Night—I am impatient.——

Sir *Cau.* Good Lord, are you so hasty? if I please, you shan't go at all.

Gay. With all my soul, Sir; pay me three hundred Pounds, Sir——

Sir *Cau.* Lord, Sir, you mistake my candid meaning still. I am content to be a Cuckold, Sir—but I wou'd have things done decently, d'ye mind me? Gay.

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Gay. As decently as a Cuckold can be made, Sir.

—But no more disputes, I pray, Sir.

Sir Cau. I'm gone—I'm gone—but harkye, Sir, you'll rise before day? [Going out, returns.

Gay. Yet again——

Sir Cau. I vanish, Sir,——but harkye——you'll not speak a word, but let her think 'tis I.

Gay. Be gone, I say, Sir—— [He runs out.
I am convinc'd last night I was with Julia.
Oh Sot, insensible and dull!

Enter softly Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. So, the Candle's out——give me your hand.

[Leads him softly in.

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber.

Lady Fulbank suppos'd in Bed. Enter Sir Cautious and Gayman by dark.

Sir Cau. Where are you, my Dear?

[Leads him to the bed.

L. Ful. Where shou'd I be—in Bed; what, are you by dark?

Sir Cau. Ay, the Candle went out by chance.

[Gayman signs to him to be gone; he makes grimaces as loth to go, and Exit.

SCENE draws over, and represents another Room in the same House.

Enter Parson, Diana, and Pert dress'd in Diana's Clothes.

Dia. I'll swear, Mrs. Pert, you look very prettily in my Clothes; and since you, Sir, have convinc'd me that this innocent Deceit is not unlawful, I am glad to be the Instrument of advancing Mrs. Pert to a Husband, she already has so just a Claim to.

Par. Since she has so firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage—but hark, they are coming sure—

Dia. Pull your Hoods down, and keep your Face from the Light. [Diana runs out.

244 *The LUCKY CHANCE; or,*

Enter Bearjest and Noisey disorder'd.

Bear. Madam, I beg your Pardon——I met with a most devilish Adventure;——your Pardon too, Mr. Doctor, for making you wait.——But the business is this Sir—I have a great mind to lie with this young Gentlewoman to Night, but she swears if I do, the Parson of the Parish shall know it.

Par. If I do, Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

Bear. And that's civil, Sir——Come lead the way,
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't if we can go
(*astray*.)

SCENE *changes to the Anti-chamber.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir Cau. Now cannot I sleep, but am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one Bottom.——Woman is a leaky Vessel——if she should like the young Rogue now, and they should come to a right understanding——why then I am a——Wittal——that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill*, with my Effigies o'th' top, like the sign of Cuckolds Haven.——Hum—they're damnable silent——pray Heaven he has not murdered her, and robbed her——hum——hark, what's that?——a noise!——he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit his Money——How loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plot's discovered, what shall I do?——Why the Devil is not in her fure, to be refractory now, and peevish; if she be, I might pay my Money yet——and that would be a dam'd thing——sure they're coming out——I'll retire and hear ken how 'tis with them. (*Retires.*)

Enter Lady Fulbank undrest, Gayman half undrest upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown.

L. Ful. Oh! You unkind——what have you made me do! Unhand me, false Deceiver——let me loose——

Sir Cau. Made her do!——so, so——'tis done——I'm glad of that—— (*Aside peeping.*)

Gay. Can you be angry, *Julia*?
Because I only seiz'd my right of Love.

L. Ful.

L. Ful. And must my Honour be the Price of it?
 Could nothing but my Fame reward your Passion?
 ———What, make me a base Prostitute, a foul Adulteress?
 Oh——be gone, be gone——dear Robber of my Quiet.
[Weeping.]

Sir Cau. Oh fearful!——

Gay. Oh! Calm your Rage, and hear me; if you are
 so,

You are an innocent Adulteress.

It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd

In cold imagination, and no more;

Shily you turn'd away——faintly resign'd.

Sir Cau. Hum, did she so?——

Gay. Till excess of Love betray'd the Cheat.

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, that was my Fear.

L. Ful. Away, be gone—I'll never see you more——

Gay. You may as well forbid the Sun to shine.

Npt see you more!—Heavens! I before ador'd you,

But now I rave! And with my impatient Love,

A thousand mad and wild Desires are burning!

I have discover'd now new Worlds of Charms,

And can no longer tamely love and suffer.

Sir Cau. So—I have brought an old house upon my
 head,

Imail'd Cuckoldom upon my self.

L. Ful. I'll hear no more—*Sir Cautious*,——where's
 my Husband?

Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?

Sir Cau. Ay, ay, she's well enough pleas'd, I fear,
 for all.

Gay. Base as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treasure;
 Like silly *Indians* barter'd thee for Trifles.

Sir Cau. O treacherous Villain!——

L. Ful. Hah—my Husband do this?

Gay. He by Love, he was the kind Procurer,
 Contriv'd the means, and brought me to thy Bed.

L. Ful. My Husband! My wife Husband!

What fondness in my Conduct had he seen,

To take so shameful and so base Revenge?

Gay. None——'twas filthy Avarice seduc'd him to't.

246 *The LUCKY CHANCE; or*

L. Ful. If he cou'd be so barbarous to expose me,
Cou'd you who lov'd me——be so cruel too?

Gay. What—to possess thee when the Bliss was offer'd?
Possess thee too without a Crime to thee?

Charge not my Soul with so remiss a Flame,
So dull a sense of Virtue to refuse it.

L. Ful. I am convinc'd the fault was all my Husband's——

And here I vow—by all things just and sacred,
To separate for ever from his Bed. *[Kneels.]*

Sir Cau. Oh, I am not able to indure it——
Hold—oh hold, my Dear— *[He kneels as she rises.]*

L. Full. Stand off—I do abhor thee——

Sir Cau. With all my soul—but do not make rash
Vows.

They break my very Heart——regard my Reputation.

L. Ful. Which you have had such care of, Sir, already—
Rise, 'tis in vain you kneel.

Sir Cau. No——I'll never rise again—Alas! Madam,
I was merely drawn in; I only thought to sport a Dye
or so: I had only an innocent design to have discover'd
whether this Gentleman had stoln my Gold, that so I
might have hang'd him——

Gay. A very innocent Design indeed!

Sir Cau. Ay, Sir, that's all, as I'm an honest man.—

L. Ful. I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fix'd than I.
Enter Servant.

Serv. How! my Lady and his Worship up?

—Madam, a Gentleman and a Lady below in a Coach
knockt me up, and say they must speak with your Lady-
ship.

L. Ful. This is strange!—bring them up——
[Exit Servant.]

Who can it be, at this odd time of neither night nor day?

Enter Leticia, Belmour, and Phillis.

Leticia. Madam, your Virtue, Charity and Friendship to
me, has made me trespass on you for my Life's security,
and beg you will protect me, and my Husband—

[Points at Belmour.]

Sir Cau. So, here's another sad Catastrophe!

L. Ful.

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L. *Ful.* Hah—does *Belmour* live? is't possible?
Believe me, Sir, you ever had my Wishes;
And shall not fail of my Protection now.

Bel. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Gay. I'm glad thou hast her, *Harry*; but doubt thou
durst not own her; nay, dar'st not own thy self.

Bel. Yes, Friend, I have my Pardon—

But hark, I think we are pursu'd already—
But now I fear no force.

[*A noise of some body coming in.*]

L. *Ful.* However, step into my Bed-chamber.

[*Exeunt Leticia, Gayman, and Phillis.*]

Enter Sir Feeble in an Antick manner.

Sir *Feeb.* Hell shall not hold thee—nor vast Moun-
tains cover thee, but I will find thee out—and lash thy
filthy and adulterous Carcase.

[*Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir Cau.*]

Sir *Cau.* How—lash my filthy Carcase?—I defy
thee Satan—

Sir *Feeb.* 'Twas thus he said.

Sir *Cau.* Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.

Sir *Feeb.* How, the Ghostly—hush—have a care—for
'twas the Ghost of *Belmour*—Oh! hide that bleeding
Wound, it chills my Soul!— [*Runs to the Lady Fulbank.*]

L. *Ful.* What bleeding Wound?—Heavens, are you
frantick, Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* No—but for want of rest, I shall c'er Morning.
—She's gone—she's gone—she's gone— [*He weeps.*]

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, she's gone, she's gone indeed.

[*He weeps.*]

Sir *Feeb.*—But let her go, so I may never see that dread-
ful Vision—harkye Sir—a word in your Ear—
have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but I have married one already.

[*Weeping.*]

Sir *Feeb.* Hast thou? Divorce her—sue her, quick—
depart—be gone, she'll cuckold thee—and still she'll
cuckold thee.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Brother, but whose fault was that?—
Why, are not you married?

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Sir Feeb. Mum—no words on't, unless you'll have the Ghost about your Ears ; part with your Wife, I say, or else the Devil will part ye.

L. Ful. Pray go to Bed, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Yes, for I shall sleep now, I shall lie alone ;

[Weeps.]
Ah Fool, old dull befotted Fool—to think she'd love me—'twas by base means I gain'd her—cozen'd an honest Gentleman of Fame and Life—

L. Ful. You did so, Sir, but 'tis not past Redress—you may make that honest Gentleman amends.

Sir Feeb. Oh wou'd I could, so I gave half my Estate—

L. Ful. That Penitence atones with him and Heaven.—Come forth *Leticia*, and your injur'd Ghost.

Sir Feeb. Hah, Ghost—another Sight would make me mad indeed.

Bel. Behold me, Sir, I have no Terror now.

Sir Feeb. Hah—who's that, *Francis*!—my Nephew *Francis*?

Bel. *Belmour*, or *Francis*, chuse you which you like, and I am either.

Sir Feeb. Hah, *Belmour*! and no Ghost?

Bel. *Belmour*—and not your Nephew, Sir.

Sir Feeb. But art alive? Ods bobs I'm glad on't, Sir—

rah ;

—But are you real *Belmour*?

Bel. As sure as I'm no Ghost.

Gay. We all can witness for him, Sir.

Sir Feeb. Where be the Minstrels, we'll have a Dance—adod we will—Ah—art thou there, thou cozening little Chits-face?—a Vengeance on thee—thou maddest me an old doting loving Coxcomb—but I forgive thee—and give thee all thy Jewels, and you your Pardon, Sir, so you'll give me mine ; for I find you young Knaves will be too hard for us.

Bel. You are so generous, Sir, that 'tis almost with grief I receive the Blessing of *Leticia*.

Sir Feeb. No, no, thou deservest her ; she would have made an old fond Blockhead of me, and one way or other you wou'd have had her—ods bobs you wou'd—

Enter

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Enter Bearjeft, Diana, Pert, Bredwel, and Noifey.

Bear. Juftice Sir, Juftice—I have been cheated—abufed—affaffinated and raviſht !

Sir Cau. How my Nephew raviſht ?——

Pert. No, Sir, I am his Wife.

Sir Cau. Hum——My Heir marry a Chamber-maid !

Bear. Sir, you muſt know I ſtole away Mrs. Dy, and brought her to Ned's Chamber here—to marry her.

Sir Feeb. My Daughter Dy ſtoln——

Bear. But I being to go to the Devil a little, Sir, whip—what does he, but marries her himſelf, Sir ; and fob'd me off here with my Lady's caſt Petticoat——

Noi. Sir, ſhe's a Gentlewoman, and my Siſter, Sir.

Pert. Madam, 'twas a pious Fraud, if it were one ; for I was contracted to him before—ſee here it is——

[Gives it 'em.]

All. A plain Caſe, a plain Caſe.

Sir Feeb. Harkye, Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my Daughter, Sir ?

[To Bredwel, who with Diana kneels.]

Bred. Yes, Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Bleſſing——

Sir Feeb. You will ha't, whether I will or not—riſe, you are ſtill too hard for us : Come Sir, forgive your Nephew——

Sir Cau. Well, Sir, I will——but all this while you little think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forſworn my Bed.

Sir Feeb. Indeed, Sir, the wiſer ſhe.

Sir Cau. For only performing my Promie to this Gentleman.

Sir Feeb. Ay, you ſhewed her the Difference, Sir ; you're a wiſe man. Come, dry your Eyes—and reſt your ſelf contented, we are a couple of old Coxcombs ; d'ye hear, Sir, Coxcombs.

Sir Cau. I grant it, Sir ; and if I die Sir, I bequeath my Lady to you—with my whole Eſtate—my Nephew has too much already for a Fool.

[To Gayman.]

Gay. I thank you, Sir—do you conſent, my *Julia* ?

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L. Ful. No, Sir—you do not like me—a canvass Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

Gay. Cruel Tormentor! Oh I could kill my self with shame and anger!

L. Ful. Come hither, *Bredwel*—witness for my Honour—that I had no design upon his Person, but that of trying his Constancy.

Bred. Believe me, Sir, 'tis true—I feigned a danger near—just as you got to Bed—and I was the kind Devil, Sir, that brought the Gold to you.

Bear. And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the Captain here, Sir?

Gay. No, truly, Sir, those were some I hired—to beat you for abusing me to day.

Noi. To make you 'mends, Sir, I bring you the certain News of the death of Sir *Thomas Gayman*, your Uncle, who has left you two thousand pounds a year—

Gay. I thank you, Sir—I heard the news before.

Sir Cau. How's this; Mr. *Gayman*, my Lady's first Lover? I find, Sir *Feeble*, we were a couple of old Fools indeed, to think at our age to cozen too lusty young Fellows of their Mistresses; 'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been too hard for us; we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth on't.

*That Warrior needs must to his Rival yield,
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the field.*

E P I.

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Person of Quality, Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

LONG have we turn'd the point of our just Rage
 On the half Wits, and Criticks of the Age.
 Oft has the soft, insipid Sonneteer
 In Nice and Flutter, seen his Fop-face here.
 Well was the ignorant lampooning Pack;
 Of Shatterhead Rhymers whipt on Crafsey's back
 But such a trouble Weed is Poetaster,
 The lower 'tis cut down, it grows the faster.
 Tho Satire then had such a plenteous crop,
 An after Match of Coxcombs is come up;
 Who not content false Poetry to renew,
 By sottish Censures wou'd condemn the true.
 Let writing like a Gentleman——fine appear,
 But must you needs judge too en Cavalier?
 Those whistling Criticks, 'tis our Auth'rs fears,
 And humbly begs a Trial by her Peers:
 Or let a Pole of Fools her fate pronounce,
 There's no great harm in a good quiet Dunce.
 But shield her, Heaven! from the left-handed blow
 Of fairy Blockheads who pretend to know.
 Ondownright Dulness let her rather split,
 Than be Fop-mangled under colour of Wit.
 Hear me, ye Scribbling Beaus,
 Why will you in sheer Rhyme, without one stroke
 Of Poetry, Ladies just Disdain provoke,
 And address Songs to whom you never spoke?

*In doleful Hymns for dying Felons fit,
 Why do you tax their Eyes, and blame their Will?
 Unjustly of the Innocent you complain,
 'Tis Bulkers give, and Tubs must cure your pain.
 Why in Lampoons will you your selves revile?
 'Tis true, none else will think it worth their while;
 But thus you're hid! oh, 'tis a politick Felch;
 So some have hang'd themselves to ease Jack Ketch.
 Justly your Friends and Mistresses you blame
 For being so they well deserve the shame,
 'Tis the worst scandal to have borne that name.
 *At Poetry of late, and such whose Skill
 Excels your own, you dart a feeble Quill;
 Well may you rail at what you ape so ill.
 With virtuous Women, and all Men of Worth,
 You're in a state of mortal War by Birth.
 Nature in all her Atom-tights ne'er knew
 Two things so opposite as Them and You.
 On such your Muse her utmost fury spends,
 They're slander'd worse than any but your Friends.
 More years may teach you better: the mean while,
 If you can't mend your Morals, mend your Style.*

* See the late Satir on Poetry.

THE

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THE
FORC'D MARRIAGE;
OR, THE
Jealous Bridegroom.

PROLOGUE,



*Allants, our Poets have of late so us'd ye,
In Play and Prologue too so much abus'd ye,
That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,
Ye're so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here.*

*But when against a common Foe we arm,
Each will assist to guard his own concern.
Women those charming Victors, in whose Eyes
Lie all their Arts, and their Artilleries,
Not being contented with the Wounds they made,
Would by new Stratagems our Lives invade.*

Beauty

*Beauty alone goes now at too cheap rates ;
 And therefore they, like wise and politick States,
 Court a new Power that may the old supply,
 To keep as well as gain the Victory.
 They'll join the force of Wit to Beauty now,
 And so maintain the Right they have in you.
 If the vain Sex this privilege should boast,
 Past cure of a declining Face we're lost.
 You'll never know the blifs of Change ; this Art
 Retrieves (when Beauty fades) the wandring Heart ;
 And tho the airy Spirits move no more,
 Wit still inviles, as Beauty did before.
 To day one of their Party ventures out,
 Not with design to conquer, but to scout.
 Discourage but this first attempt, and then
 They'll hardly dare to sally out again.
 The Poetess too, they say, has Spies abroad,
 Which have dispers'd themselves in every road,
 I'th' upper Box, Pit, Galleries ; every Face
 You find disguis'd in a Black Velvet Case.
 My Life on't ; is her Spy on purpose sent,
 To hold you in a wanton Compliment ;
 That so you may not censure what she's writ,
 Which done, they face you down 'twas full of Wit.
 Thus, while some common Prize you hope to win,
 You let the Tyrant Victor enter in.
 I beg to day you'd lay that humour by,
 Till your Rencontre at the Nursery ;
 Where they, like Centinels from duty free,
 May meet and wanton with the Enemy.*

Enter an Actress.

*How hast thou labour'd to subvert in vain,
 What one poor Smile of ours calls home again ?
 Can any see that glorious Sight, and say [Woman pointing
 A Woman shall not Victor prove to day ? to the Ladies.
 Who is't that to their Beauty would submit,
 And yet refuse the Fetters of their Wit ?*

He

*He tells you tales of Stratagems and Spies ;
 Can they need Art that have such powerful Eyes ?
 Believe me, Gallants, he's abus'd you all ;
 There's not a Vizard in our whole Cabal :
 Those are but Pickeroons that scour for prey,
 And catch up all they meet with in their way ;
 Who can no Captives take, for all they do
 Is pillage ye, then gladly let you go.
 Ours scorns the petty Spoils, and do prefer
 The Glory not the Interest of the War :
 But yet our Forces shall obliging prove,
 Imposing naught but Constancy in Lov ;
 That's all our Aim, and when we have it too,
 We'll sacrifice it all to pleasure you.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>King,</i>	Mr. <i>Westwood.</i>
<i>Philander,</i> his Son, betrothed to <i>Erminia,</i>	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
<i>Alcippus,</i> Favourite, in love with <i>Er-</i>	} Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
<i>minia,</i>	
<i>Orgulius,</i> late General, Father to <i>Er-</i>	} Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
<i>minia,</i>	
<i>Alcander,</i> Friend to the Prince, in love	} Mr. <i>Young.</i>
with <i>Aminta,</i>	
<i>Pisaro,</i> Friend to the Young General	} Mr. <i>Cademan.</i>
<i>Alcippus.</i>	
<i>Falattus,</i> a fantastick Courtier.	Mr. <i>Angel.</i>
<i>Labree,</i> his Man.	
<i>Cleontius,</i> Servant to the Prince, and	} Mr. <i>Crosby.</i>
Brother to <i>Ifillia,</i>	

W O M E N.


<i>Galatea,</i> Daughter to the King,	Mrs. <i>Jennings.</i>
<i>Erminia,</i> Daughter to <i>Orgulius,</i> espous'd	} Mrs. <i>Betterton.</i>
to the Prince,	
<i>Aminta,</i> Sister to <i>Pisaro,</i> in love with	} Mrs. <i>Wright.</i>
<i>Alcander,</i>	
<i>Olinda,</i> Sister to <i>Alcander,</i> Maid of Ho-	} Mrs. <i>Lee.</i>
nour to the Princess,	
<i>Ifillia,</i> Sister to <i>Cleontius,</i> Woman to	} Mrs. <i>Clough.</i>
<i>Erminia,</i>	
<i>Lysette,</i> Woman to <i>Aminta.</i>	

Pages and Attendants.

Scene within the Court of F R A N C E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King, Philander, Orgulius, Alcippus, Alcander, Pifaro, Cleontius, Falatius ; *and Officers.*

King.  O W shall I now divide my Gratitude,
Between a Son, and one that has oblig'd
me,
Beyond the common duty of a Subject ?
Phi. Believe me, Sir, he merits all
your Bounty,
I only took example by his Actions ;
And all the part o'th' Victory which I gain'd,
Was but deriv'd from him.

King. Brave Youth, whose Infant years did bring us
Conquests ;
And as thou grew'st to Man, thou grew'st in Glory,
And hast arriv'd to such a pitch of it,
As all the slothful Youth that shall succeed thee,
Shall meet reproaches of thy early Actions :
When Men shall say, thus did the brave *Alcippus* ;
And that great Name shall every Soul inspire
With Emulation to arrive at something,
That's worthy of Example.

Alcip. I must confess I had the honour, Sir,
To lead on twenty thousand fighting Men,
Whom Fortune gave the Glory of the Day to.
I only bid them fight, and they obey'd me ;
But 'twas my Prince that taught them how to do so.

King. I do believe *Philander* wants no courage ;
But what he did was to preserve his own.
But thine the pure effects of highest Valour ;
For which, if ought below my Crown can recompense,
Name it, and take it, as the price of it.

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Alcip. The Duty which we pay your Majesty,
Ought to be such, as what we pay the Gods ;
Which always bears its Recompence about it.

King. Yet suffer me to make thee some return,
Tho not for thee, yet to incourage Virtue.

I know thy Soul is generous enough,
To think a glorious Act rewards it self.
But those who understand not so much Virtue,
Will call it my neglect, and want of Gratitude ;
In this thy Modesty will wrong thy King.

Alcippus, by this pause you seem to doubt
My Power or Will ; in both you are to blame.

Alcip. Your pardon, Sir ; I never had a thought
That could be guilty of so great a Sin.

That I was capable to do you service,
Was the most grateful Bounty Heaven allow'd me,
And I no juster way could own that Blessing,
Than to imploy the Gift for your repose.

King. I shall grow angry, and believe your Pride
Would put the guilt off on your Modesty,
Which would refuse what that believes below it.

Phil. Your Majesty thinks too severely of him ;
Permit me, Sir, to recompense his Valour,
I saw the wonders on't, and thence may guess
In some Degree, what may be worthy of it.

King. I like it well, and till thou hast perform'd it,
I will divest my self of all my Power,
And give it thee, till thou hast made him great.

Phil. I humbly thank you, Sir——

[*Bows to the King, takes the Staff from Orgulius,
and gives it to Alcippus, who looks amazedly.*]

And here do I create him General.

You seem to wonder, as if I dispossefs'd
The brave *Orgulius* ; but be pleas'd to know,
Such Reverence and Respect I owe that Lord,
As had himself not made it his Petition,
I sooner should have parted with my Right,
Than have discharg'd my debt by injuring him.

King. *Orgulius*, are you willing to resign it?

Org.

Org. With your permission, Sir, most willingly ;
His vigorous Youth is fitter fort than Age,
Which now has render'd me incapable
Of what that can with more success perform.
My Heart and Wishes are the same they were,
But Time has quite depriv'd me of that power
That should assist a happy Conqueror.

King. Yet Time has added a little to your years,
Since I restor'd you to this great Command,
And then you thought it not unfit for you.

Org. Sir, was it fit I should refuse your Grace ?
That was your act of Mercy : and I took it
To clear my Innocence, and reform the Errors
Which those receiv'd who did believe me guilty,
Or that my Crimes were greater than that Mercy.
I took it, Sir, in scorn of those that hate me,
And now resign it to the Man you love.

King. We need not this proof to confirm thy Loyalty ;
Nor am I yet so barren of Rewards,
But I can find a way, without depriving
Thy noble Head of its victorious Wreaths,
To crown another's Temples.

Org. I humbly beg your Majesty's consent to't,
If you believe *Alcippus* worthy of it ;
The generous Youth I have bred up to Battles
Taught him to overcome, and use that Conquest
As modestly as his submissive Captive,
His Melancholy, (but his easy Fetters)
To meet Death's Horrors with undaunted looks :
How to despise the Hardships of a Siege ;
To suffer Cold and Hunger, want of Sleep.
Nor knew he other rest than on his Horse-back,
Where he would sit and take a hearty Nap ;
And then too dreamt of fighting.
I could continue on a day in telling
The Wonders of this Warrior.

King. I credit all, and do submit to you.
But yet *Alcippus* seems displeas'd with it.

Alcip. Ah, Sir ! too late I find my Confidence
Has overcome me unhappy Bashfulness ;

I had an humbler Suit to approach you with ;
 But this unlook'd for Honour
 Has soon confounded all my lesser aims,
 As were they not essential to my Being,
 I durst not name them after what y' have done.

King. It is not well to think my Kindness limited ;
 This, from the Prince you hold, the next from me ;
 Be what it will, I here declare it thine.
 — Upon my life, designs upon a Lady ;
 I guess it from thy Blushing.

— Name her, and here thy King engages for her.

Phi. Oh Gods ! — What have I done ?

Alcip. *Erminia*, Sir. —

Phi. I'm ruin'd. —

King. *Alcippus*, with her Father's leave, she's thine.

Org. Sir, 'tis my Aim and Honour.

Phi. *Alcippus*, is't a time to think of Weddings,
 When the disorder'd Troops require your Presence ?
 You must to the Camp to morrow.

Alcip. You need not urge that Duty to me, Sir.

King. A Day or two will finish that affair,
 And then we'll consummate the happy Day,
 When all the Court shall celebrate your Joy.

[*They all go out, but Alcan. Pifa. and Fal.*]

Pif. *Falatio*, you are a swift Horseman ;
 I believe you have a Mistress at Court,
 You made such haste this Morning.

Fal. By *Jove*, *Pisaro*, I am weary enough of the
 Campaign ; and till I had lost sight of it,
 I clapt on all my Spurs —

But what ails *Alcander* ?

Pif. What, displeas'd ?

Alcan. It may be so, what then ?

Pif. Then thou mayst be pleas'd again.

Alcan. Why the Devil should I rejoice ?
 Because I see another rais'd above me ;
 Let him be great, and damn'd with all his Greatness.

Pif. Thou mean'st *Alcippus*, who I think merits it.

Alcan. What is't that thou call'st Merit ?
 He fought, it's true, so did you, and I,

And

And gain'd as much as he o'th Victory,
But he in the Triumphal Chariot rode,
Whilst we ador'd him like a Demi-God.
He with the Prince an equal welcome found,
Was with like Garlands, tho less Merit, crown'd.

Fal. He's in the right for that, by *Jove*.

Pif. Nay, now you wrong him.

Alcan. What's he? I should not speak my sense of him.

Pif. He is our General.

Alcan. What then?

What is't that he can do, which I'll decline?
Has he more Youth, more Strength, or Arms than I?
Can he preserve himself i'th' heat of the Battle?
Or can he singly fight a whole Brigade?
Can he receive a thousand Wounds, and live?

Fal. Can you or he do so?

Alcan. I do not say I can; but tell me then,
Where be the Virtues of this mighty Man,
That he should brave it over all the rest?

Pif. Faith he has many Virtues, and much Courage;
And merits it as well as you or I:

Orgulius was grown old.

Alcan. What then?

Pif. Why then he was unfit for't,
But that he had a Daughter that was young.

Alcan. Yes, he might have lain by, like rusty Amour,
else.

Had she not brought him into play again;
The Devil take her for't.

Fal. By *Jove*, he's dissatisfy'd with every thing.

Alcan. She has undone my Prince,
And he has most unluckily disarm'd himself,
And put the Sword into his Rival's hand,
Who will return it to his grateful Bosom.

Phi. Why, you believe *Alcippus* honest——

Alcan. Yes, in your sense, *Pisaro*,
But do not like the last demand he made;
'Twas but an ill return upon his Prince,
To beg his Mistress, rather challeng'd her.

Pif.

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Pif. His ignorance that she was so, may excuse him.

Alcan. The Devil 'twill, dost think he knew it not?

Pif. *Orgulius* still design'd him for *Erminia*;
And if the Prince be disoblig'd from this,
He only ought to take it ill from him.

Alcan. Too much, *Pisaro*, you excuse his Pride,
But 'tis the Office of a Friend to do so.

Pif. 'Tis true, I am not ignorant of this,
That he despises other Recompence
For all his Services, but fair *Erminia*,
I know 'tis long since he resign'd his Heart,
Without so much as telling her she conquer'd;
And yet she knew he lov'd; whilst she, ingrate,
Repay'd his Passion only with her Scorn.

Alcan. In loving him, she'd more ingrateful prove
To her first Vows, to Reason, and to Love.

Pif. For that, *Alcander*, you know more than I.

Fal. Why sure *Aminta* will instruct her better,
She's as inconstant as the Seas and Winds,
Which ne'er are calm but to betray Adventurers.

Alcan. How came you by that knowledge, Sir?

Fal. What a Pox makes him ask me that question now?
[*Aside.*]

Pif. Prithee, *Alcander*, now we talk of her,
How go the Amours 'twixt you and my wild Sister?
Can you speak yet, or do you tell your tale
With Eyes and Sighs, as you were wont to do?

Alcan. Faith much at that old rate, *Pisaro*,
I yet have no encouragement from her
To make my Court in any other language.

Pif. You'll bring her to't, she must be overcome,
And you're the fittest for her fickle Humour.

Alcan. Pox on't, this Change will spoil our making
Love,

We must be sad, and follow the Court-Mode;
My life on't, you'll see desperate doings here;
The Eagle will not part so with his Prey;
Erminia was not gain'd so easily,
To be resign'd so tamely.—But come, my Lord,
This will not satisfy our appetites,

Let's

Let's in to Dinner, and when warm with Wine,
We shall be fitter for a new Design.

[*They go out.* Fal. *Reys.*

Fal. Now I am in very fine condition,
A comfortable one, as I take it :
I have ventur'd my Life to some purpose now ;
What confounded luck was this, that he of all men
Living, should happen to be my Rival ?
Well, I'll go visit *Aminta*, and see how
She receives me.—
Why, where a deuce hast thou dispos'd of

Enter Labree.

Thy self all this day ? I will be bound to be
Hang'd if thou hast not a hankering after
Some young Wench ; thou couldst never loiter
Thus else ; but I'll forgive thee now, and prithee go to
My Lady *Aminta*'s Lodging ; kiss her hand
From me ; and tell her, I am just returned from
The Campaign ! mark that word, Sirrah.

Lab. I shall, Sir, 'tis truth.

Fal. Well, that's all one ; but if she should
Demand any thing concerning me, (for
Love's inquisitive) dost hear ? as to my Valour, or so,
Thou understand'st me ; tell her
I acted as a man that pretends to the glory of
Serving her.

Lab. I warrant you, Sir, for a Speech.

Fal. Nay, thou mayst speak as well too much
As too little ; have a care of that, dost hear ?
And if she ask what Wounds I have, dost mind me ?
Tell her I have many, very many.

Lab. But whereabouts, Sir ?

Fal. Let me see—let me see ; I know not where
To place them—I think in my Face.

Lab. By no means, Sir, you had much better
Have them in your Posteriors : for then the Ladies
Can never disprove you ; they'll not look there.

Fal. The sooner, you Fool, for the Rarity on't.

Lab. Sir, the Novelty is not so great, I assure you.

Fal.

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Fal. Go to, y'are wicked ;
But I will have them in my Face.

Lab. With all my heart, Sir, but how ?

Fal. I'll wear a patch or two there, and I'll
Warrant you for pretending as much as any man ;
And who, you Fool, shall know the fallacy ?

Lab. That, Sir, will all that know you, both in the
Court and Camp.

Fal. Mark me, *Labree*, once for all ; if thou takest
Delight continually thus to put me in mind of
My want of Courage, I shall undoubtedly
Fall foul on thee, and give the most fatal proof
Of more than thou expectest.

Lab. Nay, Sir, I have done, and do believe 'tis only
I dare say you are a man of Prowess.

Fal. Leave thy simple fancies, and go about thy busi-
ness.

Lab. I am gone ; but hark my Lord,
If I should say your Face were wounded,
The Ladies would fear you had lost your Beauty.

Fal. O never trouble your head for that, *Aminia*
Is a Wit, and your Wits care not how ill-favour'd
Their Men be, the more ugly the better.

Lab. An't be so, you'll fit them to a hair.

Fal. Thou art a Coxcomb, to think a man of my
Quality needs the advantage of Handfomness :
A trifle as insignificant as Wit or Valour ; poor
Nothings, which Men of Fortune ought to despise.

Lab. Why do you then keep such a stir, to gain
The reputation of this thing you so despise ?

Fal. To please the peevish humour of a Woman,
Who in that point only is a Fool.

Lab. You had a Mistress once, if you have not forgot-
ten her, who would have taken you with all these faults.

Fal. There was so : but she was poor, that's the
Devil, I could have lov'd her else.——But go thy ways ;
what dost thou muse on ?

Lab. Faith, Sir, I am only fearful you will never pass
with those Patches you speak of.

Fal.

Fal. Thou never-to-be-reclaim'd Afs, shall I never bring thee to apprehend as thou ought'ft? I tell thee, I will pafs and repafs, where and how I please; know'ft thou not the difference yet, between a Man of Money and Titles, and a Man of only Parts, as they call them; poor Devils, of no Mien nor Garb: Well, 'tis a fine and frugal thing, this Honour, it covers a multitude of Faults: Even Ridicule in one of us is a-la-mode. But I detain thee; go hafte to *Aminta*. [*Exeunt feverally.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Galatea, Aminta, and Olinda.

Gal. Will *Erminia* come?

Oli. Madam, I thought she'd been already here.

Gal. But prithee how does she fupport this news?

Oli. Madam, as thofe unreconciled to Heaven Would bear the pangs of death.

Am. Time will convince her of that foolifh error, Of thinking a brisk young Husband a torment.

Gal. What young Husband?

Am. The General, Madam.

Gal. Why doft thou think she will confent to it?

Am. Madam, I cannot tell, the World's inconfant.

Gal. Ay, *Aminta*, in every thing but Love; And fure they cannot be in that:

What fay'ft thou, *Olinda*?

Oli. Madam, my Judgment's naught.
Love I have treated as a ftranger Gueft,
Receiv'd him well, not lodg'd him in my Breaft.
I ne'er durft give the unknown Tyrant room;
Left he fhould make his refting place his home.

Gal. Then thou art happy; but if *Erminia* fail,
I fhall not live to reproach her.

Am. Nay, Madam, do not think of dying yet:
There is a way, if we could think of it.

Gal. *Aminta*, when wilt thou this Humour lofe?

Am. Faith never, if I might my Humour chufe.

Gal. Methinks thou now fhould'ft blufh to bid me live.

Am. Madam, 'tis the beft counfel I can give.

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Gal.

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Gal. Thy Counsel ! Prithee what dost counsel now ?

Am. What I would take my self I counsel you.

Gal. You must my Wounds and my Misfortunes bear
Before you can become my Counfeller.

You cannot guess the Torments I endure :

Not knowing the Disease you'll miss the Cure.

Am. Physicians, Madam, can the Patient heal

Altho the Malady they ne'er did feel :

But your Disease is epidemical,

Nor can I that evade that conquers all.

I lov'd, and never did like pleasure know,

Which Passion did with time less vigorous grow.

Gal. Why, hast thou lost it ?

Am. It, and half a score.

Gal. Losing the first, sure thou couldst love no more.

Am. With more facility, than when the Dart

Arm'd with resistless fire first seiz'd my Heart ;

'Twas long then e'er the Boy could entrance get,

And make his little Victory compleat ;

But now he's got the knack on't, 'tis with ease

He domineers, and enters when he please.

Gal. My Heart, *Aminta*, is not like to thine.

Am. Faith Madam try, you'll find it just like mine.

The first I lov'd was *Philocles*, and then

Made Protestations ne'er to love again,

Yet after left him for a faithless crime ;

But then I languisht even to death for him ;

——But Love who suffer'd me to take no rest,

New fire-balls threw, the old scarce dispossest ;

And by the greater flame the lesser light,

Like Candles in the Sun extinguish'd quite,

And left no power *Alcander* to resist,

Who took, and keeps possession of my breast.

Gay. Art thou a Lover then, and look'st so gay,

But thou hast ne'er a Father to obey.

[*Sighing.*]

Am. Why, if I had I would obey him too.

Gal. And live ?

Am. And live.

Gal. 'Tis more than I can do.

Enter

Enter Erminia weeping.

—Thy Eyes, *Erminia*, do declare thy Heart
[*Gal. meets her, embraces her, and weeps.*]

Has nothing but Despairs and Death t' impart,
And I alas, no Comfort can apply,
But I as well as you can weep and die.

Er. I'll not reproach my Fortune, since in you
Grief does the noblest of your Sex subdue ;
When your great Soul a sorrow can admit,
I ought to suffer from the sense of it ;
Your cause of grief too much like mine appears,
Not to oblige my Eyes to double tears ;
And had my heart no sentiments at home,
My part in yours had doubtless fill'd the room.
But mine will no addition more receive,
Fate has bestow'd the worst she had to give ;
Your mighty Soul can all its rage oppose,
Whilst mine must perish by more feeble blows.

Gal. Indeed I dare not say my cause of grief
Does yours exceed, since both are past relief ?
But if your Fates unequal do appear,
Erminia, 'tis my heart that odds must bear.

Er. Madam, 'tis just I should to you resign,
But here you challenge what is only mine :
My Fate so cruel is, it will not give
Leave to *Philander* (if I die) to live :
Might I but suffer all, 'twere some content,
But who can live and see this languishment ?
You, Madam, do alone your Sorrows bear,
Which would be less, did but *Alcippus* share ;
As Lovers we agree, I'll not deny,
But thou art lov'd again, so am not I.

Er. Madam, that grief the better is sustain'd,
That's for a loss that never yet was gain'd ;
You only lose a man that does not know
How great the honour is which you bestow ;
Who dares not hope you love, or if he did,
Your Greatness would his just return forbid ;
His humble thoughts durst ne'er to you aspire,
At most he would presume but to admire ;

Or if it chanc'd he durst more daring prove,
You still must languish and conceal your Love.

Gal. This which you argue lessens not my Pain,
My Grief's the same were I belov'd again.

The King my Father would his promise keep,
And thou must him enjoy for whom I weep.

Er. Ah would I could that fatal gift deny ;
Without him you ; and with him, I must die ;

My Soul your royal Brother does adore,
And I, all Passion, but from him, abhor ;

But if I must th' unfuit *Alcippus* wed,
I vow he ne'er shall come into my Bed.

Gal. That's bravely sworn, and now I love thee more
Than e'er I was oblig'd to do before,

—But yet *Erminia*, guard thee from his Eyes,
Where so much Love, and so much Beauty lies ;

Those charms may conquer thee, which made me bow,
And make thee love as well as break this Vow.

Er. Madam, it is unkind, tho but to fear
Ought but *Philander* can inhabit here.

[*Lays her hand on her heart.*]

Gal. Ah, that *Alcippus* did not you approve,
We then might hope these mischiefs to remove ;

The King my Father might be won by Prayer,
And my too powerful Brother's sad despair,

To break his word, which kept will us undo :
And he will lose his dear *Philander* too,

Who dies and can no remedies receive :
But vows that 'tis for you alone he'll live.

Er. Ah Madam, do not tell me how he dies,
I've seen too much already in his Eyes :

They did the sorrows of his Soul betray,
Which need not be confest another way :

'Twas there I found what my misfortune was,
Too sadly written in his lovely face.

But see, my Father comes : Madam, withdraw a while,
And once again I'll try my interest with him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Orgulius, Erminia weeping, and Isillia.

Er. Sir, does your fatal resolution hold?

Org. Away, away, you are a foolish Girl,
And look with too much pride upon your Beauty;
Which like a gaudy flower that springs too soon,
Withers e'er fully blown.

Your very Tears already have betray'd
Its weak inconstant nature;

Alcippus, should he look upon thee now,
Would swear thou wert not that fine thing he lov'd.

Er. Why should that blessing turn to my despair,
Curse on his Faith that told him I was fair.

Org. 'Tis strange to me you shoud despise this Fortune.
I always thought you well inclin'd to love him,
I would not else have thus dispos'd of you.

Er. I humbly thank you, Sir, tho't be too late.

And wish you yet would try to change my Fate;

What to *Alcippus* you did Love believe,
Was such a Friendship as might well deceive;

'Twas what kind Sisters do to Brothers pay;

Alcippus I can love no other way.

—Sir, lay the Interest of a Father by,
And give me leave this Lover to deny.

Org. *Erminia*, thou art young, and canst not see
The advantage of the Fortune offer'd thee.

Er. Alas, Sir, there is something yet behind. [*Sighs.*]

Org. What is't, *Erminia*? freely speak thy mind.

Er. Ah Sir, I dare not, you inrag'd will grow.

Org. *Erminia*, you have seldom found me so;
If no mean Passion have thy Soul possess'd,
Be what it will I can forgive the rest.

Er. No Sir, it is no crime, or if it be,
Let Prince *Philander* make the Peace for me;
He 'twas that taught the Sin (if Love be such.)

Org. *Erminia*, peace, he taught you then too much.

Er. Nay, Sir, you promis'd me you wou'd not blame
My early Love, if 'twere a noble Flame.

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Org. Then this a more unhappy could not be ;
 Destroy it, or expect to hear of me. *[Offers to go out.*

Er. Alas, I know 'twould anger you, when known.

[She slays him.

Org. *Erminia*, you are wondrous daring grown,
 Where got you courage to admit his Love,
 Before the King or I did it approve ?

Er. I borrow'd Courage from my Innocence,
 And my own Virtue, Sir, was my defence.

Philander never spoke but from a Soul,
 That all dishonest Passions can controul ;
 With Flames as chaste as Vestals that did burn,
 From whence I borrow'd mine, to make return.

Org. Your Love from Folly, not from Virtue grew ;
 You never could believe he'd marry you.

Er. Upon my life no other thing he spoke,
 But those from dictates of his Honour took.

Org. Tho by his fondness led he were content

To marry thee, the King would ne'er consent.

Cease then this fruitless Passion, and incline

Your Will and Reason to agree with mine,

Alcippus I dispos'd you to before,

And now I am inclin'd to it much more.

Some days I had design'd t'have given thee

To have prepar'd for this solemnity ;

But now my second thoughts believe it fit,

You should this night to my desires submit.

Er. This night ! Ah Sir, what is't you mean to do ?

Org. Preserve my Credit, and thy Honour too.

Er. By such resolves you me to ruin bring.

Org. That's better than to disoblige my King.

Er. But if the King his liking do afford,

Would you not with *Alcippus* break your word ?

Or would you not to serve your Prince's life,

Permit your Daughter to become his Wife ?

Org. His Wife, *Erminia* ! if I did believe

Thou could'st to such a thought a credit give,

I would the interest of a Father quit,

And you, *Erminia*, have no need of it :

Without his aid you can a Husband chuse ;

Gaining the Prince you may a Father lose.

Er.

Er. Ah, Sir, these words are Poniards to my Heart ;
And half my Love to Duty does convert ;
Alas, Sir, I can be content to die,
But cannot suffer this Severity : [Kneels.
That care you had, dear Sir, continue still,
I cannot live and disobey your will. [Rises.

Org. This duty has regain'd me, and you'll find
A just return ; I shall be always kind.
—Go, reassume your Beauty, dry your Eyes ;
Remember 'tis a Father does advise. [Goes out.

Er. Ungrateful Duty, whose uncivil Pride
By Reason is not to be satisfy'd ;
Who even Love's Almighty Power o'erthrows,
Or does on it too rigorous Laws impose ;
Who bindest up our Virtue too too strait,
And on our Honour lays too great a weight.
Coward, whom nothing but thy power makes strong ;
Whom Age and Malice bred t'affright the young ;
Here thou dost tyrannize to that degree,
That nothing but my Death will set me free. [Ex Erm.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philander and Alcander.

Phi. Urge it no more, your Reasons do displease me ;
I offer'd her a Crown with her *Philander*,
And she was once pleas'd to accept of it.
She lov'd me too, yes, and repaid my flame,
As kindly as I sacrific'd to her :
The first salute we gave were harmless Love,
Our Souls then met, and so grew up together,
Like sympathizing Twins.
And must she now be ravish'd from my Arms ?
Will you, *Erminia*, suffer such a Rape ?
What tho the King have said it shall be so,
'Tis not his pleasure can become thy Law,
No, nor it shall not.
And tho he were my God as well as King,
I would instruct thee how to disobey him ;

M 4

Thou

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Thou shalt, *Erminia*, bravely say, I will not ;
 He cannot force thee to't against thy will.
 — Oh Gods, shall duty to a King and Father
 Make thee commit a Murder on thy self,
 Thy sacred self, and me that do adore thee ?
 No, my *Erminia*, quit this vain devoir,
 And follow Love that may preserve us all :
 — Presumptuous Villain, bold Ingratitude——
 Hadst thou no other way to pay my favours ?
 By Heaven 'twas bravely bold, was it not, *Alcander* ?

Alcan. It was somewhat strange, Sir ;
 But yet perhaps he knew not that you lov'd her.
Phi. Not know it ! yes, as well as thou and I ?
 The world was full on't, and could he be ignorant ;
 Why was her Father call'd from banishment,
 And plac'd about the King, but for her sake ?
 What made him General, but my Passion for her ?
 What gave him twenty thousand Crowns a year,
 But that which made me captive to *Erminia*,
 Almighty Love, of which thou say'st he is ignorant ?
 How has he order'd his audacious flame,
 That I cou'd ne'er perceive it all this while.

Alcan. Then 'twas a flame conceal'd from you alone,
 To the whole Court, besides, 'twas visible.
 He knew you would not suffer it to burn out ;
 And therefore waited till his services
 Might give encouragement to's close design.
 If that could do't he nobly has endeavour'd it,
 But yet I think you need not yield her, Sir.

Phi. Alcippus, I confess, is brave enough,
 And by such ways I'll make him quit his claim ;
 He shall to morrow to the Camp again,
 And then I'll own my Passion to the King ;
 He loves me well, and I may hope his pity.

Till then be calm, my Heart, for if that fail.

This is the argument that will prevail. [Points to his Sword.

[Exeunt.

A C T

ACT II.

The Curtain is let down, and soft Musick plays: The Curtain being drawn up, discovers a scene of a Temple: The King sitting on a Throne, bowing down to join the hands of Alcippus and Erminia, who kneel on the steps of the Throne: The Officers of the Court and Clergy standing in order by, with Orgulius. This within the Scene.

Without on the Stage, Philander with his Sword half drawn, held by Galatea, who looks ever on Alcippus: Erminia still fixing her Eyes on Philander; Pisaro passionately gazing on Galatea: Aminta on Fallatio, and he on her: Alcander, Ifillia, Cleontius, in other several postures, with the rest, all remaining without motion, whilst the Musick softly plays; this continues a while till the Curtain falls; and then the Musick plays aloud till the Act begins.

SCENE I.

Enter Philander and Galatea intrag'd.

'TIS done, 'tis done, the fatal knot is ty'd,
Erminia to Alcippus is a Bride;
Methinks I see the Motions of her Eyes,
And how her Virgin Breasts do fall and rise:
Her bashful Blush, her timorous Desire,
Adding new Flame to his too vigorous Fire;
Whilst he the charming Beauty must embrace,
And shall I live to suffer this Disgrace?
Shall I stand tamely by, and he receive
That Heaven of bliss, defenceless she can give;
No, Sister, no, renounce that Brother's name,
Suffers his Patience to surmount his Flame;
I'll reach the Victor's heart, and make him see,
That Prize he has obtain'd belongs to me,

3-18

M 5

Gal.

Gal. Ah, dear *Phikander*, do not threaten so,
Whilst him you wound, you kill a Sister too.

Phi. Tho all the Gods were rallied on his side,
They should too feeble prove to guard his Pride.
Justice and Honour on my Sword shall sit,
And my Revenge shall guide the lucky hit.

Gal. Consider but the danger and the crime,
And Sir, remember that his life is mine.

Phk. Peace, Sister, do not urge it as a sin,
Of which the Gods themselves have guilty been :
The Gods, my Sister, do approve Revenge
By Thunder, which th' Almighty Ports unhinge,
Such is their Lightning when poor Mortals fear,
And Princes are the Gods inhabit here ;
Revenge has charms that do as powerful prove
As those of Beauty, and as sweet as Love,
The force of Vengeance will not be withstood,
Till it has bath'd and cool'd it self in Blood.

Erminia, sweet *Erminia*, thou art lost,
And he yet lives that does the conquest boast.

Gal. Brother, the Captive you can ne'er retrieve
More by the Victor's death, than if he live,
For she in Honour cannot him prefer,
Who shall become her Husband's Murderer ;
By safer ways you may that blessing gain,
When venturing thus thro Blood and Death prove vain.

Phi. With hopes already that are vain as Air,
You've kept me from Revenge, but not Despair.
I had my self acquitted, as became
Erminia's wrong'd Adorer, and my Flame ;
My Rival I had kill'd, and set her free,
Had not my Justice been disarm'd by thee.
—But for thy faithless Hope, I'd murder'd him,
Even when the holy Priest was marrying them,
And offer'd up the reeking Sacrifice
To th' Gods he kneel'd to, when he took my price ;
By all their Purity I would have don't,
But now I think I merit the Affront :
He that his Vengeance idly does defer,
His Safety more than his Success must fear :

I like that Coward did prolong my Fate,
But brave Revenge can never come too late.

Gal. Brother, if you can so inhuman prove
To me your Sister, Reason, and to Love :
I'll let you see that I have sentiments too,
Can love and be reveng'd as well as you ;
That hour that shall a death to him impart,
Shall send this Dagger to *Erminia's* heart.

Phi. Ah, Coward, how these words have made thee
pale,

And fear above thy Courage does prevail:
Ye Gods, why did you such a way invent ?

Gal. None else was left thy madness to prevent.

Phi. Ah cruel Sister, I am tame become,
And will reverse my happy Rival's doom :
Yes, he shall live to triumph o'er my Tomb.
—But yet what thou hast said, I needs must blame,
For if my resolutions prove the same,
I now should kill thee, and my life renew ;
But were it brave or just to murder you ?
At worst, I should an unkind Sister kill,
Thou wouldst the sacred blood of Friendship spill.
I kill a Man that has undone my Fame,
Ravish'd my Mistress, and condemn'd my Name,
And, Sister, one who does not thee prefer :
But thou no reason hast to injure her.
Such charms of Innocence her Eyes do dress,
As would confound the cruel'st Murd'ers :
And thou art soft, and canst no Horror see,
Such Actions, Sister, you must leave to me.

Gal. The highest Love no Reason will admit,
And Passion is above my Friendship yet.

Phi. Then since I cannot hope to alter thee,
Let me but beg that thou wouldst set me free ;
Free this poor Soul that such a coil does keep ;
'Twill neither let me wake in Peace, nor sleep.
Comfort I find a stranger to my heart,
Nor canst thou ought of that but thus impart ;

Thou

276 *The Forc'd Marriage ; or,*

Thou shouldst with joy a death to him procure,
Who by it leaves *Alcippus'* life secure.

Gal. Dear Brother, you out-run your Patience still,
We'll neither die our selves, nor others kill ;
Something I'll do that shall thy joys restore,
And bring thee back that health thou had'st before ;
—We're now expected at the Banquet, where
I'd have thy Eyes more Love than Anger wear :
This night be cheerful, and on me depend,
On me, that am thy Sister, and thy Friend :
A little raise *Alcippus'* Jealousy
And let the rest be carried on by me ;
Nor would it be amiss should you provide
A Serenade to entertain the Bride :
'Twill give him Fears that may perhaps disprove
The fond opinion of his happy Love.

Phi. Tho Hope be faithless, yet I cannot chuse,
Coming from thee, but credit the abuse.

Gal. Philander, do not your Hope's power distrust,
'Tis time enough to die, when that's unjust. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Aminta as passing over the Stage, is stayed by
Olinda.

Oli. Why so hasty, *Aminta* ?

Am. The time requires it, *Olinda.*

Oli. But I have an humble suit to you.

Am. You shall command me any thing.

Oli. Pray Heaven you keep your word.

Am. That sad tone of thine, *Olinda,* has almost made
me repent of my promise ; but come, what is't ?

Oli. My Brother, Madam.

Am. Now fie upon thee, is that all thy business ?

[*Offers to go off.*]

Oli. Stay, Madam, he dies for you.

Am. He cannot do't for any Woman living ;
But well—it seems he speaks of Love to you ;
To me he does appear a very Statue.

Oli.

the Jealous Bridegroom. 277

Oli. He nought but sighs and calls upon your name,
And vows you are the cruell'st Maid that breathes.

Am. Thou can'st not be in earnest sure.

Oli. I'll swear I am, and so is he.

Am. Nay thou hast a hard task on't ; to make Vows
to all the Women he makes love to ; indeed I pity thee ;
ha, ha, ha.

Oli. You should not laugh at those you have undone.

Aminta sings.

*Hang Love, for I will never pine
For any Man alive ;
For shall this jolly Heart of mine
The thoughts of it receive ;
I will not purchase Slavery
At such a dangerous rate ;
But glory in my Liberty,
And laugh at Love and Fate.*

Oli. You'll kill him by this cruelty.

Am. What is't thou call'st so ?

For I have hitherto given no denials,
Nor has he given me cause ;
I have seen him wildly gaze upon me often,
And sometimes blush and smile, but seldom that ;
And now and then found fault with my replies,
And wonder'd where the Devil lay that wit,
Which he believ'd no Judge of it could find.

Oli. Faith, Madam, that's his way of making love.

Am. It will not take with me, I love a Man
Can kneel, and swear, and cry, and look submiss,
As if he meant indeed to die my Slave :
Thy Brother looks—but too much like a Conqueror.

[Sighs.]

Oli. How, *Aminta*, can you sigh in earnest ?

Am. Yes, *Olinda*, and you shall know its meaning ;
I love *Alcander*, and am not ashamed o'th secret,
But prithee do not tell him what I say.

—Oh he's a man made up of those Perfections,
Which

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Which I have often lik'd in several men ;
And wish'd united to compleat some one,
Whom I might have the glory to o'ercome.
—His Mien and Person, but 'bove all his Humour,
That furlly Pride, tho even to me addrest,
Does strangely well become him.

Oli. May I believe this ?

Am. Not if you mean to speak on't,
But I shall soon enough betray my self.

Enter Falatius with a patch or two on his Face.

Falatius, welcome from the Wars ;

I'm glad to see y'ave scap'd the dangers of them.

Fa. Not so well scap'd neither, Madam, but I have
left still a few testimonies of their Severity to me.

[Points to his face.

Oli. That's not so well, believe me.

Fa. Nor so ill, since they be such as render us no less
acceptable to your fair Eyes, Madam !
But had you seen me when I gain'd them, Ladies, in that
heroick posture.

Am. What posture ?

Fa. In that of fighting, Madam ;
You would have call'd to mind that antient story
Of the stout Giants that wag'd War with Heaven ;
Just so I fought, and for as glorious prize,
Your excellent Ladiship.

Am. For me, was it for me you ran this hazard then ?

Fa. Madam, I hope you do not question that,
Was it not all the faults you found with me,
The reputation of my want of Courage,
A thousand Furies are not like a Battle ;
And but for you,
By *Jove* I would not fight it o'er again
For all the glory on't ; and now do you doubt me ?
Madam, your heart is strangely fortified
That can resist th' efforts I have made against it,
And bring to boot such marks of valour too.

*Enter to them Alcander, who seeing them would turn
back, but Olinda stays him.*

Oli. Brother, come back.

Fa.

the Jealous Bridegroom. 279

Fa. Advance, advance, what Man, afraid of me?

Alc. How can she hold discourse with that Fantastick.
[*Aside.*

Fa. Come forward, and be complaisant.

[*Pulls him again.*
Alc. That's not proper for your Wit, *Falatius.*

Am. Why so angry?

Alc. Away, thou art deceiv'd.

Am. You've lost your sleep, which puts you out of humour.

Alc. He's damn'd will lose a moment on't for you.

Am. Who is't that has displeas'd you?

Alc. You have, and took my whole repose away,
And more than that, which you ne'er can restore;
I can do nothing as I did before.
When I would sleep, I cannot do't for you,
My Eyes and Fancy do that form pursue;
And when I sleep, you revel in my Dreams,
And all my Life is nothing but extremes.
When I would tell my love, I seem most rude,
For that informs me how I am subdu'd.
Gods, you're unjust to tyrannize o'er me,
When thousands fitter for't than I go free. [Ex.

Fal. Why, what the Devil has possess'd *Alcander*?

Oli. How like you this, *Aminta*?

Am. Better and better, he's a wondrous man.

[*Exeunt Am. and Oli.*

Fa. 'Tis the most unjanty humour that ever I saw;
Ay, ay, he is my Rival, No marvel an he look'd so big
upon me; He is damnable valiant, and as jealous as he
is valiant; how shall I behave my self to him, and these
too idle humours of his I cannot yet determine; the com-
fort is, he knows I am a Coward whatever face I set upon
it. Well, I must either resolve never to provoke his jea-
lously, or be able to re-counter his other fury, his Valour;
that were a good Resolve if I be not past all hope. [Ex.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Alcippus and Erminia, as in a Bed-Chamber.

Alcip. But still methinks, *Erminia*, you are sad,
A heaviness appears in those fair Eyes,
As if your Soul were agitating something
Contrary to the pleasure of this night.

Er. You ought in Justice, Sir, t'excuse me here,
Prisoners when first committed are less gay,
Than when they're us'd to Fetters every day,
But yet in time they will more easy grow.

Alcip. You strangely blest me in but saying so.

Er. Alcippus, I've an humble suit to you.

Alcip. All that I have is so intirely thine,
And such a Captive thou hast made my Will,
Thou needst not be at the expence of wishing
For what thou canst desire that I may grant ;
Why are thy Eyes declin'd ?

Er. To satisfy a little modest scruple ;
I beg you would permit me, Sir——

Alcip. To lie alone to night, is it not so, *Erminia* ?

Er. It is——

Alcip. That's too severe, yet I will grant it thee ;
But why, *Erminia* must I grant it thee ?

Er. The Princess, Sir, questions my Power, and says,
I cannot gain so much upon your Goodness.

Alcip. I could have wish'd some other had oblig'd thee
to't.

Er. You would not blame her if you knew her reason.

Alcip. Indeed I do not much, for I can guess
She takes the party of the Prince her Brother ;
And this is only to delay those Joys,
Which she perhaps believes belong to him.
——But that *Erminia*, you can best resolve ;
And 'tis not kindly done to hide a truth,
The Prince so clearly own'd.

Er. What did he own ?

Alcip.

Alcip. He said *Erminia*, that you were his Wife ;
If so, no wonder you refuse my Bed : *[She weeps.]*
The Presence of the King hinder'd my knowledge,
Of what I willingly would learn from you ;
—Come, ne'er deny a truth that plain appears ;
I see Hypocrisy thro all your Tears.

Er. You need not ask me to repeat again,
A Knowledge which, you say, appears so plain :
The Prince's word methinks should credit get,
Which I'll confirm whene'er you call for it :
My heart before you ask't it, was his prize,
And cannot twice become a Sacrifice.

Alcip. *Erminia*, is this brave or just in you,
To pay his score of Love with what's my due ?
What's your design to treat me in this sort ?
Are sacred Vows of Marriage made your sport ?
Regard me well, *Erminia*, what am I ?

Er. One, Sir, with whom, I'm bound to live and
die,
And one to whom, by rigorous command,
I gave (without my Heart) my unwilling Hand.

Alcip. But why, *Erminia*, did you give it so ?

Er. T' obey a King and cruel Father too.
A Friendship, Sir, I can on you bestow,
But that will hardly into Passion grow ;
And 'twill an Act below your Virtue prove,
To force a Heart you know can never love.

Alcip. Am I the mask to hide your Blushes in,
I the contented Fool to veil your Sin ?
Have you already learnt that trick at Court,
Both how to practise and secure your sport ?
Brave Mistress of your Art, is this the way,
My Service and my Passion to repay ?
Will nothing but a Prince your pleasure fit,
And could you think that I would wink at it ?
Recal that Folly, or by all that's good,
I'll free the Soul that wantons in thy Blood.

[He in rage takes her by the arms, shows a dagger.]

Er. I see your Love your Reason has betray'd,
But I'll forgive the Faults which Love has made :

'Tis

'Tis true, I love, and do confess it too ;
 Which if a Crime, I might have hid from you ;
 But such a Passion 'tis as does despise
 Whatever Rage you threaten from your Eyes.
 —Yes—you may disapprove this flame in me,
 But cannot hinder what the Gods decree ;
 —Search here this truth ; Alas, I cannot fear ;
 Your Steel shall find a welcome entrance here.

[He holds her still, and gazes on her.]

Alcip. Where dost thou think thy ungrateful Soul will
 go,

Loaded with wrongs to me, should I strike now ?

Er. To some blest place, where Lovers do reside,
 Free from the noise of Jealousy and Pride ;
 Where we shall know no other Power but Love,
 And where even thou wilt soft and gentle prove ;
 So gentle, that if I should meet thee there,
 Thou would'st allow, what thou deny'st me here.

Alcip. Thou, hast disarm'd my Rage, and in its room
 A world of Shame and softer Passions come,
 Such as the first efforts of Love inspir'd,
 When by thy charming Eyes my Soul was fir'd.

Er. I must confess your Fears are seeming just,
 But here to free you from the least mistrust,
 I swear, while I'm your Wife I'll not allow
 Birth to a Thought that tends to injuring you.

Alcip. Not to believe thee, were a sin above
 The Injuries I have done thee by my Love.

—Ah my *Erminia*, might I hope at last
 To share the pity of that lovely Breast,
 By slow degrees I might approach that Throne,
 Where now the blest *Philander* reigns alone :
 Perhaps in time my Passion might redeem
 That now too faithful Heart y'ave given to him ;
 Do but forbear to hear his amorous Tales,
 Nor from his moving Eyes learn what he ails :
 A Fire that's kindled cannot long survive,
 If one add nought to keep the flame alive.

Er. I will not promise ; what I mean to do
 My Virtue only shall oblige me to.

Alcip.

Alcip. But, Madam, what d'you mean by this reserve ?
To what intent does all this Coldness serve ?
Is there no pity to my Sufferings due ?
And will you still my Languishments renew ?
Come, come, recal what you have rashly said ;
And own to morrow that thou art no Maid :
Thy Blushes do betray thy willingness,
And in thy lovely Eyes I read success.

Er. A double tie obliges me to be
Strict to my Vows, my Love and Amity ;
For my own sake the first I'll ne'er decline,
And I would gladly keep the last for thine.

Alcip. Madam, you strangely do improve my pain,
To give me hopes you must recal again.

Er. Alcippus, you this language will forbear,
When you shall know how powerful you are :
For whilst you here endeavour to subdue,
The best of Women languishes for you.

Alcip. Erminia, do not mock my misery,
For tho you cannot love, yet pity me ;
That you allow my Passion no return,
Is weight enough, you need not add your Scorn,
In this your Cruelty is too severe.

Er. Alcippus, you mistake me every where.

Alcip. To whom *Erminia*, do I owe this Fate ?

Er. To morrow all her story I'll relate.
Till then the promise I the Princess made,
I beg you would permit might be obey'd.

Alcip. You, Madam, with so many charms assail,
You need not question but you shall prevail ;
Thy power's not lessen'd in thy being mine,
But much augmented in my being thine,
The glory of my chains may raise me more,
But I am still that Slave I was before. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philander and Alcander. [The Prince half undrest.]

Phi. What's a Clock, *Alcander* ?

Alc. 'Tis midnight, Sir, will you not go to bed ?

Phi.

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Phi. To bed Friend ; what to do ?

Alc. To sleep, Sir, as you were wont to do.

Phi. Sleep, and *Erminia* have abandon'd me ;
I'll never sleep again.

Alc. This is an humour, Sir, you must forsake.

Phi. Never, never, oh *Alcander*.

Dost know, where my *Erminia* lies to night ?

Alc. I guess, Sir.

Phi. Where ? Nay, prithee speak,
Indeed I shall not offend at it.

Alc. I know not why you should, Sir ;

She's where she ought, abed with young *Alcippus*.

Phi. Thou speak'st thy real Thoughts.

Alc. Why should your Highness doubt it ?

Phi. By Heaven there is no faith in Woman-kind ;

Alcander, dost thou know an honest Woman ?

Alc. Many Sir.

Phi. I do not think it, 'tis impossible ;

Erminia, if it could have been, were she,
But she has broke her Vows, which I held sacred,
And plays the wanton in another's arms.

Alc. Sir, do you think it just to wrong her so ?

Phi. Oh would thou couldst persuade me that I did so.
Thou know'st the Oaths and Vows she made to me,
Never to marry any other than my self,
And you, *Alcander*, wrought me to believe them.
But now her Vows to marry none but me,
Are given to *Alcippus*, and in his bosom breath'd,
With balmy whispers, whilst the ravish'd Youth
For every syllable returns a kiss,
And in the height of all his extasy,
Philander's dispossest and quite forgotten.

Ah charming Maid, is this your Love to me,
Yet now thou art not no Maid, nor lov'st not me,
And I the fool to let thee know my weakness.

Alc. Why do you thus proceed to vex your self ?
To question what you list, and answer what you please ?
Sir, this is not the way to be at ease.

Phi. Ah dear *Alcander*, what would'st have me do ?

Alc.

Alc. Do that which may preserve you ;
Do that which every Man in love would do ;
Make it your business to possess the object.

Phi. What meanest thou, is she not married?——

Alc. What then, she's all about her that she had,
Of Youth and Beauty she is Mistress still,
And may dispose it how and where she will.

Phi. Pray Heaven I do not think too well of thee,
What means all this discourse, art thou honest?

Alcan. As most Men of my Age.

Phi. And wouldst thou counsel me to such a Sin?
For——I do understand——thee.

Alcan. I know not what you term so.

Phi. I never thought thou'dst been so great a Villain,
To urge me to a crime would damn us all ;
Why dost thou smile, hast thou done well in this?

Alcan. I thought so, or I'd kept it to myself.
Sir, e'er you grow in rage at what I've said,
Do you think I love you, or believe my life
Were to be valued more than your repose?
You seem to think it is not.

Phi. Possibly I may.

Alcan. The sin of what I have propos'd to you,
You only seem to hate : Sir, is it so?
—If such religious thoughts about you dwell,
Why is it that you thus perplex your self?
Self-murder sure is much the greater sin.

Erminia too you say has broke her Vows,
She that will swear and lye, will do the rest.
And of these evils, this I think the least ;
And as for me, I never thought it sin.

Phi. And canst thou have so poor a thought of her?

Allan. I hope you'll find her, Sir, as willing to't
As I am to suppose it : nay, believe't,
She'd look upon't as want of Love and Courage
Shou'd you not now attempt it ;
You know, Sir, there's no other remedy,
Take no denial, but the Game pursue,
For what she will refuse, she wishes you.

Phi. With such pretensions—she may angry grow.

Alcan.

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Alcan. I never heard of any that were to,
For tho the will to do't, and power they want,
They love to hear of what they cannot grant.

Phi. No more,
Is this your duty to your Prince, *Alcander*?
You were not wont to counsel thus amiss,
'Tis either Difrespect or some Design;
I could be wondrous angry with thee now,
But that my Grief has such possession here,
'Twill make no room for Rage.

Alcan. I cannot, Sir, repent of what I've said,
Since all the errors which I have committed
Are what my passion to your interest led me to,
But yet I beg your Highness would recal
That sense which would persuade you 'tis unjust.

Phi. Name it no more, and I'll forgive it thee.

Alc. I can obey you, Sir.

Phi. What shall we do to night, I cannot sleep.

Alc. I'm good at watching, and doing any thing.

Phi. We'll serenade the Ladies and the Bride.

——The first we may disturb, but she I fear
Keeps watch with me to night, tho not like me.

Enter a Page of the Prince's.

Phil. How now, Boy,
Is the Musick ready which I spoke for?

Page. They wait your Highness's command.

Phi. Bid them prepare, I'm coming. [*Ex. Page.*

Soft touches may allay the Discords here,
And sweeten, tho not lessen my Despair. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Pifaro alone.

Pifa. Ha! who's that, a Lover on my life,
This amorous malady reigns every where;
Nor can my Sister be ignorant
Of what I saw this night in *Galatea*:
I'll question her——Sister, *Aminta*, Sister,

[*Calls as at her Lodgings.*

Enter

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Enter a Maid.

Lyc. Who calls my Lady?

Pif. Where's my Sister.

Lyc. I cry your Lordship's mercy; my Lady lies not in her Lodgings to night; the Princess sent for her, her Highness is not well. *[She goes out.]*

Pif. I do believe it, good night, *Lycette.*

Enter a Page.

——Who's there?

Page. Your Lordship's Page.

Pif. Where hast thou been? I wanted thee but now.

Page. I fell asleep i'th' Lobby, Sir, and had not waken'd yet, but for the Musick which plays at the Lodgings of my Lady *Erminia.*

Pif. Curse on them; will they not allow him nights to himself; 'tis hard.

This night I'm wiser grown by observation,
My Love and Friendship taught me jealousy,
Which like a cunning Spy brought in intelligence
From every eye less wary than its own;
That told me that the chaming *Galatea*,
In whom all power remains,
Is yet too feeble to encounter Love;
I find she has receiv'd the wanton God,
Maugre my fond opinion of her Soul.
And 'tis my Friend too that's become my Rival.
I saw her lovely Eyes still turn on him,
As Flowers to th' Sun: and when he turn'd away
Like those she bow'd her charming head again.
——On th' other side the Prince with dying looks
Each motion watch'd of fair *Erminia's* eyes,
Which she return'd as greedily again,
And if one glance t' *Alcippus* she directed,
He'd stare as if he meant to cut his throat for't.

*Well, Friend, thou hast a sure defence of me,
My Love is yet below my Amity.*

[Ex.]

SCENE

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SCENE VI. *Draws off, discovers Philander and Alcander with Musick at the Chamber-door of Erminia ; to them Pisaro, who listens whilst the Song is sung.*

The Song for the Page to sing at Erminia's Chamber-door.

*Amintas that true-hearted Swain
Upon a River's bank was laid,
Where to the pitying streams he did complain
Of Sylvia that false charming Maid,
But she was still regardless of his pain :
Oh faithless Sylvia ! would he cry,
And what he said the Echoes would reply.
Be kind or else I die, E. I die.
Be kind or else I die, E. I die.*

*A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
Which in the River made impress,
Then sigh'd, and Sylvia false again would call,
A cruel faithless Shepherdess,
Is Love with you become a criminal ?
Ah lay aside this needless scorn,
Allow your poor Adorer some return,
Consider how I burn, E. I burn.
Consider, &c.*

*Those Smiles and Kisses which you give,
Remember Sylvia, are my due ;
And all the Joys my Rival does receive
He ravishes from me, not you.
Ah Sylvia, can I live and this believe ?
Insensibles are touch'd to see
My languishments, and seem to pity me.
Which I demand of thee, E. of thee,
Which I demand, &c.*

Pil.

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Pif. What's all this ?

Phi. Who's there ?

Pif. A Man, a Friend to the General.

Phi. Then thou'rt an Enemy to all good Men.

Does the ungrateful Wretch hide his own head,
And send his Spies abroad ?

Pif. He is too great to fear, and needs them not ;

And him thou terrest so, scorns the Office too.

Phi. What makest thou here then, when the whole
World's asleep ?

Be gone, there lies thy way, where'er thy business be.

Pif. It lies as free for thee, and here's my business.

Phi. Thou lyest, rude man.

Pif. Why, what art thou darest tell me so i'th' dark ?

Day had betray'd thy blushes for this Boldness.

Phi. Tell me who 'tis that dares capitulate ?

Pif. One that dares make it good.

Phi. Draw then, and keep thy word.

Alcan. Stand by, and let me do that duty, Sir.

[*He steps between them, they fight, Pifaro falls.*]

—Here's thy reward, whose'er thou art.

Phi. Hast thou no hurt ?

Alcan. I think not much, yet somewhere 'tis I bleed.

Pif. What a dull beast am I ;

[*Exeunt Prince and Alcan.*]

Page. My Lord, is't you are fallen ?

Help, Murder ! Murder !

Pif. Hold, bawling Dog.

*Enter Alcippus in a Night-gown, with a Sword in his
hand, a Page with Lights.*

Alcip. 'Twas hereabouts—who's this, *Pifaro* wounded ?

[*He looks up.*]

How cam'st thou thus ? Come up into my Arms.

Pif. 'Twas Jealousy *Alcippus*, that wild Monster,

Who never leaves us till he has thus betray'd us.

—Pox on't, I am aham'd to look upon thee.

I have disturb'd you to no purpose, Sir.

I am not wounded, go to bed again.

Alc. I'll see thee to thy Lodgings first, *Pifaro*.

Pis. 'Twill be unkind both to your self and me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Philander and Alcander with a Light.

Alcan. He's gone whoe'er he be.

Phi. It could not be *Alcippus*.

Alcan. I rather fear *Pisaro*.

—But we soon shall know: Who's this?

Enter Erminia in her Night-gown, and Isilia with Lights.

Er. Methought I heard *Alcippus* and the Prince
Before the cry of Murder.

I die if those two Rivals have encounter'd.

Phi. Ah Madam, cease that fear, they both are safe
From all, but from the Wounds which you have given
them.

Er. Oh Gods, what make you here! and where's *Alcippus*?

Phi. Where I had been had Heaven been bountiful.

Er. Alas, Sir, what do you mean? what have you
done? And where have you bestow'd him?

Phi. Why all this high concern, *Erminia*?

Has he so reconcil'd you to him since I saw you last?
This not kind to me.

Er. Oh tell me not of kindness, where's *Alcippus*?

Alcan. Madam, of whom do you demand *Alcippus*?
Neither of us have seen him.

Phi. Go, you are a Woman, a vain peevish Creature.

Er. Sir, 'tis but just you should excuse my Fear,
Alcippus is my Husband, and his Safety
Ought to become my care.

Phi. How, *Erminia*!

Can you so soon yield up my right to him,
And not blush whilst you own your Perjury?

Er. Now, Sir, you are much to blame;
I could have born the rest, but this concerns me:
I fear I have but too well kept my Vows with you,
Since you are grown but to suspect I have not.

Phi.

Phi. Pardon me, Dear, the errors of my Passion ;
 It was a Sin so natural,
 That even thy unkindly taking it
 Approach'd too near it, not to gain my Pardon :
 But tell me why you askt me for *Alcippus* ?

Er. Sir, e'er I could dispose my Eyes to sleep,
 I heard the Musick at my Chamber-door,
 And such a Song as could be none but yours ;
 But that was finish'd in a noise less pleasant,
 In that of Swords and Quarrel ;
 And amongst which,
 I thought I heard yours and *Alcippus*' Voice :
 (For I have kept my word, and lay not with him)
 This brought me hither ; but if I mistook,
 Once more I beg your pardon.

Phi. Thou hast restor'd me to a world of Joys,
 By what thou hast said.
*Enter Alcippus, his Sword in his Hand, a Page with
 Light, he stands a while.*

Alcip. *Erminia* ! and the Prince ! embracing too !
 I dream, and know she could not be thus base,
 Thus false and loose——

But here I am inform'd it is no Vision ;
 —— This was design'd before, I find it now,
 [*Lays his hand on his heart.*]

Er. *Alcippus*, oh my fears !
 [*Goes to them, takes her by the hand.*]

Alcip. Yes, Madam,
 Too soon arriv'd for his and your repose.

Phi. *Alcippus*, touch her not.

Alcip. Not touch her ! by Heaven I will,
 And who shall hinder me ?

Who is't dares say I shall not touch my Wife ?

Phi. Villain, thou ly'st.

Alcip. That y'are my Prince shall not defend you
 here.
 Draw, Sir, for I have laid respect aside.

[*Strikes, they fight a little, Alcippus is
 wounded, Alcander supports him.*]

Er. Oh Gods, what mean you ? hold *Philander*, hold.

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Phi. Life of my Soul, retire,
I cannot bear that Voice and disobey ;
And you must needs esteem him at low rates,
Who sells thee and his Honour for a Tear.

Er. Upon my knees I beg to be obey'd, [*She kneels.*
—But if I must not, here discharge your Anger.

Phi. You are too great a Tyrant where you may.

[*Exeunt Erminia and Alcippus.*

Phi. Stay, shall I let her go? shall her Commands,
Tho they have power to take my Life away,
Have force to suffer me to injure her?
Shall she be made a prey, and I permit it,
Who only have the interest to forbid it?

—No, let me be accus'd then. [*Offers to follow.*

Alc. What mean you, Sir?

Phi. Force the bold Ravisher to resign my Right.
Alcander, is not she my Wife, and I his Prince?

Alc. 'Tis true, Sir :

And y'ave both power and justice on your side ;
And there are times to exercise 'em both.

Phi. Fitter than this, *Alcander*?

Alc. This night *Erminia's* Promise may repose you ;
To-morrow is your own——

Till then I beg you'd think your interest safe.

Phi. *Alcander*, thou hast peace about thee, and canst
judge

Better than I, 'twixt what is just and fit.

[*Puts up his Sword.*

I hitherto believ'd my Flame was guided
By perfect Reason : so we often find
Vessels conducted by a peaceful Wind,
And meet no opposition in their way,
Cut a safe passage thro the flattering Sea :
But when a Storm the bounding Vessel throws,
It does each way with equal rage oppose ;
For when the Seas are mad, could that be calm
Like me, it would be ruin'd in the Storm.

[*Exeunt.*

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A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Pis. 'T I S much, my Lord, you'll not be satisfy'd.
Alcip. Friendship's too near a-kin to Love,
Pisaro,

To leave me any Peace, whilst in your Eyes
I read Reserves, which 'tis not kind to hide ;
—Come prithee tell me what the quarrel was,
And who 'twas with ; thou shalt, my dear *Pisaro.*

Pis. Nay, now you urge me to impossibilities :
Good faith I cannot tell, but guess the Prince.

Alcip. 'Tis true, *Pisaro*, 'twas indeed the Prince.
But what was th' occasion ?

Pis. He call'd me Spy, and I return'd th' affront,
But took no notice that he was my Prince :
It was a Folly I repented of ;
But 'twas in a damn'd melancholy Mood.

Alcip. Was it a going in or coming out ?

Pis. From whence ?

Alcip. *Erminia's* Chamber ; prithee let me know,
For I have fears that take away my sleep,
Fears that will make me mad, stark mad, *Pisaro.*

Pis. You do not well to fear without a cause.

Alcip. O Friend, I saw what thou canst ne'er conceive
Last night I saw it when I came from thee :
And if thou go'st about t' impose upon me,
I'll cast thee from my Soul. Come out with it,
I see thy breast heave with a generous ardour,
As if it scorn'd to harbour a reserve,
Which stood not with its Amity to me.
Could I but know my Fate, I could despise it :
But when 'tis clad in Robes of Innocence,
The Devil cannot 'scape it : Something
Was done last night that gnaws my heart-strings ;
And many things the Princess too let fall,
Which, Gods ! I know not how to put together.

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And

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And prithee be not thou a Ridler too :
But if thou knew'st of ought that may concern me,
Make me as wife as thou art.

Pif. Sir, thou art of so strange a jealous Humour,
And I so strangely jealous of your Honour,
That 'twixt us both we may make work enough ;
But on my Soul I know no wrong you have.

Alcip. I must believe thee, yet methinks thy Face
Has put on an unwonted gravity.

Pif. That, *Alcippus*, you'll not wonder at,
When you shall know you are my Rival.

Alcip. Nay, why shouldst thou delay me thus with
stories ?

This shall not put me off.

Pif. Sir, I'm in earnest, you have gain'd that Heart,
For which I have receiv'd so many wounds ;
Venturing for Trophies where none durst appear,
To gain at my Return one single smile,
Or that she would submit to hear my story :
And when sh' has said, 'twas bravely done, *Pisaro*,
I thought the Glory recompens'd the Toil ;
And sacrific'd my Laurels at her feet,
Like those who pay their first-fruits to the Gods,
To beg a blessing on the following Crop :
And never made her other signs of Love,
Nor knew I that I had that easy flame,
Till by her Eyes I found that she was mortal,
And could love too, and that my Friend is you.

Alcip. Thou hast amaz'd me, prithee speak more
clearly.

Pif. My Lord, the Princess has a passion for you,
Have I not reason now to be your Enemy ?

Alcip. Not till I make returns :
But now I'm past redemption miserable.
'Twas she *Erminia* told me dy'd for me ;
And I believed it but a slight of hers,
To put me from my Courtship.

Pif. No, 'twas a fatal Truth :
Alcippus, hadst thou seen her, whilst the Priest
Was giving thee to fair *Erminia*,

What

What languishment appear'd upon her Eyes,
Which never were remov'd from thy lov'd Face,
Thro which her melting Soul in drops distill'd,
As if she meant to wash away thy Sin,
In giving up that Right belong'd to her,
Thou hadst without my aid found out this truth :
A sweet compofure dwelt upon her looks,
Like Infants who are fmiling whilst they die ;
Nor knew she that she wept, fo unconcern'd
And freely did her Soul a passage find :
Whilst I tranfported had almoft forgot
The Reverence due t'her facred felf and Place,
And every moment ready was to kneel,
And with my lips gather the precious drops,
And rob the Holy Temple of a Relick,
Fit only there t' inhabit.

Alcip. I never thought thou'dst had this Softnefs in thee ;
How can'ft thou, Friend, to hide all this from me ?

Pif. My Lord, I knew not that I was a Lover ;
I felt no flame, but a religious Ardour,
That did infpire my Soul with adoration ;
And fo remote I was from ought but fuch,
I knew not Hope, nor what it was to wifh
For other blessings than to gaze upon her :
Like Heaven I thought she was to be poffefs'd,
Where carnal Thoughts can no admittance find ;
And had I not perceiv'd her Love to you,
I had not known the nature of my flame :
But then I found it out by Jealoufy,
And what I took for a Seraphick motion,
I now decline as criminal and earthly.

Alcip. When she can love to a difcovery,
It shows her Paffion eminent and high ;
—But I am married—to a Maid that hates me :
What help for that, *Pifaro* ?

And thou haft fomewhat too to fay of her,
What was't ? for now thou haft undone me quite.

Pif. I have nought to fay to her difhonour, Sir,
But fomewhat may be done may give you caufe
To ftand upon your Guard ;

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And if your Rage do not the mastery get,
I cannot doubt but you'll be happy yet.

Alcip. Without *Erminia* that can hardly be,
And yet I find a certain shame within
That will not suffer me to see the Princess;
I have a kind of War within my Soul,
My Love against my Glory and my Honour;
And I could wish,—alas I know not what:
Prithee instruct me.

Pis. Sir, take a resolution to be calm,
And not like Men in love abandon Reason.
——You may observe the actions of these Lovers,
But be not passionate whate'er you find;
That headstrong Devil will undo us all;
If you'll be happy, quit its company.

Alcip. I fain would take thy counsel—— [Pauses.]

Pis. Come, clear up my Lord, and do not hang the
head

Like Flowers in storms; the Sun will shine again.
Set *Galatea's* Charms before your Eyes,
Think of the Glory to divide a Kingdom;
And do not waste your noble Youth and Time
Upon a peevish Heart you cannot gain.
This day you must to th' Camp, and in your absence
I'll take upon me what I scorn'd last night,
The Office of a Spy——
Believe me, Sir, for by the Gods I swear,
I never wish'd the glory of a Conquest
With half that zeal as to compose these differences.

Alcip. I do believe thee, and will tell thee something
That past between the Prince and I last night;
And then thou wilt conclude me truly miserable. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Falatius, Labree, they meet Cleontius.

Cle. Your Servant, my Lord.
—so coldly, stay—your reason, Sir.

[*Fal.* puts off his Hat a little, and passes on.]

Fal. How mean you, Sir?

Cle. Do you not know me?

Fal.

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Fal. Yes, I have seen you, and think you are *Cleontius*,

A Servant of the Prince's ; wert i'th' Campagna too,
If I mistake not.

Cle. Can you recal me by no better instances ?

Fal. What need of any pray ?

Cle. I am a Gentleman.

Fal. Ha, *Labree*, what means he now ?

By *Jove* I do not question it, *Cleontius* :

What need this odd Punctilio ?

I call thee to no account.

Cle. That's more than I can say to you, Sir.

Fal. I'll excuse you for that.

Cle. But shall not need, Sir ; stay, I have a Sister.

Fal. Oh the Devil, now he begins.

Cle. A handsome Sister too, or you deceiv'd her.

Lab. Bear up, Sir, be not huff.

[*Aside.*

Fal. It may be so, but is she kind, *Cleontius* ?

[*Fal. bears up.*

Cle. What mean you by that word ?

Lab. Again, Sir, here's two to one.

[*Aside.*

Fal. Will she do reason, or so ? you understand me.

Cle. I understand that thou'rt an impudent fellow,
Whom I must cudgel into better manners.

Fal. Pox on't, who bears up now, *Labree* ?

Cle. Beat thee till thou confests thou art an Ass,
And on thy knees confests it to *Isillia*,
Who after that shall scorn thee.

Lab. Railly with him, Sir, 'tis your only way, and put
it off with a jest ; for he's in fury, but dares not strike
i'th' Court.

Fal. But must you needs do this, needs fight, *Cleontius* ?

Cle. Yes, by all means, I find my self inclin'd to't.

Fal. You shall have your desire, Sir, farewell.

Cle. When, and where ?

Fal. Faith very suddenly, for I think it will not be
Hard to find men of your trade,
Men that will fight as long as you can do,

And Men that love it much better than I,

Men that are poor and damn'd, fine desperate Rogues,

N 5

Rascals

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Rascals that for a Pattacoon a Man
Will fight their Fathers,
And kiss their Mothers into peace again:
Such, Sir, I think will fit you.

Cle. Abusive Coward, hast thou no sense of honour?

Fal. Sense of honour! ha, ha, ha, poor *Cleontius*.

Enter Aminta and Olinda.

Am. How now, Servant, why so jovial?

Fal. I was laughing, Madam—at——

Cle. At what, thou thing of nothing——

Am. Cousin *Cleontius*, you are angry.

Cle. Madam, it is unjustly then, for Fools
Should rather move the Spleen to Mirth than Anger.

Am. You've too much wit to take ought ill from him;
Let's know your quarrel.

Fal. By *Jove*, *Labree*, I am undone again.

Cle. Madam, it was about——

Fal. Hold, dear *Cleontius*, hold, and I'll do any thing.
[*Aside.*]

Cle. Just nothing——

Fal. He was a little too familiar with me.

Cle. Madam, my Sister *Isillia*——

Fal. A curse he will out with it.——

[*Aside, pulls him by the Arm.*]

Cle. Confess she is your Mistress. [*Aside.*]

Fal. I call my Mistress, Madam.

Am. My Cousin *Isillia* your Mistress!

Upon my word you are a happy Man.

Fal. By *Jove* if she be your Cousin, Madam,
I love her much the better for't.

Am. I am beholden to you,

But then it seems I have lost a Lover of you.

Cle. Confess she has, or I'll so handle you. [*Ex. Labree.*]

Fal. That's too much, *Cleontius*——but I will,
By *Jove*, Madam, I must not have a Mistress that has more
Wit than my self, they ever require more than a Man's
able to give them.

Oli. Is this your way of Courtship to *Isillia*? [*Ex. Cle.*]

Fal. By *Jove*, Ladies, you get no more of that from
me, 'tis that has spoiled you all; I find *Alcander* can do
more

more with a dumb show, than I with all my Applications and Addrefs.

Oli. Why, my Brother can speak.

Fal. Yes, if any body durst hear him; by *Jove* if you be not kind to him, he'll hector you all; I'll get the way on't too, 'tis the most prosperous one: I see no other reason you have to love *Alcander* better than I.

Am. Why should you think I do?

Fal. Devil, I see't well enough by your continual Quarrels with him.

Am. Is that so certain a proof?

Fal. Ever while you live, you treat me too well ever to hope.

Enter Alcander, kneels, offers his Sword to Aminta.

—What new Masquerade's this? by *Jove*, *Alcander* has more tricks than a dancing Bear.

Am. What mean you by this present?

Alcan. Kill me.

Am. What have you done to merit it?

Alcan. Do not ask, but do't.

Am. I'll have a reason first.

Alcan. I think I've kill'd *Pisaro*.

Am. My Brother dead! [*She falls into the arms of Oli.*

Fal. Madam, look up, 'tis I that call.

Am. I care not who thou beest, but if a Man, Revenge me on *Alcander*. [*She goes out with Olin.*

Fal. By *Jove* she has mistook her Man. This 'tis to be a Lover now: a Man's never out of one broil or other; but I have more Wit than *Aminta* this bout. [*Offers to go.*

Alcan. Come back and do your duty e'er you go.

[*Pulls him.*

Fal. I owe you much, *Alcander*.

Alcan. *Aminta* said you should revenge her on me.

Fal. Her Word's not Law I hope.

Alcan. And I'll obey——

Fal. That may do much indeed.

[*Fal. answers with great signs of fear.*

Alcan. This, if thou wert a Man, she bad thee do, Why dost thou shake?

Fal. No, no, Sir, I am not the man she meant.

Alcan.

300 *The Forc'd Marriage ; or,*

Alcan. No matter, thou wilt serve as well.
A Lover ! and canst disobey thy Mistress ?

Fal. I do disown her, since she is so wicked
To bid me kill my Friend.

Why, thou'rt my Friend, *Alcander*.

Alcan. I'll forgive thee that.

Fal. So will not his Majesty : I may be hang'd for't.

Alcan. Thou shouldst be damn'd e'er disobey thy Mistress.

Fal. These be degrees of Love I am not yet arriv'd at ;
when I am, I shall be as ready to be damn'd in honour as
any Lover of you all.

Alcan. Ounds, Sir, d'ye railly with me ?

Fal. Your pardon, sweet *Alcander*, I protest I am not
in so gay an humour.

Alcan. For well I had forgot my self. [Exit.

Fal. Stark mad, by *Jove*—yet it may be not, for *Alcander*
has many unaccountable humours.

Well if this be agreeable to *Aminia*, she's e'en as mad
as he, and 'twere great pity to part them.

Enter Pisaro, Aminia, and Olinda.

Am. Well, have you kill'd him ?

Fal. Some wiser than some, Madam.

—My Lord—what alive ?—

Pis. Worth two dead men, you see.

[*Pisaro runs to him, and embraces him.*

Fal. That's more than I could have said within this
half hour. *Alcander's* a very *Orlando*, by *Jove*, and
gone to seek out one that's madder yet than himself that
will kill him.

Am. Oh, dear *Falati*, run and fetch him back.

Fal. Madam, I have so lately 'scap'd a scouring, that
I wish you would take it for a mark of my Passion to dis-
obey you ; for he is in a damn'd humour.

Am. He's out of it by this, I warrant you ;
But do not tell him that *Pisaro* lives.

Fal. That's as I shall find occasion.

Exit Fal.

Pis. *Alcander* is a worthy Youth and brave,
I wish you would esteem him so ;

'Tis true, there's now some difference between us,

Our

Our Interests are dispos'd to several ways,
But Time and Management will join us all :
I'll leave you : but prithee make it thy business
To get my Pardon for my last night's rudeness.

Am. I shall not fail.

Exit.

Re-enter Falatius, with Alcander melancholy.

Fal. Here, Madam, here he is.

Am. Tell me, *Alcander*, why you treat me thus ?
You say you love me, if I could believe you.

Alcan. Believe a Man ! away, you have no wit,
I'll say as much to every pretty Woman.

Am. But I have given you no cause to wrong me.

Alcan. That was my Fate, not Fault, I knew him not :
But yet to make up my offence to you,
I offer you my life ! for I'm undone,
If any faults of mine should make you sad.

Am. Here, take your Sword again, my Brother's well.

She gives him the Sword again.

Fal. Yes, by *Jove*, as I am : you had been finely
serv'd, if I had kill'd you now.

Am. What sorry for the news, ha, ha, ha.

Alcan. No, sorry ; y'are a Woman, a mere Woman.

Am. Why did you ever take me for a Man ? ha, ha.

Alcan. Thy Soul, I thought, was all so ; but I see
You have your weakness, can dissemble too ;

—I would have sworn that Sorrow in your face
Had been a real one :

Nay, you can die in jest, you can, false Woman :

I hate thy Sex for this.

Fal. By *Jove* there is no truth in them, that's flat.

[She looks sad.]

Alcan. Why that repentant look ? what new design ?
Come, now a tear or two to second that,
And I am soft again, a very As.

—But yet that Look would call a Saint from th' Altar,
And make him quite forget his Ceremony,
Or take thee for his Deity :

—But yet thou hast a very Hell within,
Which those bewitching Eyes draw Souls into.

Fal. Here's he that fits you, Ladies.

Am.

302 *The Fort's Marriage ; or,*

Am. Nay, now yare too unjust, and I will leave you. [Holds her]

Alcan. Ah, do not go, I know not by what Magick,
But as you move, my Soul yields that way too.

Fal. The truth on't is, she has a strong magnetick Power,
that I find.

Alcan. But I would have none find it but my self,
No Soul but mine shall sympathize with hers.

Fal. Nay, that you cannot help.

Alcan. Yes but I can, and take it from thee, if I
thought it did so.

Ol. No quarrels here, I pray.

Fal. Madam, I owe a Reverence to the Place.

Alcan. I'll scarce allow thee that ;

Madam, I'll leave you to your Lover.

Am. I hate thee but for saying so.

Alcan. Quit him then.

Am. So I can and thee too. [Offers to go out.]

Alcan. The Devil take me if you escape me so.

[Goes after her.]

Fal. And I'll not be out-done in importunity.

[Goes after.]

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Galatea and Erminia.

Er. And 'tis an act below my Quality,
Which, Madam, will not suffer me to fly.

Gal. *Erminia*, e'er you boast of what you are,
Since you're so high I'll tell you what you are :
Your Father was our General 'tis true,
That Title justly to his Sword was due ;
'Twas nobly gain'd, and worth his Blood and Toils,
Had he been satisfied with noble Spoils :
But with that single honour not content,
He needs must undermine the Government ;
And 'cause he had gain'd the Army to his side,
Believ'd his Treason must be justify'd.
For this (and justly) he was banished ;
Where whilst a low and unknown life he led,

Far

the Jealous Bridegroom. 303

Far from the hope and glory of a Throne,
In a poor humble Cottage you were born ;
Your early Beauty did it self display,
Nor could no more conceal it self than Day :
Your Eyes did first *Philander's* Soul inspire,
And Fortune too conform'd her to his fire.
That made your Father greater than before,
And what he justly lost that did restore.
'Twas that which first thy Beauty did disclose,
Which else had wither'd like an unseen Rose ;
'Twas that which brought thee to the Court, and there
Dispos'd thee next my self, i'th' highest Sphere :
Alas obscurely else thou'dst liv'd and died,
Not knowing thy own Charms, nor yet this Pride.

Er. Madam, in this your Bounty is severe,
Be pleas'd to spare that repetition here.
I hope no Action of my Life should be
So rude to charge your Generosity :
But, Madam, do you think it just to pay
Your great Obligements by so false a way ?
Alcippus' Passion merits some return,
And should that prove but an ingrateful scorn ?
Alas I am his Wife ; to disobey,
My Fame as well as Duty I betray.

Gal. Perfidious Maid, I might have thought thou'dst
prove

False to thy Prince, and Rival in my Love.
I thought too justly he that conquer'd me
Had a sufficient power to captive thee ;
Thou'lt now reveng'd thy Father's shame and thine,
In taking thus *Philander's* Life and mine. [*Er. weeps.*]

Er. Ah Madam, that you would believe my tears,
Or from my Vows but satisfy your Fears.
By all the Gods, *Alcippus* I do hate,
And would do any thing to change my fate ;
Ought that were just and noble I dare do.

Gal. Enough, *Ermiuia*, I must credit you,
And will no other proof of it require,
But that you'll now submit to my desire ;

Indeed

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Indeed, *Erminia*, you must grant my suit,
Where Love and Honour calls, make no dispute.
Pity a Youth that never lov'd before,
Remember 'tis a Prince that does adore ;
Who offers up a Heart that never found
It could receive, till from your Eyes, a wound.

Er. To your command should I submit to yield,
Where could I from *Alcippus* be conceal'd ?

What could defend me from his jealous Rage ?

Gal. Trust me, *Erminia*, I'll for that engage.

Er. And then my Honour by that slight's o'erthrown.

Gal. That being *Philander's*, he'll preserve his own ;
And that *Erminia* sure will ne'er distrust.

Er. Ah Madam, give me leave to fear the worst.

Enter Aminta.

Am. Madam, *Alcippus* waits for your Commands,
He's going to the Camp.

Gal. Admit him.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Gal. *Alcippus*, 'tis too soon to leave *Erminia*.

Alcip. I wish she thought so, Madam,
Or could believe with what regret I do so ;
She then would think my faults were much too small
For such a Penance as my Soul must suffer.

Am. No matter, Sir, you have the Year before you.

Alcip. Yes, Madam, so has every Galley Slave,
That knows his Toil, but not his Recompence :
To-morrow I expect no more content,
Than this uneasy Day afforded me ;
And all before me is but one grand piece
Of endless Grief and Madness :

—You, Madam, taught *Erminia* to be cruel,
A Vice without your aid she could have learnt ;
And now to exercise that new taught Art,
She tries the whole experience on my Heart.

Gal. If she do so, she learnt it not of me,
I love, and therefore know no Cruelty :
Such outrage cannot well with Love reside,
Which only is the mean effect of Pride:

—I merit better thoughts from you, *Alcippus*.

Alcip. Pardon me, Madam, if my Passion stray
Beyond the limits of my high respect ; *[He kneels.]*

—'Tis a rude gust, and merits your reproaches :

But yet the saucy Flame can ne'er controul

That Adoration which I owe my Princefs :

That, with Religion, took possession here,

And in my Prayers I mix with you the Deities.

Gal. I'd rather you should treat me as a Mortal,
Rise and begin to do so. *[Rises and bows.]*

Alcip. Now, Madam, what must I expect from you ?

Er. Alcippus, all that's to your Virtue due.

Alcip. In that but common Justice you allow.

Er. That, Justice, Sir, is all I can bestow.

Alcip. In justice then you ought to me resign,

That which the Holy Priest intitled mine ;

Yet that, without your Heart, I do despise,

For uncompell'd I'd have that sacrifice :

—Come ease me of that Pain that presses here,

Give me but Hope that may secure my Fear,

I'm not afraid to own my Soul possess

With Jealousy, that takes away my rest.

—Tell me you'll love, or that my Suit is vain,

Do any think to ease me of my pain.

Gods, Madam, why do you keep me in suspense ?

This cannot be the effects of Innocence ;

By Heaven I'll know the cause, where e'er it lies,

Nor shall you fool me with your feign'd disguise.

Pis. You do forget your promise, and this Presence.

[Aside to Alcip.]

Alcip. 'Twas kindly urg'd, prithee be near me still,
And tell me of the faults that look unmanly.

Gal. Dear, if thou lov'st me, flatter him a little.

[To Er. aside.]

Er. 'Tis hard to do, yet I will try it, Madam.

Gal. I'll leave you, that you may the better do so.

—I hope, *Alcippus*, you'll revisit us

With Lover's speed :

And whatsoever treatment now you find,

At your return you'll find us much more kind.

[*He bows, she goes out*]

Alcip. Can you forgive the rashness of a Man,
That knows no other Laws but those of Passion?

Er. You are unkind to think I do not, Sir;
—Yes, and am grown so softened by my pity,

That I'm afraid I shall neglect my Vows,
And to return your Passion, grow ingrate.

Alcip. A few more syllables express'd like these,
Will raise my Soul up to the worst extreme,
And give me with your Scorn an equal torment.

Er. See what power your language has upon me

[*Weeps.*]

Alcip. Ah, do not weep, a tear or two's enough
For the Completion of your Cruelty,

That when it fail'd to exercise your will,
Sent those more powerful Weapons from your Eyes,

And what by your severity you mist of,
These (but a more obliging way) perform.

Gently, *Erminia*, pour the Balsam in,
That I may live, and taste the sweets of Love.

—Ah should you still continue as you are,
Thus wondrous good, thus excellently fair,

I should retain my growing name in War,
And all the Glories I have ventur'd for,

And fight for Crowns to recompense thy Bounty.

—This can your Smiles; but when those Beams are
clouded.

Alas, I freeze to very Cowardice,
And have not Courage left to kill my self.

Er. A Fate more glorious does that Life attend,
And does preserve you for a nobler end.

Alcip. *Erminia*, do not sooth my easy Heart,
For thou my Fate, and thou my Fortune art;

Whatever other blessings Heaven design,
Without my dear *Erminia*, I'll decline.

Yet, Madam, let me hope before I go,
In pity that you ought to let me do:

'Tis all you shall allow m' impatient heart.

Er.

Er. That's what against my will I must impart:
But with it please the Gods, when next we meet,
We might as Friend, and not as Lovers greet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Galatea and Aminta, met by Philander and Alcander.

Phi. SO hasty, Sister!

Gal. Brother, I am glad to meet you.

Aminta has some welcome News for you.

Am. My Lord!

Erminia yet is hardly brought to yield;
She wants but some encouragement from you,
That may assist her weakness to subdue,
And 'twas but faintly she deny'd to see you.

Phi. However, I will venture,
She can but chide, and that will soon be past:
A Lover's Anger is not long to last.

Am. *Ifillia* I have won to give you entrance.

Phi. Love furnish me with powerful Arguments:
Direct my Tongue, that my disorder'd Sense
May speak my Passion more than Eloquence. [*Alde.*]

Gal. But is *Alcippus* gone?

Alcan. Madam, an hour since.

Phi. 'Tis well; and Sister,
Whilst I persuade *Erminia* to this flight,
Make it your business to persuade the King,
Hang on his neck, and kiss his willing cheek:
Tell him how much you love him, and then smile,
And mingle Words with Kisses; 'twill o'ercome him
Thou hast a thousand pretty Flatteries,
Which have appeas'd his highest fits of Passion:
A Song from thee has won him to that rest,
Which neither Toil nor Silence could dispose him to.
Thou know'st thy power, and now or never use it.

Gal. 'Twas thither I was going.

Phi.

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Phi. May'st thou be prosperous.

[*Exeunt Phi. and Gal.*]

Am. What now, *Alcander*?

Alcan. As 'twas, *Aminia*.

Am. How's that?

Alcan. Such a distracted Lover as you left me.

Am. Such as I found you too, I fear, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Ah, Madam, do not wrong me so ;

Till now I never knew the joys and sorrows

That do attend a Soul in love like mine :

My Passion only fits the Object now ;

I hate to tell you so, 'tis a poor low means

To gain a Mistress by, of so much wit :

Aminia, you're above that common rate

Of being won.

Mean Beauties should be flatter'd into praise,

Whilst you need only Sighs from every Lover,

To tell you who you conquer, and not how,

Nor to instruct you what attracts you have.

Am. This will not serve to convince me,

But you have lov'd before.

Alcan. And will you never quit that Error, Madam?

Am. 'Tis what I've reason to believe, *Alcander*,

And you can give me none for loving me :

I'm much unlike *Lucinda* whom you sigh'd for,

I'm not so coy, nor so reserv'd as she ;

Nor so designing as *Florana* your next Saint,

Who starv'd you up with hope, till you grew weary ;

And then *Ardelia* did restore that loss,

The little soft *Ardelia*, kind and fair too.

Alcan. You think you're wondrous witty now, *Aminia*,

But hang me if you be.

Am. Indeed *Alcander*, no 'tis simple truth :

Then for your bouncing Mistress, long *Brunetta*,

O that majestick Garb, 'tis strangely taking,

That scornful Look, and Eyes that strike all dead

That stand beneath them.

Alcander, I have none of all these Charms ;

But well, you say you love me ; could you be

Con-

Content to dismiss these petty sharers in your Heart,
And give it all to me ; on these conditions
I may do much.

Alcan. *Aminta*, more perhaps than I may like.

Am. Do not fear that, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Your Jealousy encourages that Fear.

Am. If I be so, I'm the fitter for your humour.

Alcan. That's another reason for my fears ; that Ill-
Luck owes us a spite, and will be sure to pay us with
loving one another, a thought I dread. Farewell, *A-*
minta ; when I can get loofe from *Ardelia*, I may
chance wait on you, till then your own Pride be your
Companion. [Holds him.

Am. Nay, you shall not go, *Alcander*.

Alcan. Fy on't, those Looks have lost their wonted
Force,

I knew you'd call me back to smile upon me,
And then you have me sure ; no, no, *Aminta*,
I'll no more of that.

[Goes out.

Am. I have too much betray'd my Passion for him,
—I must recal it, if I can I must :

—I will—for should I yield, my power's o'erthrown,
And what's a Woman when that glory's gone?

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Alcippus and Pisaro.

Pis. You seem'd then to be pleas'd with what she said.

Alcip. And then methought I was so,
But yet even then I fear'd she did dissemble.

—Gods, what's a Man posselt with Jealousy?

Pis. A strange wild thing, a Lover without reason ;

I once have prov'd the torture on't,
But as unlike to thine as good from evil ;
Like fire in Limbecks, mine was soft and gentle,
Infusing kindly heat, till it distill'd
The spirits of the Soul out at my Eyes,
And so it ended.

But thine's a raging Fire, which never ceases

Till

Till it has quite destroy'd the goodly Edifice
Where it first took beginning.
Faith strive, Sir, to suppress it.

Alcip. No, I'll let it run to its extent,
And see what then 'twill do.
Perhaps 'twill make me mad, or end my life,
Either of which will ease me.

Pif. Neither of these, *Alcippus*;
It will unman you, make you too despis'd;
And those that now admire will pity you.

Alcip. What wouldst thou have me do?
Am I not ty'd a Slave to follow Love,
Whilst at my back Freedom and Honour waits,
And I have lost the power to welcome them?
Like those who meet a Devil in the night,
And all afrighted gaze upon the Fury,
But dare not turn their backs to what they fear,
Tho safety lie behind them.
Alas! I would as willingly as those
Fly from this Devil, Love.

Pif. You may, like those afrighted, by degrees
Allay your sense of terror in the Object,
And then its Power will lessen with your Fear,
And 'twill be easy to forgo the Fantasm.

Alcip. No, then like the damn'd Ghost it follows me.

Phi. Let Reason then approach it, and examine it.

Alcip. Love is a surly and a lawless Devil,
And will not answer Reason.
I must encounter it some other way,
For I will lay the Fiend.

Pif. What would you have, *Alcippus*?

Alcip. I'd have fair play, *Pisaro*.
—I find the cheat, and will not to the Camp;
—Thou shalt supply my place, and I'll return:
The Night grows on, and something will be done
That I must be acquainted with.

Pif. Pardon me, Sir, if I refuse you here:
I find you're growing up to Jealousies,
Which I'll not trust alone with you.

Alcip. Thou know'st perhaps of something worthy it.

Pif.

the Jealous Bridegroom.

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Pif. I must confess, your Passions give me cause,
If I had any Secrets, to conceal them ;
But 'tis no time nor place to make disputes in :
Will you to Horfe ?

Alcip. Will you not think fit I should return then ?
I can be calm.

Pif. What is't you mean by this return, *Alcippus* ?

Alcip. To see *Erminia*, is not that enough
To one in love, as I am ?

Pif. But, Sir, suppose you find *Philander* there ?

Alcip. Then I suppose I shall not much approve on't.

Pif. You would be at your last night's rage again.

Alcippus, this will ruin you for ever,
Nor is it all the Power you think you have
Can save you, if he once be disobligh'd.
Believe me 'twas the Princess' passion for you
Made up that breach last night.

Alcip. All this I know as well as you, *Pisaro*,
But will not be abus'd ; alas, I'm lost :
Could I recal these two last days are past,
Ah I should be my self again, *Pisaro*.
I would refuse these Fetters which I wear,
And be a Slave to nothing but to Glory.

Pif. That were a Resolution worthy of you.
—But come 'tis late, what you resolve conclude.

Alcip. I am resolv'd I will not to the Camp,
A secret inclination does persuade me
To visit my *Erminia* to night.

Pif. Comes it from Love or Jealousy ?

Alcip. The first, good faith, *Pisaro* ; thou'rt so fearful—

You shall to th' Camp before,
And I'll be with you early in the Morning.

Pif. Give me your hand, and promise to be calm.

Alcip. By all our Friendships, as the Western Winds,
[Gives his hand.

Nothing that's done shall e'er inrage me more,
Honour's the Mistress I'll henceforth adore. [Exit.

Pif. I will not trust you tho. [Goes out another way.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Philander and Alcander in their Cloaks muffled as in the dark.

Alcan. Isillia. [*Calls at the lodgings of Erminia.*]

Isil. Who's there?

Alcan. A Friend.

Isil. My Lord Alcander?

Alcan. The same.

Isil. Where's the Prince?

Phi. Here, Isillia.

Isil. Give me your hand, my Lord, and follow me.

Phi. To such a Heaven as thou conduct'st me to, Tho thou should'st traverse Hell, I'd follow thee.

Alcan. You'll come back in charity, Isillia?

Isil. Yes, if I dare trust you alone with me.

[*They go all in.*]

SCENE IV.

Draws off, discovers Erminia in an undress, sitting; to her Philander, who falls at her feet, on his knees.

Er. My Lord the Prince, what makes your Highness here?

Phi. Erminia, why do you ask that needless question! 'Twas Love, Love that's unsatisfied, which brought me hither.

[*Kneels.*]

Er. Rise, Sir, this posture would become me better.

Phi. Permit me, dear Erminia—to remain thus.

*'Tis only by these signs I can express
What my Confusion will not let me utter.
I know not what strange power thou bear'st about thee,
But at thy sight or touch my Sense forsakes me,
And that, withal I had design'd to say,
Turns to a strange disorder'd Rapture in me.*

—Oh Erminia—

Er. How do you, Sir?

*Phi. I am not well;
Too suddenly I pass from one extreme*

To

The Jealous Bridegroom.

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To this of Joy, more insupportable ;
But I shall re-assume my health anon,
And tell thee all my story.

Er. Dear Sir, retire into this inner room,
And there repose awhile :
Alas, I see disorder in your Face.

Phi. This confidence of me, is generous in thee,
[*They go into the Scene which draws over.*]

SCENE V. *The Court Gallery.*

Enter Alcippus.

Alcip. The Night is calm and silent as my Thoughts,
Where nothing now but Love's soft whispers dwell ;
Who in as gentle terms upbraids my Rage,
Which strove to dispossess the Monarch thence ;
It tells me how dishonest all my Fears are,
And how ungrateful all my Jealousies ;
And prettily persuades those Infidels
To be less rude and mutinous hereafter.
Ah that I could remain in this same state,
And be contented with this Monarchy :
I would, if my wild multitude of Passions
Could be appeas'd with it ; but they're for Liberty,
And nothing but a Common-wealth within
Will satisfy their appetite of Freedom.
—Pride, Honour, Glory, and Ambition strive
How to expel this Tyrant from my Soul,
But all too weak, tho Reason should assist them.

He knocks. Alcander looks out at the door.

Alcan. Who's there ?

Alcip. A Friend.

Isil. Oh Heavens ! it is my Lord *Alcippus'* voice.

Alcan. Peace, *Isillia.*

Alcip. I hear a Man within—open the door.
Now, Love, defend thy Interest, or my Jealousy
Will grow the mightier Devil of the two else.

[*Alc. comes out.*]

—Who's this ? one muffled in a Cloke ?

Who art thou, who at this dead time of Night

V O L. III.

O

Hast

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Has taken possession here !

—Speak, or I'll kill thee.

Alcan. This were an opportunity indeed
To do my Prince a service, but I dare not.

Alcip. What darest not do ?

Alcan. Not kill thee.

Alcan. Is that thy business then ? have at thee, Slave ;
I'll spoil your keeping doors. *[Runs at him.]*

*[They fight, and grappling Alcander gets the
Sword of Alcippus.]*

Alcip. He's got my Sword, however, I'll lose no
time :

It may be 'tis his office to detain me. *[He goes in.]*

Alcan. I'm wounded, yet I will not leave him so ;
There may be Mischief in him, tho unarm'd. *[Goes in.]*

SCENE VI. *A Bed-chamber.*

*Discovers Erminia, Philander sitting on the Bed, to them
Isillia, a Sword and Hat on the Table.*

Isil. Ah, Madam, *Alcippus.*

Er. *Alcippus*, where ?

Isil. I left him in a quarrel with *Alcander*,
And hear him coming up.

Er. For Heaven's sake, Sir, submit to be conceal'd.

Phi. Not for the world, *Erminia*,
My Innocence shall be my guard and thine.

Er. Upon my knees I beg you'll be conceal'd, *[A noise.]*

He comes ; *Philander*, for my safety go.

Phi. I never did obey with more regret.

*[He hides himself behind the Bed, and in haste leaves
his Sword and Hat on the Table ; Alcippus comes in.]*

Alcip. How now, *Erminia* ?

How comes it you are up so late ?

Er. I found my self not much inclin'd to sleep ;
I hope 'tis no offence.

Why do you look so wildly round about you ?

Alcip. Methinks, *Erminia*, you are much confus'd.

Er.

Er. Alas you cannot blame me ;
Ifillia tells me you were much inrag'd
 Against a Lover she was entertaining.

Alcan. A Lover—was that a time for Courtship ?
 Such Actions, Madam, will reflect on you.

*[Ifillia goes to take the Hat and Sword and slide
 into her lap, which he sees, calls to her.]*

—What have you there, *Ifillia* ?

Come back, and let me see what 'tis.

[He takes them from her.]

—ha—a Sword and Hat—*Erminia*, whose be these ?

Er. Why do you ask—

Alcip. To be inform'd, is that so great a wonder ?

Er. They be my Father's, Sir—

Alcip. Was that well said, *Erminia* ?—speak again.

Er. What is't you would know ?

Alcip. The truth, *Erminia*, 'twould become you best.
 Do you think I take these things to be your Father's ?

No, treacherous Woman, I have seen this Sword,

[Draws the Sword.]

Worn by a Man more vigorous than thy Father,
 It had not else been here.

—Where have you hid this mighty Man of valour ?

Have you exhausted so his stock of Courage,

He has not left any t' appear withal ?

Phi. Yes, base *Alcippus*, I have still that Courage,
 Th' effects of which thou hast beheld with wonder ;

And now being fortified by Innocence,

Thou't find sufficient to chastise thy boldness :

Restore my Sword, and prove the truth of this.

Alcip. I've hardly so much Calmness left to answer
 thee,

And tell thee, Prince, thou art deceiv'd in me.

—I know 'tis just I should restore thy Sword,

But thou hast show'd the basest of thy play,

And I'll return th' uncivil Treachery ;

You merit Death for this base Injury.

But you're my Prince, and that I own you so,

Is all remains in me of Sense or Justice ;

The rest is Rage, which if thou gett'st not hence

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Will eat up that small morsel too of Reason,
And leave me nothing to preserve thy life with.

Phi. Gods, am I tame, and hear the Traytor brave me?
[*Offers to run in to him.*]

I have resentment left, tho nothing else.

Alcip. Stand off, by all that's good I'll kill thee else.

[*Er. puts her self between.*]

Er. Ah hold, Sir, hold, the Prince has no defence,
And you are more than arm'd;

What honour is't to let him murder you? [To *Alcip.*]

—Nor would your Fame be lessen'd by retreat.

Phi. Alas, I dare not leave thee here with him.

Er. Trust me, Sir, I can make him calm again.

Alcip. She counsels well, and I advise you take it.

Phi. I will, but not for fear of thee or Death,
But from th' assurance that her Power's sufficient
To allay this unbecoming Fury in thee,
And bring thee to repentance.

[*He gives him his Sword; Philander goes out,
Alcippus locks the door after him.*]

Er. Alcippus, what do you mean?

Alcip. To know where 'twas you learn'd this Impudence?
Which you're too cunning in,

Not to have been a Rale practitioner.

Er. Alas, what will you do?

Alcip. Preserve thy Soul, if thou hast any sense
Of future Joys, after this vile damn'd Action.

Er. Ah, what have I done?

Alcip. That which if I should let thee live, *Erminia*,
Would never suffer thee to look abroad again.

—Thou'st made thy self and me——

Oh, I dare not name the Monsters.——

But I'll destroy them while the Gods look down,
And smile upon my Justice.

[*He strangles her with a Garter, which he
snatches from his Leg.*]

Er. Hold, hold, and hear my Vows of Innocence.

Alcip. Let me be damn'd as thou art, if I do;

[*Throws her on a Bed, and sits down on a Chair.*]

—So now my Heart, I have redeem'd thee nobly,

Sit

the Jealous Bridegroom.

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Sit down and pause a while——

But why so still and tame, is one poor Murder

Enough to satisfy thy storm of Passion?

If it were just, it ought not here to end;

—If not—I've not done too much——

One knocks, he rises after a little pause, and opens the door; enter Page.

Page. My Lord, *Pisaro*——

Alcip. Pisaro,——Oh that Name has wakened me,
A Name till now had never Terror in't!

—I will not speak with him.

Page. My Lord, he's here.

[*Page goes out.*]

Enter Pisaro.

Pis. Not speak with me! nay then I fear the worst.

Alcip. Not for the world, *Pisaro*——

[*Hides his face with his hand, Pis. sees Erminia.*]

Pis. Thy guilt is here too plain,

I need not read it in thy blushing face,

She's dead and pale: Ah, sweet *Erminia*!

Alcip. If she be dead, the fitter she's for me,

She'll now be coy no more, nor cry I cannot love,

And frown and blush, when I but kiss her hand:

Now I shall read no terror in her Eyes,

And what is better yet, shall ne'er be jealous.

Pis. Why didst thou make such haste to be undone?

Had I detain'd thee but an hour longer,

Thoud'st been the only happy of thy Sex.

——I knew thou didst dissemble when we parted,

And therefore durst not trust thee with thy Passions:

I only staid to gather from my Sister

What news I might concerning your affairs,

Which I with joy came to impart to you,

But most unfortunately came too late:

Why didst thou yield obedience to that Devil,

Which urg'd thee to destroy this Innocent?

Alcip. Pisaro, do not err;

I found the Prince and she alone together,

He all disorder'd like a Ravisher,

Loose and unbutton'd for the amorous play;

O that she had another Life to lose!

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Pif. You wrong her most inhumanly, you do;
Her Blood, yet sensible of the injury,
Flows to her face to upbraid thy Cruelty.
—Where dost thou mean, bad Man, to hide thy head?
Vengeance and Justice will pursue thee close,
And hardly leave thee time for Penitence.
—What will the Princess say to this return
You've made to all the offers she has sent
This night by Prince *Philander*?

Alcip. Oh when you name the Princess and *Philander*,
Such different Passions do at once possess me,
As sink my over-laden Soul to Hell.

—Alas why do I live? 'tis losing time;
For what is Death, a pain that's sooner ended
Than what I felt from every frown of hers?
—It was but now that lovely thing had Life,
Could speak and weep, and had a thousand Charms,
That had oblig'd a Murderer, and Madnefs 't self
To've been her tame Adorers.

Yet now should even her best lov'd, the Prince
With all his Youth, his Beauties and Desires,
Fall at her Feet, and tell his tale of Love,
She hardly would return his amorous Smiles,
Or pay his meeting Kisses back again;
Is not that fine, *Pisaro*?

Pif. Sir, 'tis no time to talk in, come with me,
For here's no safety for a Murderer.

Alcip. I will not go, alas I seek no Safety.

Pif. I will not now dispute that vain reply,
But force you to security.

[*Pisaro draws him out, the Scene closes.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Philander, Alcander, Galatea, Aminta, and Falatius.

Fal. Ah fly, Sir, fly from what I have to tell you.

Alcan. What's the news?

Fal. Ah, Sir, the dismal'st heavy news that e'er was
told or heard.

Gal. No matter, out with it.

Fal.

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Fal. Erminia, Madam——

Phi. Erminia, what of her?

Fal. Is dead, Sir.

Alcan. What, hast thou lost thy Wits?

*Fal. I had them not about me at the sight,
I else had been undone: Alas Erminia's dead,
Murder'd, and dead.*

Alcan. It cannot be, thou ly'st.

*Fal. By Jove, I do not, Sir, I saw her dead:
Alas, I ran as I was wont to do,
Without demanding licence, to her Chamber,
But found her not as I was wont to do,*

[The Women weep.]

In a gay humour, but stone-dead and cold.

*Phi. Alcander, am I awake?—or being so,
Dost not perceive this senseless Flesh of mine
Hardened into a cold benumbed Statue?
—Methinks—it does—support me—or I fall;
And so—shall break to pieces——*

[Falls into his Arms. He leads him out.]

*Gal. Ah lovely Maid, was this thy destiny?
Did Heaven create thy Beauties to this end?
—I must distrust their Bounties, who neglected
The best and fairest of their handy-work;
This will encourage Sin, when Innocence
Must perish thus, and meet with no defence.*

Enter the King and Orgulius.

*Org. If murder'd Innocence do cry for Justice,
Can you, great Sir, make a defence against it?*

King. I think I cannot.

*Org. Sir, as you are pious, as you are my King,
The Lover and Protector of your People,
Revenge Erminia's Murder on Alcippus.*

*Gal. If e'er my Mother, Sir, were dear to you,
As from your Tears I grieve whene'er you nam'd her;
If the remembrance of those Charms remain,
Whose weak resemblance you have found in me,
For which you oft have said you lov'd me dearly;
Dispense your mercy, and preserve this Copy,
Which else must perish with th' Original.*

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King. Why all this Conjururation, *Galatea* ?

Gal. To move you, Sir, to spare *Alcippus'* Life.

King. You are unjust, if you demand a Life
Must fall a Sacrifice to *Erminia's* Ghost,
That is a debt I have engag'd to pay.

Gal. Sir, if that Promise be already past,
And that your Word be irrevocable,
I vow I will not live a moment after him.

King. How, *Galatea* ! I'd rather hop'd you'd join'd
Your Prayers with his.

Gal. Ah, Sir, the late Petition which I made you
Might have inform'd you why these Knees are bow'd ;
'Twas but this night I did confess I lov'd him,
And you would have allow'd that Passion in me,
Had he not been *Erminia's* :

And can you question now what this Address meant !

Org. Remember, Sir, *Erminia* was my Daughter.

Gal. And Sir, remember that I am your Daughter.

Org. And shall the Traitor live that murder'd her ?

Gal. And will you by his Death, Sir, murder me ?

In dear *Erminia's* Death too much is done ;

If you revenge that Death, 'tis two for one.

Org. Ah, Sir, to let him live's unjust in you.

Gal. And killing me, you more injustice do.

Org. *Alcippus*, Madam, merits all your Love,
That could so cruel to *Erminia* prove.

Gal. If Lovers could be rul'd by Reason's Laws,

For this complaint on him we'd had no cause.

'Twas Love that made him this rash act commit ;

Had she been kind, 't had taught him to submit.

—But might it not your present Grievs augment,

I'd say that you deserve this punishment,

By forcing her to marry with the General ;

By which you have destroy'd *Philander* too,

And now you would *Alcippus'* Life undo.

Org. That was a fault of duty to your Majesty.

King. Tho that were honest, 'twere not wisely done ;

For had I known the passion of my Son,

And how essential 'twas to his content

I willing had granted my consent ;

Her

Her Worth and Beauty had sufficient been
T'ave rais'd her to the Title of a Queen.
Did not my glorious Father, great *Gonzal*,
Marry the Daughter of his Admiral?
And I might to my Son have been as kind,
As then my Father did my Grandfire find.

Org. You once believ'd that I had guilty been,
And had the Punishment, but not the Sin;
I suffer'd when 'twas thought I did aspire,
And should by this have rais'd my crimes yet higher.

King. How did *Philander* take *Erminia's* death?

Gal. My own surprize and grief was so extream,
I know not what effects it had in him;
But this account of him, I'm forc'd to give,
Since she is dead, I know he cannot live.

King. I'll know *Philander's* fate e'er I proceed;
And if he die, *Alcippus* too shall bleed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *The Gallery.*

Enter Falatius and Fabree.

Fal. Wert thou never valiant, *Labree*?

La. Yes, Sir, before I serv'd you, and since too: I
am provok'd to give you proofs on't sometimes; for
when I am angry I am a very Hector.

Fal. Ay, the Devil when a body's angry, but that's
not the Valour in mode; Men fight now a-days without
that, and even embrace whilst they draw their Swords on
one another.

La. Ay, Sir, those are Men that despise their lives.

Fal. Why that's it, *Labree*, that I would learn to do,
and which I fear, nothing but Poverty will make me do;
Jove defend me from that experiment.

Enter Erminia veild with a thin Taffety.

La. What's the matter, Sir? Does the fit take you
now?

Fal. Save us, save us, from the Fiend.

La. A Ghost, a Ghost! O, O, O!

[*They fall shaking on the Ground.*]

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Er. This was a happy mistake, now I may pass with safety. *[Er.]*

Fal. Look up, *Labree*, if thou hast any of that Courage thou spakest of but now.

La. I dare not, Sir, experience yours I pray.

Fal. Alas, alas, I fear we are both rank Cowards.

La. Rise, Sir, 'tis gone.

Fal. This was worse than the fright *Alcander* put me into by much. *[They rise and go out.]*

SCENE IX.

Enter Philander and Cleontius.

Phi. I know he's fled to the Camp,
For there he only can secure himself.

Cleo. I do not think it, Sir.
He's too brave to justify an Action
Which was the Outrage only of his Passion,
That soon will toil it self into a Calm,
And then will grow considerate again,
And hate the Rashness it provok'd him to.

Phi. That shall not serve his turn—go
Tell him I'll get his Pardon of the King,
And set him free from other fears of Justice.
But those which I intend to execute.

If he be brave, he'll not refuse this offer ;

If not, I'll do as he has done by me,

And meet his hated Soul by Treachery. *[Cle. goes out.]*

—And then I've nothing more to do but die,

—Ah how agreeable are the thoughts of Death ?

How kindly do they entertain my Soul,
And tell it pretty tales of Satisfaction in the other world,
That I shall dwell for ever with *Erminia* ?—but stay,
That sacred Spirit yet is unreveng'd,

—I'll send that Traitor's Soul to eternal Night,
Then mine shall take its so desired Flight. *[Going out.]*

Enter Erminia, calls him.

Er. Return *Philander*, whither wouldst thou fly ?

Phi. What Voice is that ?

[Turns, sees her, and is frighted.]
Er.

Er. 'Tis I, my Prince, 'tis I.

Phi. Thou—Gods—what art thou—in that lovely shape?

Er. A Soul that from Elysium made escape,

[As she comes towards him, he goes back in great amaze.]

To visit thee; why dost thou steal away?

I'll not approach thee nearer than I may.

Phi. Why do I shake—it is *Erminia's* form—

And can that Beauty ought that's ill adorn?

—In every part *Erminia* does appear,

And sure no Devil can inhabit there.

[He comes on and kneels, one knocks, she steals back in at a door.]

Alcan. My Lord the Prince!

Phi. Ha—Oh Gods, I charge thee not to vanish yet!

I charge thee by those Powers thou dost obey,

Not to deprive me of thy blessed sight.

Er. I will revisit thee.

Enter Alcander.

Phi. I'm not content with that.

—Stay, stay, my dear *Erminia*.

Alcan. What mean you, Sir?

[He rises and looks still affrighted.]

Phi. *Alcander*, look, look, how she glides away,
Dost thou not see't?

Alcan. Nothing, Sir, not I.

Phi. No, now she's gone again.

Alcan. You are disorder'd, pray sit down a while.

Phi. No, not at all, *Alcander*; I'm my self,

I was not in a Dream, nor in a Passion

When she appear'd, her Face a little pale,

But esse my own *Erminia*, she her self,

I mean a thing as like, nay it spoke too,

And I undaunted answer'd it again;

But when you knockt it vanisht.

Alcan. 'Twas this *Aminia* would persuade me to,

And faith I laught at her,

And with I might have leave to do so now.

Phi. You do displease me with your Unbelief.

Alcan.

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Alcan. Why, Sir, do you think there can indeed be Ghosts?

Phi. Pray do not urge my Sense to lose its nature.

Er. It is *Alcander*, I may trust him too.

[She peeps in on them, and comes out.]

Phi. Look where she comes again, credit thy Eyes,
Which did persuade thee that they saw her dead.

Alcan. By Heaven and so they did.

[Both seem frighted.]

—Gods—this is wondrous strange! yet I can bear
it, if it were the Devil himself in that fair shape.

Phi. And yet thou shakest.

Alcan. I do, but know not why.

—Inform us, lovely Spirit, what thou art,
A God—or Devil; if either, thou art welcome.

Er. You cannot think, *Alcander*, there be Ghosts.

[She gives her hands to him and Phi. which they refuse to touch.]

No, give me your hand, and prove mine flesh and blood.

—Sir, you were wont to credit what I said,

And I would still merit that kind opinion.

Phi. *Erminia*, Soul of Sweetness, is it you?

—How do you ravish with excess of Joys?

Er. Softly, dear Sir, do not express that Joy,

Lest you destroy it by your doing so.

I fly for sanctuary to your Arms;

As yet none knows I live, but poor *Isllia*,

Who bathing of my cold face with her tears,

Perceiv'd some signs of life, and us'd what means

Her Love and Duty did instruct her in;

And I in half an hour was so reviv'd,

As I had sense of all was past and done;

And to prevent a death I yet might fear,

If mad *Alcippus* had return'd again,

—Alone I came to you, where I could find

Alone my Safety too.

Phi. From Gods and Men, *Erminia*, thou art safe,
My best and blest *Erminia*.

Er. Sir, in my coming hither I met *Aminta*,
Who I may fear has alarm'd all the Court;

She

She took me for a Ghost, and ran away,
E'er I cou'd undeceive her.

——*Falattus* too, afrighted even to death——

Alcan. Faith that was lucky, Madam.

—Hark, some body knocks, you'd best retire a little.

[*Leads her into the door.*]

Enter Galatea and Aminta lighted.

Gal. Ah, Brother, there's such news abroad——

Phi. What, dear Sister, for I am here confin'd,
And cannot go to meet it?

Gal. *Erminia's* Ghost is seen, and I'm so frighted——

Phi. You would not fear it tho it should appear.

Gal. Oh do not say so;

For tho the World had nought I held more dear,
I would not see her Ghost for all that World.

Alcan. But, Madam, 'tis so like *Erminia*——

Am. Why have you seen it to?

Alcan. Yes, *Aminta*.

Am. Then there be Ghosts, *Alcander*.

Phi. *Aminta*, we'll convince him.

[*Phi. leads out Er. who comes out smiling.*]

Gal. But how, dear Creature, wert thou thus preserv'd?

Phi. Another time for that, but now let's think

[*Aminta embraces her.*]

How to preserve her still.

Since all believe her dead, but who are present,
And that they may remain in that blest error,

I will consult with you; but you, my dearest,

Shall as the Spirit of *Erminia* act,

And reap the glory of so good a part:

It will advance the new design I have;

And, Sister, to your care

I must commit the Treasure of my Life.

Gal. It was not kind, she came not first to me.

Er. Madam, I fear'd the safety of my Prince,
And every moment that I found I liv'd,

Were more tormenting than those of death,

Till I had undeceiv'd his Apprehensions.

Phi.

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Phi. 'Twas like thy self, generous and kind, my Dear,
Thou mightst have come too late else.

Er. But, Sir, pray where's my Murderer? for yet
A better name I cannot well afford him.

Gal. All that we know of him,
Pisaro now inform'd me,
Who came just as he thought he had murder'd thee,
And begg'd he would provide for his own safety.

But he who gave him sober promises,
No sooner found himself out of his arms,
But frantick and i'th' dark he got away.

But out o'th' Court he knows he cannot pass
At this dead time of night ;

But he believes he is i'th Groves or Gardens,
And thither he is gone to find him out.

Alcan. This is no place to make a longer stay in,
The King has many Spies about the Prince,
'Twere good you would retire to your Apartment.

Gal. We'll take your Counsel, Sir.

—Good night, Brother.

Phi. *Erminia*, may thy Dreams be calm and sweet,
As thou hast made my Soul ;

May nothing of the Cruelty that's past,
Approach thee in a rude uneasy thought ;

Remember it not so much as in thy Prayers,
Let me alone to thank the Gods for thee,

To whom that Blessing only was ordain'd.

*And when I lose my Gratitude to Heaven,
May they deprive me of the Joy's they've given.* [Exeunt.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Galatea, Erminia, Pisaro, Aminta.

Gal: **A**ND hast thou found him? Ease my misery.
Pis. I have, and done as you commanded me.
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,
Whose Tears had power to swell the little tide,
Which from the Marble Statues breast still flows,
As silent and as numberless were those.
I laid me down behind a Thicket near,
Where undiscover'd I could see and hear;
The Moon the Day supply'd, and all below
Instructed, even as much as Day could do.
I saw his postures, heard him rave and cry,
'Twas I that kill'd Erminia, yes 'twas I;
Then from his almost frantick Head he'd tear
Whole handfuls of his well-becoming Hair:
Thus would he, till his Rage was almost spent,
And then in softer terms he would lament:
Then speak as if *Erminia* still did live,
And that Belief made him forget to grieve.
—The Marble Statue *Venus* he mistook
For fair *Erminia*, and such things he spoke,
Such unheard passionate things, as e'en wou'd move
The marble Statue's self to fall in love;
He'd kiss its Breast, and say she kind was grown,
And never mind, alas, 'twas senseless Stone;
He took its Hand, and to his Mouth had laid it;
But that it came not, and its stay betray'd it;
Then would he blush, and all ashamed become,
His Head declining, for awhile be dumb:
His Arms upon his Breast across would lay,
Then sensibly and calmly walk away;
And in his walk a thousand things he said,
Which I forgot, yet something with me staid;
He did consult the nature of the Crime,
And still concluded that 'twas just in him;
He run o'er all his life, and found no act

That

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That was ungenerous in him, but the fact,
From which the Justice took off the Disgrace,
And might even for an act of Virtue pass;
He did consult his Glory and his Pride;
And whilst he did so, laid his grief aside;
—Then was as calm as e'er he seem'd to be.

Gal. And all this while did he ne'er mention me?

Pif. Yes, Madam, and a thousand things he said,
By which much Shame and Passion he betray'd:
And then 'twas, Madam, I slept in and gave
Counsels, I thought him fittest to receive;
I sooth'd him up, and told him that the Crime,
I had committed, had the case been mine.
I all things said that might his Griefs beguile,
And brought him to the sweetness of a Smile.
—To all I said he lent a willing ear,
At my reproaches too at last did hear.
And with this insensibly I drew him on,
And with my flatteries so upon him won,
Such Gentleness infus'd into his Breast,
As has dispos'd his wearied Soul to rest:
Sleeping upon a Couch I've left him now,
And come to render this account to you.

[*Bows.*

Gal. *Pifaro*, 'twere the office of a Friend,
Go on and prosper in this new design,

[*Bows.*

And when thou'st done, the glory shall be thine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws off, discovers Alcippus rising from the Couch.

Alcip. I cannot sleep, my Soul is so unfurnish'd
Of all that Sweetness which allow'd it rest.
—'Tis flown, 'tis flown, for ever from my breast,
And in its room eternal discords dwell,
Such as outdo the black intrigues of Hell——
—Oh my fortune——

[*Weeps, pulling out his handkerchief, drops a
Picture with a Glass on the reverse.*

—What's

the Jealous Bridegroom.

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—What's here? Alas, that which I dare not look on,
And yet, why should I shun that Image here,
Which I continually about me bear?
But why, dear Picture, art thou still so gay,
Since she is gone from whom those Charms were bor-
row'd?

Those Eyes that gave this speaking life to thine,
Those lovely Eyes are clos'd in endless darkness;
There's not a Star in all the face of Heaven,
But now out-shines those Suns:
Suns at Noon-day dispens'd not kindlier influence.
And thou blest Mirror, that hast oft beheld
That Face, which Nature never made a fairer;
Thou that so oft her Beauties back reflected,
And made her know what wondrous power there lay
In every Feature of that lovely Face.

But she will smile no more! no more! no more!
—Why, who shall hinder her? Death, cruel Death.

—'Twas I that murder'd her——

Thou lyest—thou durst as well be damn'd to touch her,
She was all sacred; and that impious Hand
That had profanely touch'd her,
Had wither'd from the Body.

—I lov'd her—I ador'd her, and could I,
Could I approach her with unhallowed thoughts?

—No, no, I durst not——

But as devoutest Pilgrims do the Shrine.

—If I had done't,

The Gods who take the part of Innocence,
Had been reveng'd——

Why did not Thunder strike me in the Action?

Why, if the Gods be just, and I had done't,

Did they not suffer Earth to swallow me,

Quick——quick into her bosom?

—But yet I say again, it was not I,

—Let me behold this face,

That durst appear in such a Villany. [*He looks in the glass.*

Enter Pisaro, and Erminia dress'd like an Angel with Wings.

Pis. Look where he is.

Er. Alas, I tremble at the sight of him.

Pis.

330 *The Forc'd Marriage; or,*

Pis. Fear nothing, Madam, I'll be near you still.

Er. Pray stay a little longer.

Alcip.—My Face has Horror in't pale and disfigur'd,
And lean as Envy's self——

My Eyes all bloody,——and my hanging lids
Like Midnight's mischief, hide the guilty Balls,
—And all about me calls me Murderer :

—Oh horrid Murderer !

That very Sound tears out my hated Soul,

—And to compleat my ruin,

I'll still behold this Face where Murder dwells.

[He looks in the glass, Ermina steals behind him, and looks into it over his shoulder; he is frightened.]

Ha———what does the Glass present me?

What art thou?——speak——What art thou?

[Turns by degrees towards it.]

——Sure I am fixt, what shall the Devil fright me?

——Me shall he fright,

Who flood the Execution of a Murder?

——But 'tis that Shape, and not thy Nature frights me,

——That calls the blood out of my panting Heart,

That Traytor Heart that did conspire thy death.

Er. Sit down and hear me——

[In a tone like a Spirit, and points to a Chair; soft Music begins to play, which continues all this Scene.]

To disobey, thy punishment shall be;

To live in endless torments, but ne'er die.

Alcip. Thou threatnest high, bold Rebel.

He sits within the Scene, bows.

Er. Alcippus, tell me what you see,

What is't that I appear to be?

Alcip. My blest Erminia deify'd.

Er. Alcippus, you inform me true;

I am thus deify'd by you;

To you I owe this blest abode,

For I am happy as a God;

I only come to tell thee so,

And by that tale to end thy Woe;

Know, Mighty Sir, your Joy's begun,

From what last night to me was done;

In

*In vain you rave, in vain you weep,
For what the Gods must ever keep;
In vain you mourn, in vain deplore
A loss which tears can ne'er restore.
The Gods their Mercies will dispense,
In a more glorious Recompence;
A World of Blessings they've in store,
A World of Honours, Vict'ries more;
Thou shalt the Kingdom's Darling be,
And Kings shall Homage pay to thee:
Thy Sword no bounds to Conquest set,
And thy Success that Sword shall whet;
Princes thy Chariot-wheel shall grace,
Whilst thou in Triumph bring'st home Peace.
This will the Gods; the King yet more
Will give thee what those Gods adore;
And what they did create for thee,
Alcippus look, for that is she.*

*Enter the Princess, who goes over the Stage as a Spirit,
bows a little to Alcippus, and goes off.*

Alcip. The Princess! [He offers to rise.

*Er. Be still; 'tis she you must possess,
'Tis she must make your happiness;
'Tis she must lead you on to find
Those Blessings Heaven has design'd:
'Tis she'll conduct you, where you'll prove
The perfect Joys of grateful Love.*

Enter Aminta like Glory, Alcander representing Honour.

They pass over and bow, and go out.

Glory and Honour wait on her.

*Enter two more representing Mars and Pallas, bow and
go out.*

With Pallas and the God of War,

*Enter Olinda like Fortune, a Page like Cupid, bow and
goes out.*

*Fortune and Love which ne'er agree,
Do now united bow to thee.*

—Be

332 *The Forc'd Marriage ; or,*

—*Be wife, and of their Bounties share ;
For if Erminia still was here,
Still subject to the toils of Life,
She never could have been thy Wife,
Who by the Laws of Man and Heaven
Was to another's bosom given :
—And what Injustice thou hast done,
Was only to thy Prince alone ;
But he has mercy, can redeem
Those Ills which thou hast done to him.
—But see, they all return again.*

[All the Disguis'd enter again and dance, with *Love* in the midst, to whom as they dance, they in order make an offer of what they carry, which must be something to represent them by ; which *Love* refuses with Nods, still pointing to *Alcippus* : the Dance done, they lay them at his feet, or seem to do so, and go out.

*What think'st thou of thy Destiny,
Is't not agreeable to thee ?
Tell me, Alcippus, is't not brave ?
Is it not better than a Grave ?
Cast off your Tears, abandon Grief,
And give what you have seen belief.
Dress all your Looks, and be as gay
As Virgins in the Month of May ;
Deck up that Face where Sorrow grows,
And let your Smiles adorn your brows ;
Recall your wonted Sweetness home,
And let your Eyes all Love become :
For what the Gods have will'd and said,
Thou hast no power to evade.
What they decree none can withstand,
You must obey what they command.*

[She goes out, he remains immoveable for a while.

Enter Pisaro.

Pis. How is it man !—what, speechless ?

Alcip. No.

Pis.

the Jealous Bridegroom.

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Pif. I left thee on the Bed, how camest thou here!

Alcip. I know not.

Pif. Have you slept?

Alcip. Yes ever since you left me;
And 'twas a kindness in thee now to wake me;
For Sleep had almost flatter'd me to Peace,
Which is a vile injustice.

Hah, *Pisaro*, I had such a Dream,
Such a fine flattering Dream——

Pif. How was it pray?

Alcip. Nay, I will forget it;
I do not merit so much peace of mind,
As the relation of that Dream will give me:
Oh 'twas so perfect, too,

I hardly can persuade my self I slept!
Dost thou believe there may be Apparitions?

Pif. Doubtless, my Lord, there be.

Alcip. I never could believe it till this hour,
By Heavens I think I saw them too, *Pisaro*.

Pif. 'Tis very possible you're not deceiv'd.

Alcip. *Erminia's* Spirit, in a glorious form.

Pif. I do believe you.

Alcip. Why, is't not strange?

Pif. It would have been, had I not heard already,
She has this night appear'd to several Persons,
In several Shapes; the first was to the Prince;
And said so many pretty things for you,
As has persuaded him to pardon you.

Alcip. Oh Gods, what Fortune's mine!

I do believe the Prince is innocent

From all that, thou hast said.

——But yet I wish he would dispose his Bounties
On those that would return acknowledgments;
I hate he should oblige me.

Pif. You are too obstinate, and must submit.

Alcip. It cannot be, and yet methinks I give
A strange and sudden credit to this Spirit,
It beckon'd me into another room;
I'll follow it, and know its business there.

Pif. Come, Sir, I am a kind of Prophet,
And can interpret Dreams too.

[*Aside.*

We'll

334 *The Forc'd Marriages; or,*

We'll walk a while, and you shall tell me all,
And then I would advise you what to do. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Philander with the King.

King. Thou'lt entertain'd me with a pretty Story,
And call'd up so much Nature to thy Cause,
That I am half subjected to its Laws :
I find thy lovely Mother plead within too,
And bids me put no force upon thy Will ;
Tells me thy Flame should be as unconfin'd
As that we felt when our two Souls combin'd.
Alas, *Philander* I am old and feeble,

And cannot long survive :
But thou hast many Ages yet to number
Of Youth and Vigour ; and should all be waisted
In the Embraces of an unlov'd Maid ?
No, my *Philander*, if that after death
Ought could remain to me of this World's Joys,
I should remember none with more delight,
Than those of having left thee truly happy.

Phi. This Goodness, Sir, resembles that of Heaven,
Preserving what it made, and can be paid
Only with grateful Praise, as we do that.

King. Go, carry on your innocent design,
And when you've done, the last act shall be mine.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Aminta followed by Alcander, Erminia and Galatea;
they go out: re-enter Alcander, and stays Aminta.*

Alcan. Stay, dear *Aminta*, do not fly so fast.

Am. Methinks, *Alcander*, you should shun that Maid,
Of whose too much of kindness you're afraid.
'Twas not long since you parted in such feud,
And swore my treatment of you was too rude ;
You vow'd you found no Beauty in my eyes,
And can you now pursue what you despise. [*Offers to go.*

Alcan.

Alcan. Nay, do not leave me yet, for still your Scorn
Much better than your Absence may be born.

Am. Well, Sir, your business, for mine requires haste.

Alcan. Say, fair *Aminia*, shall I never find
You'll cease this Rigour, and be kind?
Will that dear Breast no Tenderneſs admit?
And shall the Pain you give no Pity get?
Will you be never touch'd with what I ſay?
And shall my Youth and Vows be thrown away?
You know my Paſſion and my Humour too,
And how I die, tho do not tell you ſo.

Am. What arguments will you produce to prove
You love? for yet I'll not believe you love.

Alcan. Since, fair *Aminia*, I did thee adore,
Alas I am not what I was before;
My Thoughts diſorder'd from my Heart do break;
And Sighs deſtroy my Language when I ſpeak.
My Liberty and my Repoſe I gave,
To be admitted but your Slave;
And can you queſtion ſuch a Victory?
Or muſt I ſuffer more to make it ſure?
It needs not, ſince theſe Languiſhments can be
Nought but the Wounds which you alone can cure.

Am. *Alcander*, you ſo many Vows have paid,
So many Sighs and Tears to many a Maid,
That ſhould I credit give to what you ſay,
I merit being undone as well as they.

—No, no, *Alcander*, I'll no more of that.

Alcan. Farewel, *Aminia*, mayſt thou want a Lover,
When I ſhall hate both thee and thy whole Sex;
I can endure your ſober Cruelty,
But do deſpiſe it clad in Jollity. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*]

SCENE V.

*Discovers a Room hung with Black, a Hearſe ſtanding
in it with Tapers round about it, Alcippus weeping
at it, with Iſillia, and other Women with long black
Veils round about the Hearſe.*

Iſil. I humbly beg, my Lord, you would forbear.

Alcip.

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Alcip. Oh *Isillia*,
Thou knowst not what vast Treasure this incloses,
This sacred Pile; is there no Sorrow due to it?
Alas, I bad her not farewell at parting,
Nor did receive so much as one poor Kiss.
—Ah wretched, wretched Man!

Enter the Prince.

Alcip. How, the Prince!
How suddenly my Grief submits to Rage.
Phi. *Alcippus*, why dost thou gaze thus on me?
What Horror have I in my looks that frights thee?

Alcip. Why, Sir, what makes you here?
I have no more Wives, no more *Erminia's*;
Alas she is dead——

Will you not give her leave to rest in peace?

Phi. Is this the Gratitude you pay my Favours,
That gave ye life, after your wrongs to me?
But 'twas my Sister's Kindness that preserv'd thee
And I prefer'd my Vengeance to the Gods.

Alcip. Your Sister is a Saint whom I adore;
But I refuse a Life that comes from you.

Isil. What mean you, Sir?

Alcip. To speak a truth, as dying Men should do.

Phi. *Alcippus*, for my Sister's sake who loves you,
I can bear more than this—you know my power,
And I can make you fear.

Alcip. No, Prince, not whilst I am in love with dying.

Phi. Your love to that I see has made you impudent.

Isil. The Storm comes on, your Highness should avoid it.

Phi. Let him give place, I'll keep possession here.

Isil. It is the Prince's pleasure, Sir, you quit the Presence.

Alcip. No, this I call my Home;
And since *Erminia's* here that does entitle it so,
will not quit the Presence.

Phi. Gave thee a Title to't, *Alcippus*?

Alcip. Me, *Philander*!

[*They come to each other's breast, and so draw.*

Phi. Thee.

Alcip

the Jealous Bridegroom. 331

Alcip. Me, what dare you now?

Phil. I dare declare that I can hear no more;
Be witness Heaven, how justly I'm compell'd.

Alcip. Now, Sir, you are brave and love *Erminia* too.

[*The Women run all away crying; they draw out some one way, and some another, leaving some their Veils behind them, some half off, half on.*]

Phi. We are here not safe, these Women will betray us.

Alcip. Sir, 'tis a work that will soon be dispatcht,
And this a place and time most proper for't.

[*Fal. peeps in and runs away.*]

Enter Pisaro, runs between.

Pif. Hold, Sir, are you grown desperate?
What means your Highness? [To the Prince.

Alcippus, what is't you design in this?

Alcip. To fight, *Pisaro*, and be kill'd.

Pif. By Heaven you shall not fight, unless with me,
And you have so anger'd me with this rash action,
I could almost provoke you to it.

Enter Alcander.

Alcan. Gods, Sir, that you should thus expose your
self,

The World's great Heir, against a desperate Madman!

Pif. Have you forgot your Apparition, Sir?

Alcip. Oh 'twas an idle lying one, *Pisaro*,
And came but to intrap me.

To them Galatea, Aminta and Olinda.

Gal. Ah, Brother, why so cruel to your Sister?

Phi. Here, *Galatea*, punish my misfortune,
For yet I want the will to injure thee.

Heaven knows what provocations I receiv'd
E'er I would draw a Sword on him you lov'd.

Gal. Unjust *Alcippus*, how dost thou reward me?

Alcip. Ah, Madam, I have too much shame to live.
Had Heaven preserv'd my Innocence intire,

That I with confidence might have ador'd you,

Tho I had been successless;

Yet I had liv'd and hop'd, and aim'd to merit you:

3--22 V O L. III.

P

But

338 *The Forc'd Marriage; or,*

But since all hopes of that are taken from me,
My Life is but too poor a Sacrifice,
To make atonement for my Sins to you.

Gal. I will not answer thee to what thou hast said,
But only beg thou wilt preserve thy life,
Without which mine will be of little use to me.
Might I without a sin believe this Blessing,
Sure I should be immortal.

Falatio peeps in again.

Fal. I think I may venture, the fury is past, and the
great shot spent, the mad Captain General's wounded; so,
I hope 'twill let out some of his hot blood,——

Enter the King, Cleontius, and Attendants.

King. My Love, *Alcippus*, is despis'd I see,
And you in lieu of that return you owe me,
Endeavour to destroy me.

——Is this an Object for your Rage to work on?

Behold him well, *Alcippus*, 'tis your Prince.

—Who dares gaze on him with irreverend Eyes?

The good he does you ought to adore him for,

But all his evils 'tis the Gods must punish,

Who made no Laws for Princes.

Alcip. Sir, I confess I'm culpable,

And were it not a sin equal to that,

To doubt you could forgive me,

I durst not hope your mercy after it.

King. I think with all the Tenderness I'm guilty of,

I hardly shall be brought to pardon thee.

Phi. I humbly beg you will forgive him, Sir,

I drew him to it against his will; I forc'd him,

And gave him language not to be indur'd

By any gallant man.

King. Whilst you intreat for him, who pleads for you?

For you are much the guiltier of the two,

And need'st a greater interest to persuade me.

Alcip. It were not just to contradict my Prince,

A Prince to whom I've been so late a Traitor;

But, Sir, 'tis I alone am criminal,

And 'twas I,

Justly I thought provok'd him to this hazard:

'Tis

'Tis I was rude, impatient, insolent,
Did like a Madman animate his Anger,
Not like a generous Enemy.
Sir, when you weigh my Sorrows with this Action,
You'll find no base Design, no Villany there ;
But being weary of a Life I hated,
I strove to put it off, and missing that way,
I come to make an offer of it here.

King. If I should take it, 'twere no more than just ;
Yet once again I will allow it thee,

That thou mayst owe me for't a second time :
Manage it better than the last I gave— *[Ex. King.]*

Phi. Alcippus, may I credit what thou'st said,
Or do you feign repentance to deceive me ?

Alcip. I never could dissemble at my best,
And now methinks your Highness should believe me,
When my despairs and little love to life
Make me despise all ways that may preserve it.

Phi. If thou wouldst have me credit thee, *Alcippus,*
Thou shouldst not disesteem a Life, which ought
To be preserv'd, to give a proof that what thou say'st
Is true, and dispossess me of those fears I have,
That 'tis my Life makes thine displeasing to thee.

Alcip. 'Tis a high proof to give you of my Duty,
Yet that's more ease to me than your Unbelief.

Phi. Let me embrace and thank thee for this goodness.
[He offers to embrace him, but he is shy, and keeps a little off.]

Why dost receive me coldly ? I'm in earnest ;
As I love Honour, and esteem the generous,
I mean thee nothing but a perfect Friendship ;
By all my hopes I've no more quarrels to thee,
All ends in this Embrace, and to confirm it
I give thee here my Sister to thy Wife.

Alcip. Your Pardon, Sir,
I must refuse your bounty, till I know
By what strange turn of Fate I came thus blest.
To you my Prince, I've done unheard-of injuries,
And tho your Mercy do afford me life,

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With this rich present too ;
Till I could know I might deserve them both,
That Life will prove a Plague, and this great Gift
Turn to the torment of it.

Phi. Alcippus, 'tis not kind to doubt me still,
Is this a present for a Man I hate?

Alcip. 'Tis true, Sir, and your bounty does amaze
me ;

Can I receive a blessing of this magnitude
With hands, yet have not wash'd away the sin
Of your *Erminia's* murder? think of that, Sir :
For tho to me it did appear most just,
Yet you must hate the Man that has undone you.

Gal. I see *Erminia* still usurps your thoughts.

Alcip. I must confess my Soul is scarce diverted
Of that fond Passion which I had for her,
But I protest before the Gods and you,
Did she still live, and I might still possess her,
I would refuse it, tho I were ignorant
Of what the Gods and your fair self design me.

Phi. To doubt thee were a sin below my nature,
And to declare my faith above my fear,
Behold what I present thee with.

[*Goes out, and enters again with Erminia.*

Alcip. Ha—*Erminia*!

[*He looks afrighted.*

—It is the same appear'd to me last night,

—And my deluded Fancy

Would have persuaded me 'twas but a dream.

Phi. Approach her, Sir, 'tis no fantasm.

Alcip. 'Tis she her self, Oh Gods, *Erminia*!

[*She goes a little back, as afraid, he kneels.*

—Ah Madam, do not fear me in this posture,
Which I will never quit till you have pardon'd me ;
It was a fault the most excusable,
That ever wretched Lover did commit ;
And that which hinder'd me from following thee,
Was that I could not well repent the Crime ;
But like a furly Sinner sac'd it out,
And said, I thought 'twas just, yes, fair *Erminia* :

Hadst

the Jealous Bridegroom. 341

Hadst thou been mine, I would i'th' face of Heaven,
Proclaim it just and brave revenge :
But, Madam, you were Wife to my Prince,
And that was all my sin :
Alas, in vain I hop'd for some return,
And grew impatient of th' unkind delay,
And frantickly I then out-run my happiness.

Er. Rise, I forgive thee, from my soul I do ;
Mayst thou be happier
In thy more glorious Passion for the Princes,
And all the Joys thou e'er couldst hope from me,
Mayst thou find there repeated.

Enter King, Orgulius, and the rest.

Org. First, I'll keep my word with thee,
Receive the welcome present which I promis'd.

[Gives him Erminia, she kneels.]

Er. Can you forgive the Grievs I've made you suffer ?

Org. I can forgive, tho 'twas not kind
To let me languish in a desperate Error ;
Why was this Blessing hid from me alone ?

Er. Ah, Sir, so well I knew you lov'd *Alcippus*,
That had you known it e'er the Prince had own'd me,
I fear you had restor'd me back again,
A Sin too great to load your Soul withal.

Org. My King already has forgiven that Error,
And now I come to make my Peace with thee,
And that I may with greatest speed obtain it,
—To you, Sir, I resign her with as much Joy,
[To the Prince.]

As when they undeceiv'd me
Of my opinion of her being dead——

Phi. And I with greater Joy receive your gift.
[Bows and takes her.]

King. My Lord *Alcippus*, are you pleas'd with this ?

Alcip. Sir, I am so pleas'd, so truly pleas'd with it,
That Heaven, without this Blessing on my Prince,
Had found but little trouble from my thanks,
For all they have shower'd on me ;
'Twas all I wish'd, next my Pretensions here.

King.

342 *The Forc'd Marriage; or,*

King. Then to compleat thy happiness,
Take *Galatea*, since her Passion merits thee,
As do thy Virtues her. [*Gives him Gal. they both bow.*]

Er. Sir, I've an humble suit t' your Majesty.

King. Conclude it granted then.

Er. Falatius, Sir, has long made love t' *Isillia*,
And now he's gain'd her Heart, he slights the Conquest,
Yet all the fault he finds is that she's poor.

King. *Isillia's* Beauty can supply that want ;
Falatius, what d'ye say to't ?

Fal. By *Jove*, Sir, I'll agree to any thing ; for I be-
lieve a handsome young Wife at Court may bring a Man
a greater Fortune than he can in Conscience desire.

Er. Arminia be persuaded. [*Takes Isillia.*]
Am. He'd use me scurvily then. [*Aside to Am.*]

Alcan. That's according as you behav'd your self,
Aminta.

Am. I should domineer.

Alcan. I then should make love elsewhere.

Am. Well, I find we shall not agree then.

Alcan. Faith—now we have disputed a point I never
thought on before, I would willingly pursue it for the hu-
mour on't, not that I think I shall much approve on't.

Pis. Give him your hand, *Aminta*, and conclude,
'Tis time this haughty humour were subdu'd.

By your submission, whatfoe'er he seem,
In time you'll make the greater Slave of him.

Am. Well—not from the hope of that, but from my
Love,

His change of humour I'm content to prove.
Here take me, *Alcander* ;

Whilst to Inconstancy I bid adieu,

I find variety enough in you. [*He takes her and bows.*]

King. Come, my brave Youths, we'll toil our selves
with Joys,

And when we're weary of the lazy play,
We'll search abroad to find new Conquests out,
And get fresh Appetites to new Delights :

the Jealous Bridegroom.

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It will redouble your vast stock of Courage,
And make th' uneasy Humour light and gentle ;
When you remember even in heat of Battle,
That after all your Victories and Spoil,
You'll meet calm Peace at home in soft Embraces.
Thus may you number out your happy years,

*Till Love and Glory no more proofs can give
Of what they can bestow, or you receive.*

E P I.

EPILOGUE,

By a Woman.

WE charg'd you boldly in our first advance,
And gave the Onset à la mode de France,
As each had been a Joan of Orleans.

*Like them our Heat as soon abated too ;
Alas we could not vanquish with a Show,
Much more than that goes to the conquering you.*

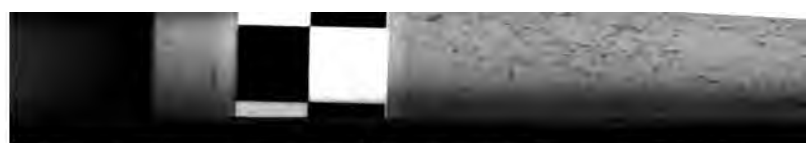
*The Trial tho will recompense the Pain,
It having wisely taught us how to reign ;
'Tis Beauty only can our Power maintain.*

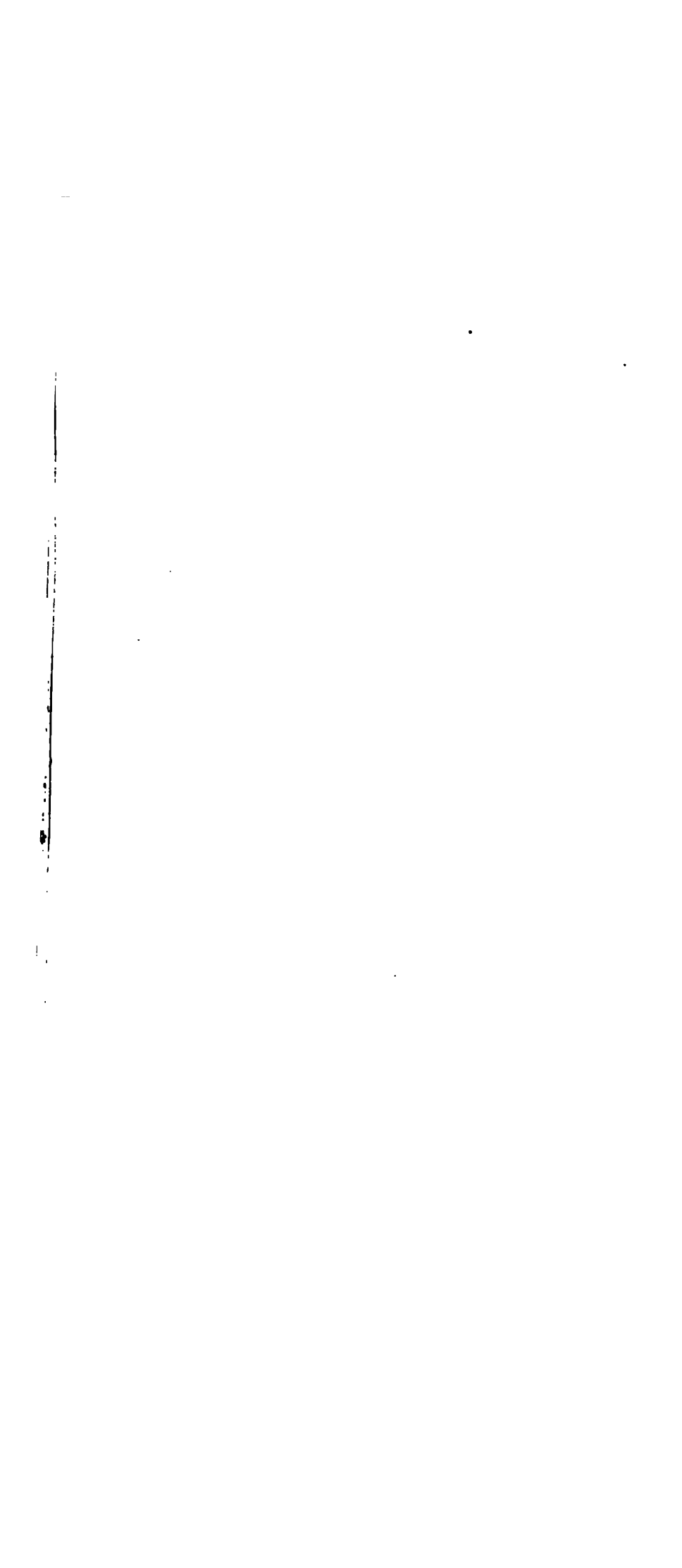
*But yet, as tributary Kings, we own
It is by you that we possess that Throne,
Where had we Victors been, we'd reign'd alone.*

*And we have promis'd what we could not do ;
A fault, methinks, might be forgiven too,
Since 'tis but what we learn of some of you.*

*But we are upon equal treatment yet,
For neither conquer, since we both submit ;
You to our Beauty bow, we to your Wit.*

The End of the Third VOLUME.







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